

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER
WITH 100 FASHION PICTURES



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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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The Editor's Personal Page

The time has come to turn the light on an existing condition touching the American fireside that will appal the average woman and girl. It is the knowledge of this condition that led this magazine, now nearly two years ago, to insist upon a greater parental frankness with children about their physical selves.

The Condition:

BECAUSE of the secrecy with which the whole question is enshrouded it is practically impossible to obtain absolute figures. But so far as the highest authorities have been able, through the most careful inquiries, to secure accurate figures, it is a conservative statement to make that at least 60 out of every 100 young men are today "sowing their wild oats." Of these 60 young men a startling number are either already making or will make a tragedy of marriage. They produce either childless homes: dead-born or blind babies: children with lifelong disease with them; or they will send thousands of women to the operating-table. Exactly what percentage of these 60 young men escape the lifelong perils of their early indiscretions it is impossible to tell.

These statements are made not upon theory, but facts that are proved and demonstrated at thousands of domestic bedsides and in the autopsy rooms of hundreds of hospitals. They are facts that are known to every physician.

This frightful condition has been brought about, largely, by two contributing factors:

First: The parental policy of mock-modesty and silence with their sons and daughters about their physical selves, and

Second: The condoning in men what is condemned in women. Fathers and mothers, and, in consequence, girls have condoned in a young man this sowing of his "wild oats" because it was considered a physical necessity; that "it would do him good"; that "it would make a man of him"; that "it would show him the world"—all arguments absolutely baseless.

With hundreds of girls the young man who has most promiscuously and profusely scattered his "wild oats" has been looked upon as the most favored one among possible husbands. To many a girl there is always something alluring to marry a man with a past because it appealed to her vanity to "remake" or "reform" him. The peril to herself she has never known, for silence has been the portion meted out to her by her parents.

The Five Results:

THE FIRST: The lifelong invalidism or the surgical mutilation of thousands of women;

THE SECOND: The deaths of untold thousands of unborn or new-born infants;

THE THIRD: The lifelong taint of disease upon children who do live;

THE FOURTH: The blindness of over 60 out of every 100 new-born blind babies;

THE FIFTH: The domestic unhappiness of tens of thousands of homes because of the absence of children.

The Remedy:

NOW thousands will naturally ask: Is there a remedy for this slaughter and maiming of babies and the surgical mutilation of women? There is not only a remedy, but a remedy as potent as it is simple. It is this, and it is distinctly "up to" the parents:

First: We parents must first of all get it into our heads firm and fast to do away with the policy of silence with our children that has done so much to bring about this condition. Our sons and daughters must be told what they are, and they must be told lovingly and frankly. But told they must be.

Second: We fathers of daughters must rid ourselves of the notion that has worked such diabolical havoc of a double moral standard. There can be but one standard: that of moral equality. Instead of being so painfully anxious about the "financial prospects" of a young man who seeks the hand of our daughter in marriage, and making that the first question, it is time that we put health first and money second: that we find out, first of all, if the young man comes to court, as the lawyers say, with clean hands. Let a father ask the young man, as his leading question, whether he is physically clean: insist that he shall go to his family physician, and if he gives him a clean bill of health, then his financial prospects can be gone into. But his physical self first. That much every father would do in the case of a horse or a dog that he bought with a view to mating. Yet he does less for his daughter: his own flesh and blood.

Once let young men realize that such a question would be asked them by the fathers of the young women whom they would marry: that a physical standard would be demanded—and that knowledge would be more effective for morality among young men than all the preaching and moralizing and exhortations of the past thousand years.

Thus, and thus only, can we save our daughters and their unborn children. But in no other way.

Over 70 out of every 100 special surgical operations on women are the direct or indirect result of one cause

This statement is made on the highest medical authority

The Darkened Sight of Thousands of Babies

Over 60 out of every 100 new-born blind babies are blinded, soon after birth, from one cause. One cause kills outright before, or shortly after, birth, 3 out of 4 children affected.

"A child dying, leaving this good world of ours, seems to have had so small a chance for itself. There is something in all of us struggling against oblivion, striving vainly to make a real impress on the current of time, and a child dying can only clutch the hands about it and go down—forever. It seems so merciless, so unfair. Perhaps that is why, all over the world, the little graves are cared for best. It is to the little graves that we turn, and not to the larger mounds, in our keenest anguish: to the little graves that our hearts are drawn in our hours of triumph; and so the child, though dead, lives its appointed time and dies only in the fullness of its years. The little shoes, the little dresses, the 'little tin soldiers, covered with rust,' and the memories sweeter than dreams of a honeymoon—these are life's immortelles that never fade."

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.



THAT REMINDS ME

Bright Things of All Times that People Have Laughed Over



Who was "It"?

DURING the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a well-known member was made head of a State department. As there were a large number of lucrative positions in his department he was besieged by Congressmen on behalf of their friends who wanted good, fat jobs.

Messrs. Jones, Smith and Brown were all applicants for the same position and their claims were equally pushed. Finally two Representatives who were for Brown went to the new executive and asked how the contestants stood.

"It's this way," was the reply. "Jones is a good man, and the corporations and the judiciary are with him; Smith is a fine fellow, and is backed by the newspapers and the people generally, and your friend Brown is an excellent young man, who is being pushed by the politicians and the members of the Legislature."

"Well, but who has the best show?" asked one of the friends.

"If you won't repeat it," was the answer, "I will tell you."

Both promised.

"Barnum and Bailey."

How Could He Guess It?

A ONE-ARMED man dining in a restaurant was the subject of much inquisitive speculation by a neighbor. The latter, after gazing at the empty sleeve in a how-did-it-happen way for some time, ventured:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his other hand and peered anxiously into it.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"



The Canny Scot

A SCOTCHMAN and a commercial traveler one day occupied neighboring seats on a train. The Scotchman was not inclined to talk. Finally the commercial man said: "Could you lend me a match?" The Scotchman took one out of his pocket and gingerly placed it on the window-ledge.

"Oh! by-the-way, I've forgotten my tobacco, too!" said the traveling man.

"Um! Then ye'll nae need th' match," replied the Scotchman as he picked it up and replaced it in his pocket.

Its Real Advantage

IT WAS a wise old Southern deacon who advised with a chuckle:

"Keep yo' tempah, son. Doan' yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft ansawah's alus best. Hit's commanded an', fudermo', hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say."

Willie has Such an Active Brain

"WAS Daniel really such a wise man, Mamma?" asked Willie thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear, as wise almost as Solomon, Willie."

"Well, Mother, I bet Solomon would have done better than Daniel did, anyway," continued Willie.

"Why, what do you mean, my son?"

"I'll betcher Solomon would have had sense enough to charge admission when he went into the lions' den!"

What Troubled Pat

AN OLD Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of a New York artist, and asked for money to obtain a meal, as he was too weak to work.

The artist gave him a quarter and then, seeing possibilities for a sketch in the queer old fellow, said: "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me paint you."

"Sure," said the man, "it's an easy way to make a dollar, but—I'm wonderin' how I'd get it off."

From Bad to Worse

AT THE end of his first year in the ministry a young divine was about to leave his parish for a wider field, and one good old lady was bewailing the fact and insisting that the church would be ruined thereby.

Flattered by her words and manner, and wishing to console her, the minister said: "But, sister, the man who will succeed me is a fine preacher and a splendid fellow. You'll soon see that everything is all right, and get used to it."

"No, no; I won't," she answered tearfully. "I don't get used to this changing. I've seen six changes in preachers now, and it's got worse and worse all the time."

Opening the Season

IT WAS the first-night performance of the season, and at the end of the first act a man leaped hurriedly to his feet.

"I heard an alarm of fire," he said to his wife.

"I must go and see where it is."

It happened that her hearing was less acute, and she made way for him in silence as he disappeared.

"It wasn't fire," he said, on his return.

"Nor water, either," said his wife coldly.

News for the President

A FEW years ago, while President Roosevelt was holding an open-air reception in a New York town, a tall negro pushed his way forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand.

"Yo' 'n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" he cried, enthusiastically grinning.

"De-lighted, indeed, to hear it!" was the warm response.

"Yo' war bo'n on October 17, 1858!"

"Yes."

"Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the man, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as, suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' 'n me is bofe twins!"

Hints to Fall Movers

"YES, we are going to move to escape house-cleaning," said one man to another at the office one morning.

"And so are we. If I must confess it myself, I am afraid it will take the new tenants two weeks to get rid of the rubbish we are leaving behind."

"It is just the same with us. Our house will need a mop and soap from cellar to roof. By-the-way, where are you going?"

"15 L Street."

"What? Why, that is where we are leaving!"

"Well, I declare! Where are you going?"

"11 B Street."

"Why, that's where we are leaving."

"Great Scott!"

"Phew!"

So Bad as That!

A YOUNG medical student who was calling upon a girl volunteered to sing and help entertain the company which arrived unexpectedly. At the end of his second solo he turned to the young lady and remarked, "I am thinking of taking vocal lessons. Do you know of a good teacher?"

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply; "I know the very one for you. Here is his address," and she scribbled the name on a card, giving it to the student.

Next day he called up the teacher by telephone: "Is this the instructor of vocal music?"

"The what?" was the answer.

"The vocal teacher?" was repeated.

"Naw," came the reply, "I don't teach nothing—I file saws!"

What She was Working For

"THEY tell me you're working 'ard night an' day, Sarah?" her bosom friend Ann said.

"Yes," returned Sarah. "I'm under bonds to keep the peace for pullin' the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a husban' of mine, and the Magistrate said that if I come afore 'im ag'in, or laid me 'ands on the old man, he'd fine me forty shillin's!"

"And so you're working 'ard to keep out of mischief?"

"Not much; I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"

Dollars and Doctors

APROPOS of his dictum that dollars made doctors cut a famous physician told the students how a young surgeon had once shown him over a large hospital, and in the end had said:

"Doctor, which do you consider the most dangerous of our cases here?"

"That, sir," was the reply, pointing significantly toward a case of glittering surgical instruments.

A-Profit—Even at That

THE new drug clerk was filling his first prescription, and when he handed it to the lady he told her it was a dollar and ten cents.

She paid the dollar and ten, and after she had gone he informed the proprietor that the dollar was counterfeit. The proprietor looked over his glasses at the young man and said:

"Well, how about the ten cents—is that good money?"

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, well," the proprietor replied, "that's not so bad—we still make a nickel."

I Told You So!

"I'LL bet you can't guess the name of the new family in our street," said one schoolboy to another.

"It's awful hard."

"H'm, I'll bet you there's one in our street that's harder," said the other one.

"Well, give it up?" said the first boy.

"Yep. What's yours?"

"Stone. What's yours?"

"Harder."

The Joke was on Them

TWO capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident the young man proceeded to stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers!

This department is always open to our readers for contributions of humorous stories. The material need not be original, but the source of the story should, if possible, be given. Acceptable stories will be paid for at the rate of one dollar each. Unavailable ones will not be returned unless postage is inclosed. Address

The Editor of "THAT REMINDS ME,"

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And that Ended It

TWO officers once appeared before one of the crowned heads of Europe to ask permission to fight a duel, as one had grievously insulted the other.

"Certainly, my friends," said the King. "I will be present myself at the encounter."

On the day appointed the King appeared on the scene accompanied by a sinister-looking person, who proved to be the public executioner. Pointing to the two combatants the King said:

"You see those two men? Immediately after their duel you will behead the survivor."

Why Not?

ONE of the greatest of living violinists not long ago proved himself both proud and ingenious. A millionaire French bootmaker invited him to dine, and after dinner brought out a violin and asked his guest to play. The musician bit his lip, but taking the instrument he played several beautiful compositions.

Afterward, in Paris, the violinist invited the millionaire to dinner. After dinner, in the presence of the distinguished company, a servant brought in a pair of old boots, which the host handed to his millionaire guest. At the latter's puzzled look as he awkwardly took them the violinist smiled with grave courtesy and replied:

"In Nice you asked me after dinner to play for you. Now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade, you know!"

Oh, Dear!

ON A RECENT declamation day in a New Jersey school a promising young idea shot off the subjoined:

"Our yaller hen has broke her leg,
Oh, never more she'll lay an egg;
The brindle cow has gone plumb dry,
And sister Sal has eat a pie;
This earth is full of sin and sorrow—
We're born today and die tomorrow."

He Knew by Experience

A LITTLE boy, who had just this season joined Sunday-school, was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why!" exclaimed Charlie disgustedly, "they don't know much. The teacher asked what was the collee, and I was the only one who knew."

"And what did you say, dear?"

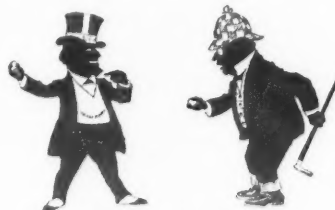
"Why, I told them pretty quick that it was a pain in the stomach."

Time to Begin—Anyway

"MAMMA, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother reprovingly; "it's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done."



Rival Dignities

AN ENGLISHMAN, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and pointing to the head engraved on it said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the King whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin.

"My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

Everything in Proportion

"TOMORROW you may have something to eat," promised the doctor to the typhoid-fever patient who was now convalescing and correspondingly hungry.

The patient realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite; yet he hoped for a modest, steaming meal.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding; "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bed-chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man heavily, "I want to do some reading; bring me a postage-stamp."

A Helping Hand

AMONG the contributors to a minister's donation party was a small but very bright boy belonging to one of the families of the congregation. After obtaining his mother's permission to spend his money for anything he pleased he went to the village store and returned home with a neat package. In it was a pair of suspenders, and attached to them was a card upon which was written in a scrawling hand:

"For the Support of our Pastor."

Saw Something Else

A PHYSICIAN engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting his patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours, and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" asked the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."



Why He Attracted

A BROKER, who had the reputation of using strong language on the golf links, started out on a sunny autumn afternoon to play nine holes. Looking back after he had driven off, he saw a great crowd following. There were young men and old, good players and bad, all trailing close behind with looks of interest and expectation.

The broker paused and turned. He smiled politely and nervously.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "this is very flattering. I hope I am in good form this afternoon. I trust I shall play well enough to reward all this kindly interest."

"Oh, it isn't that," replied an elderly lawyer with a chuckle. "We came out to listen."

"If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of his class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the Justice sternly.

"Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I 'se sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken-stealin', suh."

"Can you walk on your hands or turn a somersault or a cartwheel, Miss Edith?" asked Johnny of his new nurse.

"No, dear," said the young woman with a sweet smile. "Why do you ask me? I can't do anything like that."

"Well," said Johnny with a sigh, "I'm afraid you won't do. They told me you were a trained nurse!"

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the tramp; "haven't you any place to go?"

"Any place ter go!" was the contemptuous reply. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go dat it's worryin' me dizzy makin' up me mind which way ter start."

"I give you my word the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the Judge sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner, and the Judge pondered.

"Now, remember, Bridget," said the mistress, "the Browns are coming to dinner tonight."

"Leave it to me, Ma'am; I'll do me worst. They'll never trouble you again!"

"Say, young man," asked an old lady at the ticket-office, "what time does the next train pull in here and how long does it stay?"

"From two to two to two to two," was the curt reply.

"Well, I declare! Be you the whistle?"

"Oh, my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed.

"Ahem!" spoke up an old lady in the audience. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em."

"Is music of any practical benefit?" was the question asked by one of a party discussing the subject.

"Well," replied the cynic, "judging from the photographs of eminent violinists, it keeps the hair from falling out!"

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just come to see ef yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," was the reply, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ!"

"Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?" asked the man in the restaurant.

"We hain't providin' for de religion of our customers, sir!" said the waiter.

"Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?" said his wife.

"Well," was the meek response, "do you begrudge me even those few words?"



HAPPY THOUGHTS

That Have Made Hearts Sing and Freshened Up Courage



MOST people have been at some time in their lives helped or cheered on their way by reading some happy thought pithily expressed, some bright rhyme or inspiring poem. Such are on this page, and they are given in the hope that they may make the way seem brighter and easier for some one else.

Keep Your Grit

HANG on! Cling on! No matter what they say. Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way. Sitting down and whining never helps a bit; Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit. —*Louis E. Thayer.*

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. —*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

GREATLY begin! though thou have time But for a line, be that sublime— Not failure, but low aim, is crime. —*James Russell Lowell.*

KEEP your smile pinned on! Keep your smile pinned on! It may give another cheer; It may soothe another's fear; It may help another fight If your smile's on tight.

SINCE we are all approaching the time when we are sure to be called either "a dear old soul" or "a horrid old thing," let us fly our joy-signals now so that there may be no doubt of our future cognomen.

NOWOMAN who comes down to her breakfast-table with what her son frankly calls a "grouch on" is grouchy to herself alone. Her husband feels it; that same candid son feels it; and so the day falls a little more darkly than it need on this dear, troubled, beautiful world. —*Margaret Deland.*

OF ALL the lights you carry in your face, Joy shines the farthest out to sea.

ENOUGH for me to feel and know That He in Whom the cause and end, The past and future, meet and blend— Who, girt with His immensities, Our vast and star-hung system sees, Small as the clustered Pleiades— Moves not alone the Heavenly quires, But waves the springtime's grassy spires; Guards not archangel feet alone, But deigns to guide and keep my own. —*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THERE is no unbelief; Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod, And waits to see it push away the clod, He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky, "Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by," Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's fields of snow, The silent harvest of the future grow, God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "Tomorrow," "The Unknown," "The Future," trusts the power alone He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close, And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief; And day by day, and night, unconsciously, The heart lives by that faith the lips deny— God knoweth why. —*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

AMINUTE'S success pays the failure of years. —*Robert Browning.*

OUT of the night that covers me, Black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears Looms but the horror of the shade; And yet the menace of the years Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul. —*William Ernest Henley.*

UNANSWERED yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done. The work began when first your prayer was uttered, And God will finish what He has begun If you will keep the incense burning there; His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere. —*Robert Browning.*

EVERY inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled— And in every "Oh, my father," slumbers deep a "Here, my child." —*Tholuck.*

WE'RE weary a-walking the Highway of Life; We're fretted and flustered with worry and strife.

Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load, And rest by the inn at the turn of the road— Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile"— Forget all our griefs in the joys that beguile; Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night; Then up with our loads and we'll find they are light—

Let us tarry a while At the "Sign of the Smile."

THINGS that hurt and things that mar Shape the man for perfect praise; Shock and strain and ruin are Friendlier than the smiling days. —*John White Chadwick.*

AS IT'S give' me to perceive, I most certin'y believe, When a man's jest glad plum' through, God's pleased with him, same as you. —*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Best Medicines

JOY and Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose. —*Friedrich von Logau (Longfellow's translation).*

CHEERFULNESS is the very flower of health. —*Schopenhauer.*

THE heights by great men reached and kept Were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore With shoulders bent and downcast eyes, We may discern—unseen before— A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past As wholly wasted, wholly vain, If, rising on its wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain. —*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CLEAVE then to the sunnier side of doubt, And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith! She reels not in the storm of warring words, She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No," She sees the Best that glimmers through the Worst, She feels the sun is hid but for a night, She spies the summer through the winter bud, She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls, She hears the lark within the songless egg, She finds the fountain where they wailed "mirage." —*Tennyson.*

FEW things are impossible to diligence and skill. —*Samuel Johnson.*

LET me go where'er I will, I hear a sky-born music still: It sounds from all things old, It sounds from all things young, From all that's fair, from all that's foul, Peals out a cheerful song. It is not only in the rose, It is not only in the bird, Not only where the rainbow glows, Nor in the song of woman heard; But in the darkest, meanest things There alway, alway something sings. 'Tis not in the high stars alone, Nor in the cups of budding flowers, Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone, Nor in the bow that smiles in showers, But in the mud and scum of things There alway, alway something sings. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WHEN friends are at your hearthside met, Sweet courtesy has done its most If you have made each guest forget That he himself is not the host. —*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

GIVE us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright. —*Thomas Carlyle.*

EVIL is only the slave of Good; Sorrow the servant of Joy; And the soul is mad that refuses food Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears, And love is lit by the breath of sighs; The deepest griefs and wildest fears Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm; Safely the flower sleeps under the snow; And the farmer's hearth is never warm Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon; God will remember the world! Night will come with a newer moon; God will remember the world! —*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

"Eighty Years and More"

TIS yet high day, thy staff resume, And fight fresh battles for the truth; For what is age but youth's full bloom, A riper, more transcendent youth! A weight of gold Is never old,

Streams broader grow as downward rolled. At sixty-two life has begun;

At seventy-three begin once more; Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun, And brightest shine at eighty-four;

At ninety-five Shouldst thou arrive, Still wait on God, and work and thrive. —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

HE WAS not able to realize his ideals, but he had the "angel aim" by which he idealized his reals. —*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

Unessential

THE thing that troubles me most, begad, Says I to myself, says I; The thing that I think about most, my lad, Is why—why—why? Why are we born to die? And why do we fight and lie For a little space in a useless plan— That we cannot keep and we may disgrace?— Says I to myself, says I.

I needn't trouble you then, my lad, So answered myself to me; The "why" don't cut any ice, begad— The "how" is the thing, you see; For the "why" in the case, maybe, Will be plain when your soul's set free; But if you wait for your final fate To learn the "how" it will be too late— So answered myself to me!

And it's good advice that you give, begad, Says I to myself, says I; For a fellow has got to live, my lad, As sure as he's got to die. So it's up to you to try Your best, as the days slip by; To do your task till the years unmask The secret at last—and then you can ask, And perhaps they'll tell you why!

Out of Great Tribulation

TO LOOK on with patience at inevitable suffering often requires more courage than to endure it, said a writer not long ago in "The Youth's Companion." But when the spirit rises to the height where it can see even the pain-racked life it loves as part of a divine plan—mysterious but gracious—there is no finer heroism in the world.

A working-man found that his eyesight was failing, and presently he became totally blind. He was in middle life, and physically in full vigor. He had a small income, and he and his wife left the city of their birth, took a tiny cottage in a village, and began adjusting their lives to the new conditions.

In a year another blow fell. Complete deafness came upon him. So, cut off from sight and sound, he took up the strange, solitary life which the blind and deaf must lead.

He speedily developed a splendid temper—more active than resignation and more peaceful than hope. His countenance was not gloomy, but radiant. "You will perhaps think that I get tired of doing nothing," he wrote; "but the time is too short for all I want to do."

He began to learn the world anew by the senses of smell and touch. Out of this new knowledge, and the meditation which his condition forced upon him, he built up a wonderful belief in the goodness and the wisdom of God.

Beside him in all the months of fierce trial stood his wife. Every pang he felt was a sword-thrust in her loving heart. Every perplexity for him was doubly dark for her. Even the ordinary domestic life had its duties trebled for her; for she must do his tasks and her own, and must find time and strength to serve his needs, to guide his darkened steps, and to speak to his spirit, in spite of the sealed ears.

But out of the fiery trial she came like one transfigured. She learned to see his pain through his own patience. She moved as one who bears aloft a torch. She spoke as if she sang. The woman who had been always a devoted and cheerful wife became a heroine and saint.

As one saw her, one realized for the first time the full meaning of the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

IF YOU and I—just you and I— Should laugh instead of worry; If we should grow—just you and I— Kinder and sweeter hearted, Perhaps in some near by-and-by A good time might get started; Then what a happy world 'twould be For you and me—for you and me.

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Sunday evening; and the maid is out.
 So Helen and Tom and Helen's sister
 "do the dishes".

Helen washes. Tom wipes. Sister
 puts the dishes away.

Helen's hands are as dainty as her
 face; and she intends to keep them that
 way. So, when she washes the dishes,
 she uses Ivory Soap.

She knows that Ivory Soap will not
 hurt her hands. It will not make them
 red and coarse and hard. It contains no

"free" alkali; no chemicals; no injurious
 ingredient of any kind. It is the ideal
 soap for the bath, for the toilet, for fine
 laundry purposes *and for washing dishes.*

True, it costs more than ordinary
 laundry soap — two or three cents a week
 more. But what does that amount to, as
 compared with the satisfaction that comes
 from scrupulously clean dishes; from the
 improved appearance of one's hands and
 from the knowledge that Ivory Soap is
 pure and sweet and wholesome?

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.



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In an Editorial Way

THE MOST COSTLY DELUSION that has ever gripped a people is at last in a fair way of being brushed aside: that colds are contracted in the open air. We have all believed this and we have all suffered from it. And so deep-rooted is the delusion that thousands will doubtless not have the bravery to disbelieve it, and will go on suffering. But for many of us, at least, the end has come.


**The New
Way to
Health**

IT IS IN A SENSE AMUSING, however, if we lose sight of the fatalities that the delusion has cost us, that the very air that we have so dreaded to go out into, and to allow into our houses, is now the same air in which the greatest curative elements are found. Not only that, but the very warmed-over air of our homes in which we have so comfortably reveled and which we have so tenaciously refused to allow to go out of our windows, is now discovered to be the very air that has not only given us colds but is the direct cause of the dreaded tuberculosis, pneumonia and diphtheria, all of which are now proved to be dirty-air diseases, and the victims of which are deliberately put into the open air to be cured. So complete a reversal of long-accepted truths is naturally apt to cause wonderment and a hesitancy of ready adoption, yet the marvel of it all is that our minds have so long remained closed to a fact so plainly apparent. It would indeed be strange if an element so wonderful in its nature as to have the power of keeping the human being alive should fail to possess the lesser power of keeping it well. It might have easily been borne in upon us that any air breathed over and over becomes poisonous, but the fact remains that it was not. Truly we saw with eyes that saw not. For years we have considered as a menace what God gave as the greatest curative to the human race: we laid the blame for dreaded disease upon what He gave us instead of the air that we ourselves made. Of course, we cannot in a day readjust ourselves to this new way of thinking, logical and plausible though it be, but at least our eyes are seeing, our minds are believing, and what is so much more important, our loved ones are having their lungs healed by God's fresh air.


**Once
Enemy:
Now Friend**

THE SEASON IS NOW UPON US when our common-sense must assert itself in this respect. We have lived outdoors all summer: our faces have been browned by the sun: we have had health. But soon, with the very first suggestion of "autumn chill" we will begin to hibernate: to go into our homes and close our windows and doors after us, and shut out the very air that has kept us healthy these four months. And all because "it is getting cold" we say, forgetting that we have all the greater need of fresh air during the months when, perforce, we cannot live so much in the open air. The positive and simple rule to follow seems to be: never sit in any room unless some part of a window is open to let in the fresh air, and never sleep in a room in which one window, at least, is not lowered fully a foot, or better still, lowered as far as it can be. And this rule we must apply particularly to those days when stormy weather comes. We must learn the great truth that the air is always fresher and clearer when the rain or the snow gathers the particles of dust. We have all been too apt to fear what we call the "night air," whereas the truth is that this same dreaded night air is a thousand times less to be dreaded than the air which we pollute with the poisons exhaled from our mouths and our bodies. To sleep in the open air is the ideal condition in which we get the ideal sleep and ideal benefits, but this only a few of us are either in a position to do or have the hardihood to brave. But what we can all do and should do is what comes nearest to it: to let as much air into our sleeping-rooms as we possibly can. "It is impossible to let too much air into a sleeping-room," says the great Doctor Osler, "no matter how near to the window a bed may be: the nearer the better. Cover up, and let the air blow over you or on you. Instead of harm it will do you incalculable good, for the simple reason that fresh air or night air has never yet done any living soul a particle of harm."

In other words, we should make a friend of the fresh air and not regard it as we have so long regarded it, and to our grievous cost, an enemy!


**The Ideal
Health
Creed**

HERE IS THE IDEAL HEALTH CREED, simple and yet guaranteed to keep us all well:

1. Eat moderately: meat only once a day;
2. Drink all the pure water you can—eight glasses a day is ideal—between meals: drink no water with meals;
3. Keep out in the fresh air as much as possible and breathe deeply: if you can't walk, bundle up and go and sit in the sun;
4. Let plenty of fresh air into a sleeping-room: in the room in which you are sitting always keep a window lowered at least a foot;
5. Bathe or wash the body every day with as cold water as you can stand.


**An
Excellent
Idea**

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF A WESTERN COLLEGE—Vashon College, by name, in the State of Washington—had reason to suspect not long ago that their table manners were not all that might be desired. So they organized a "Social Culture Club," and all the teachers and pupils became members. Fines were imposed upon the members who broke the ordinary rules of good behavior at table, and these were some of the fines:

Using toothpick in public	2 cents
Hand in pocket at table	2 cents
Scuffling under table	2 cents
Not sitting erect at table	1 cent
Tilting chair back	2 cents
Talking with mouth full	2 cents
Uncomplimentary remarks about food	2 cents
Placing another dish on plate	2 cents
Knife or fork misplaced	1 cent
Spoon left in cup	1 cent
Incorrect holding of knife or fork	1 cent
Arms or elbows on table	2 cents
Overreaching	1 cent
Eating from knife	2 cents
Buttering bread on tablecloth	1 cent
Talking across from table to table	2 cents
Spearing bread with fork	2 cents

The effect on the table manners of those young people was, it is said, nothing short of a miracle. Their attention to table behavior had been called in a manner that was at once effective and in a way that they will probably never forget.


**The Mind:
The Soul:
But—**

THERE IS MORE THAN A GRAIN of casual thought in the above experiment for scores of schools and colleges throughout the country. It is our boast that a poor boy or poor girl can rise to any position in this country that he or she chooses. We give the boy the public school for mental education: the church for spiritual uplift: the industrial school for practical training—all free, to fit him for any position in life so far as his mind and soul are concerned. But where can he learn manners? And yet when he seeks to occupy the position he is trained for he finds that there are countless little rules of behavior at the table, on the street, or in the presence of women which a well-bred man observes and a boor neglects. We all judge a stranger, whether we meet him on the street, on the cars or in our own homes, by his observance or neglect of these rules far sooner than by his knowledge or his noble purposes. He may have all the learning of the schools and the holy aims of an apostle, but if he eats greedily, if he keeps his hat on in the presence of women, if he is inconsiderate of the comforts of others, he is, with all his talents, at a distinct disadvantage.

Why could not instruction in these matters be added to the curriculum of our schools? Why should not a boy be taught manners as well as mathematics? He will need them a thousand times as often, and through them he will add to pleasant living.


**Invalids:
Not
Leaders**

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD IDEA, especially among women, that intellectual activity is measured by the number and variety of things one is trying to do, and that brain power is a synonym for muscular energy. The unfortunate woman who had "joined" fourteen clubs in moments of absent-mindedness doubtless counted herself a person of uncommon mental gifts and was so regarded by her less discerning neighbors. The fact that she was always going to or coming from meetings, that committees were always sitting in her library, and that she swept with triumphant feet from Western science to Oriental mysticism, and conversed fluently on Parisian modes and Venetian art, was accepted as conclusive evidence of her superior intellectuality. Such half-educated women are the victims of an epoch of world-wide interests and concentrated mental energy, which bears the strong and clear-headed on to great gains of knowledge and to notable achievement in many fields, but intoxicates those who are sensitive rather than sane and well-poised. A great many good women are rushing breathlessly from science to art, from art to religion, and from religion to philanthropy, under the impression that they are intensely intellectual when, as a matter of fact, they are abnormally nervous. They are driven through the world of knowledge by nervous restlessness, not by intellectual interest. With the best possible intentions they make their lives as barren of the fruits of thought as a desert country perpetually swept by tireless and wearisome winds, without rest and always in haste. They exhaust themselves and their friends, and find themselves at the end of their energetic traveling where they were at the beginning. Instead of being intellectual leaders they are semi-nervous invalids.



Two More Babies

SUCH A FAMILIAR STORY IS THIS, and yet with what pathos are two little lives yielded up through the crass and cruel ignorance of parents! Truly might we well ask: Is there nothing that can stop this slaughter of little innocent lives at the hands of parents?

"The twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. — died early today of opiate poisoning superinduced by the use of a well-known brand of soothing syrup."

The pathetic story of the parents' ignorance is this:

"The children, only three months old, were normal, healthy children, and, save for the usual colics and other afflictions of infants, had never been ill a day. The mother had been in the habit of giving the babies the soothing syrup to quiet their restlessness at night, and last night, when the crying and restlessness of one of them awoke her, she arose and gave each of them some of the syrup, giving it to the quiet one, she says, to assure its remaining quiet. About 5 o'clock this morning she woke up, and thinking the children had been unusually still since she had given them the soothing syrup, listened for their breathing. They seemed to be breathing normally and she went to sleep. Awakening again at 6 o'clock she went over to the babies and found one of them dead. A doctor was hastily summoned, as the parents feared for the other child. He hurried to the house as quickly as he could in his automobile, but when he arrived there the other child had succumbed."

And then follows the most significant statement of all:

"Only four or five drops of the syrup was given each child!"



A Pastor's Excellent Idea

THE PASTOR OF A WESTERN CHURCH recently conceived the sensible idea that there was one way by which he might at least encourage attendance in his church: by giving the people fresh, pure air to breathe. Of course the sexton assured him "he did all he could to air the church out before service": he recited the sexton's usual woes: what pleased one person didn't please another, and so forth. "But," said the pastor, "all the same, the air during service is awful: fresh air I will have and fresh air I am going to

have if I have to take the ventilation of the church into my own hands." He called his people and his trustees together, explained the efficiency of fresh air, and asked for their help to see that the air in the church was pure and fresh. What that pastor did was to awaken the attention of his entire congregation to a subject to which his people had given little or no thought; he got not only better air into his church, but, moreover, he set his people thinking about the benefits of fresh air in their homes, and the reports of four physicians show a marked decline in colds and illnesses among the members of that parish! Now, that is practical religion: the kind of religion we need in scores of our churches today which fairly reek with poisoned and breathed-over air, the result of poor ventilation: a religion of fresh air. A little more common-sense of this sort on the part of the pulpit, and the church will have taken one step toward making of itself an institution of practical good with an appeal to men.



How to Know a Man

THE MAN WHO SAID THAT TO KNOW a man you must see him at play must certainly have been a golf-player. For it is a singular fact that of all forms of sport, perhaps none is more self-revealing than golf. There seems to be something in the ancient Dutch game (its true home of invention is the Netherlands, by-the-way: not Scotland) which brings out all the hidden qualities in a man with startling clearness. To see the man to whom she may be attracted play golf might be an excellent lesson to any girl.

It is a pretty safe rule to go by: as a man plays at golf so does he play at the game of life. For it is a physical and mental impossibility for a dishonest man to play honest golf. It is perhaps the most psychological game in the entire category of sports.



About Plain Speaking

"I MUST OBJECT TO YOUR PLAIN SPEAKING," writes a father, "on subjects that may well be left to the discretion and intelligence of parents." Exactly. That is precisely where the failure of plain speaking has been: "left to the discretion and intelligence of parents," and neither discretion nor intelligence has been used, with the present fearful evil results to society. But we are proud to be placed within the ranks where this objection would place us: with Paul, with Plutarch, with Emerson, with, in fact, all

the early fathers and writers who despised prudery and knew it not, and who, whether with pen or voice, said what they meant when the need was felt and the time had come to say it. If this protesting father would read back to the first ages of Christianity he would find words and messages coming from the greatest and purest teachers of those times that would throw him and others of his sensitive temperament into convulsions. And 't would have been infinitely better for the young people of today, and their knowledge of what they should know, if, in later times, we had not departed from the plain speaking of those sages and seers of our early Christian period. Fortunately there is now a growing admission that the conservatism of the past one hundred years on vital topics has been carried too far, with moral detriment to the young. This does not mean that liberty must be confused with license, or plain speaking with coarseness, but it does mean that ignorance is no longer to be confused with innocence, or a wise frankness with an unwise silence. Our "discreet" and "intelligent" father is, we fear, neither discreet nor intelligent. If he were he would see the trend of thought, realize the wisdom of it, and instruct his own children accordingly.



Good Stupid People

SOME WOMEN SEEM TO THINK that the words "good" and "stupid" are synonymous. They simply cannot associate goodness with anything that savors of high spirits or gayety. Gray seems to be the only color-tone in the world to them. May this not be because their mothers were unduly sensible? Of course mother stands for good in a girl's life: if she doesn't it is a tragedy. And if mother was of the extremely, uncompromisingly, sensible variety — the sort of woman who discouraged the frivolous, who sacrificed the sweet freedom of home to the fetish of perfect housekeeping, who rolled the routine of her daily and religious life ruthlessly over the hearts of her family—as so many good women do—it is quite likely that "goodness" will stand in her daughter's life as akin to stupidity. But if mother was the jolly sort, who liked fun as well as anybody, the girl's idea of "goodness" will be a broad one, including every harmless pleasure in the category, and her health and her mind will be the better for it.



Where We Put the Emphasis

THE MEANING OF EVERY PRINTED or written sentence is modified by the word upon which we put the emphasis. The special stress on one word gives it special importance, endows it with new prominence, makes it in a way the keynote of interpretation and tends to throw other words into the shade of the subordinate. Life is a sentence that the individual must construct and read for himself. The words upon which we put the emphasis really represent our living. We must emphasize some words: what they shall

be we must determine, then will they determine us, mould and model our life and all its activities.

If we unduly emphasize money, dress, society, amusement, self or similar words till they ring so loud and persistent in our ears that we find other words merely trailing into silence we have put the emphasis in the wrong place. If the intense stress on success makes us ignore all that leads up to it and all that follows it we may find some time that we have paid too dearly for it and sacrificed love, honor, truth, character, justice and some of those other words that should be emphasized in every sentence of our living.



"If I Only Had Time"

SOME WOMEN ARE ALWAYS deceiving themselves by saying that they would do great things if they had the time. In almost every case they have the time, but they do not use it. A woman cannot get what she wants out of her garden because the soil is so poor; but if rich soil is to be had for nothing on the next lot whose fault is it if the garden goes barren? A woman wants physical vigor, an active circulation, mental energy; there is a road at the front of her house and she can walk miles in any direction.

Whose fault is it if she remains a weakling? Certainly not the fault of her circumstances. Providence does not pauperize us by putting clothes on our backs, and roofs over our heads, and food in our mouths: Providence gives us raw materials and bids us make ourselves comfortable by the sweat of our brow. Providence does not give us knowledge of science, art, music, books, language, Nature: Providence gives us eyes, brains, will and time, and bids us teach ourselves. Time is not mere duration: it is duration intelligently used. Hours of real idleness are not wasted time: they are raw material that was never used. There are a few who work up all the raw material of duration; but most of us are surrounded by material which we never use: spare hours here and there, on trains, on ferries, on trolley-cars, between business and play, on holidays and Sundays. Many a one has learned a language going to and coming from shop or office. If you have not time enough to know more and become more competent, make time for yourself. Look about you and you will find plenty of raw material.



Taking Short Views of Life

WE CAN NEVER MAKE LIFE SIMPLE, but we can make it simpler than we do. Nature gives us time on the installment plan—never even a whole day at once. If we live each day as best we can the sum of our living is sure. Taking short views of life is a moral tonic.

There are times when the burden of trial, sorrow, failure or care seems impossible to bear. It is made harder if we add fear of tomorrow to today's overflowing cup. We can surely bear today, but if that seem too long let us seek to be brave, loyal, kind, patient and calm for a half-day or even a few hours. Then with strength renewed we can meet a new installment as if each were all of life, and so—the seemingly endless bitter day will be mastered.

Habits can be neither made nor broken in a moment. To conquer an evil habit, to vow never to surrender to it again, is too diffuse an outlook to inspire strength. Take a short view of life. To conquer our tendency to anger let us resolve that nothing will make us angry this morning. The whole fighting strength of one's nature is thus concentrated on a few hours. A second installment of resolve for the afternoon means a day's victory that will make tomorrow easier. If this morning's clearest thinking and wisest planning reveal no solution of a future problem for which we should prepare it is surely folly to permit thinking to degenerate into brain-destroying worry. Banish the problem till afternoon; if it freshened thought bring no new light then the question is tomorrow's, not today's. Tomorrow cannot harm us today. Taking short views of life helps greatly when heavy clouds darken our sky.



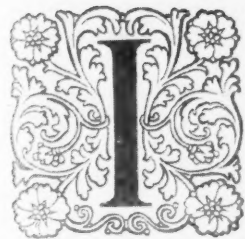
To "Love" and "Obey"

EIGHT GIRLS WHOSE WEDDING DAYS had been fixed banded together in an Eastern town and refused to be married unless the word "obey" should be omitted from the ceremony. And yet each one of these girls promised to "love" her husband, as if it were possible for any mortal being to promise to love another! But this foolish and glaring inconsistency was deliciously passed over.

The Beginning of a Romance of the Theatre

THE ACTRESS

By Louise Closser Hale: With Drawings by James Montgomery Flagg



I KEPT Aaron waiting last night, and we didn't get into the Moon Room at the Astor until it had almost set—meaning the moon. At least the musicians were far enough advanced in the program to be playing "The Rosary, by Request," and all the men and women supping together were sitting back in their chairs looking dreamily at each other. Aaron, who was hungry but amiable, said he was really glad he missed the "Number," as he would have been the only man in the room who continued to think of the girl opposite him. The rest of the men, and all of the women (this pointedly at me), were each thinking of some one else. That is a way "The Rosary" has, he concluded.

I laughed at this, and did not protest against his assertion that I was not thinking of him, as of course he hoped I would; but in my heart I was admiring him very much.

Next to my art there is nothing in the world so attractive as a perfectly clean, perfectly sound New York business man in a dinner-coat—the man who, even at thirty-five, has a few lines about his mouth that come from set jaws during the business hours, shrewd eyes that can be kind and terrible, square shoulders that were put to the plow when a youngster, and the well-ordered, limited speech of a man who has learned the use of his tongue in a country college and the control of it in a city office.

As it happens, this very well describes Aaron, but it just so happens. There are dozens of brokers quite as clean-shaven, with hair brushed quite as nicely, but none of them so pig-headed. That is his great fault—he will not see things as I see them.

"Aaron," I said, while waiting for the clams, "I was detained tonight to talk to the Stage Manager. He thinks I can get a good laugh and a good hand on my last exit if I fall right through the long window backward, as though the shutters had given way."

"Who catches you on the other side?" demanded my companion suspiciously.

"How can you be so silly?" I exclaimed. "I suppose one of the stage-hands will. You can never depend on an actor, or I'd ask one of the company to look after me."

Aaron deliberated a minute. "Better have a stage-hand," he finally advised; "they're dirty, but at least they work for their living."

I was devouring my third clam by this time and the clams were very cold and good, but I put down my fork and reached for my fur. Aaron forestalled me by seizing it hurriedly.

"You know perfectly well," I stormed, "that I will not have my profession abused."

"I didn't mean to abuse it," he replied humbly, the while sitting on my fur. "But I can't think of you bouncing around every night like a rubber ball from one man's arms to another's, and keep calm."

"You know that when I do bounce in and out of men's arms it's all comedy," I retorted. "How would you like to have me a leading woman making love and being made love to through every act? A character woman doesn't have that to undergo, anyway."

"Undergo," almost sneered Aaron. "I suppose you claim that a stage kiss is physical and mental agony."

It was well the band was playing, for I vulgarly shrieked my answer: "I say to you now and for all, Aaron Adams, that a stage kiss is a piece of stage business like sitting down or getting up, only a little more exacting for fear you'll get rouge on each other's cheeks."

"Don't say 'you' when speaking to me," he replied, looking dangerous. "I'm not an actor."

When Aaron looks dangerous I get sort of weak and my hands go loose in my lap. "Aaron, only tell me," I said, "what do you want me to do?" There was a break in my voice. Character women are not supposed to do these things, but I knew the trick.

Aaron helped me to chicken and ham. He wasn't dangerous any more. "You know what I want," he declared. "I want you to give up the stage and be my wife instead. I want you to let me love you and shelter you. Think of a little nervous girl like you, with



"Then, Without Warning, Aaron Kissed Me on the Lips"

your pretty, tired face covered with a map of queer wrinkles, prancing about for a lot of lazy, idle humans to giggle over. I tell you, Darling, there is nothing in it. And—and I want you."

As his voice went husky, not from weak emotion but from great sincerity, I turned as I had often done before, and looked perplexedly into the mirror in the side of the wall; and I re-wondered how a big, broad man could struggle so long for a small, colorless, thin girl of twenty-three—a woman who didn't want him, didn't want anything except to be let alone, to have a fair part in an agreeable company, and a dressing-room near enough to the others to borrow rouge and exchange gossip without effort. I had said some of these things to Aaron before, and I pushed away my chicken and ham preparing to say them all over again.

"Aaron," I began wearily, "you know well that ever since I was old enough to remember anything I wanted to go on the stage. I couldn't have been over six or seven when I signed all the pledges at a temperance revival. It was not at all because I had religion, but because I saw that the converted ones were allowed to recite texts from the platform. I wanted to recite, too, and I did. My mother and father were dead, you remember, and the relatives who brought me up were just that poor type of villagers who felt I was started on the right path. When I was a little older I began to know just what it was I wanted; and, as I had long been granted the medal as the leading elocutionist of the village, the general opinion was that, when the time was ripe, it was only fair to the stage that it should have me."

"I suppose you call fifteen 'when the time was ripe,'" interrupted Aaron excitedly.

"No, I don't," I admitted, "I was too young; but I had been to a high school, my relatives wanted to move to a farm, which I didn't want, and I had an opportunity to go East with the minister." I put my hands to my face and laughed a little. "Did I ever tell you," I resumed, "of my embarrassment on my first night in the sleeper, and of my kneeling down in the aisle to say my prayers with the curtains drawn so well over me that the conductor stumbled across my figure? He was much alarmed, and thought I had fainted, and I was so shy about confessing what I was really doing that I pretended I had."

"Pretends," pretends," said Aaron; "that's what your life is made of; all of you 'pretending' like little children. And do you still say your prayers?" he added suddenly.

"Yes, I do," I snapped, ashamed to be ashamed. But Aaron's eyes softened; he reached over and laid one of his warm hands on my chilly one. "Dearest," he breathed.

It was rather nice, but I pushed back my chair to go, and Aaron beckoned for the check. I put on my gloves leisurely. "You needn't think I'm through," I said.

"What, more supper?" "No, more story. Gracious, Aaron!—another!" as he opened his bill purse. "You never seem to have anything but hundred-dollar bills; he'll be ages getting that changed."

"Go on," said Aaron quietly, "but my turn next."

"Well, it's just this. All through my year at the school of acting my veneration for the stage increased. If that school didn't do me any other good it gave me a respect for my calling which those first miserable years of travel in cheap companies could not dissipate. There wasn't much veneration in those 'troupes,' and very little artistic endeavor. But I had never cherished false illusions, and later, when I got into better companies, I found conditions even happier than I had imagined. I really feel an integral part of the theatre now. If I married you I'd leave my right arm behind. You'd have a maimed lady to look after."

The change came, and after putting on our things we walked up toward my hotel. The air was cool under the early April sky; the big lights of Long Acre had given place to a late moon which looked a little old-fashioned after the glowing advertisements in rainbow colors. I slipped my arm through Aaron's. It would be so pleasant to go on supping with him—and part at my hotel door. Why could not men be reasonable? But Aaron was silently arguing in a different strain, and at the corner of Forty-seventh Street he stopped. He never could talk and walk both.

"What you don't take into consideration," he began "is that love has a place all to itself, and since it rules the world I think I am not crazy when I say it should be given first place. You can't any more compare acting with love than you can compare cheese with a rocking-chair. If your talent had run along the lines of leading business, and if your sense of humor had not preserved you from such a fate and made a character woman of you, you would probably have been pestered by a good many men who move about in the 'artistic' world sufficiently to meet women of the stage. Some of them would have made the right kind of love to you, and some wouldn't. But I don't think any of them could care more than I have cared from



"Aaron's Eyes Softened; He Laid His Hand on Mine. 'Dearest,' He Breathed"

the very first day when that amiable throat-specialist introduced us in his office. He had no right to, of course, but bless him!

"You've lost your point," I said, beginning to move on. "No, I haven't," he protested, stopping me again. "There isn't any beginning nor any end to my point. It's just this: I want you for my wife, and I'm going to have you, and I'm going to wait for you every night; though, goodness knows, I feel an ass hanging around a stage door; and I'm going to make love to you till you see things right, and then marry me. You're just so saturated with 'pretends'—children's 'pretends'—that you can't get a proper viewpoint."

If there's anything that makes me "mad" it's to have some one insinuate that I'm infatuated with the stage. So I said to him: "All right. I like to see you; I always like to be with you; but I say to you solemnly that the first opportunity that presents itself for me to leave New York I shall accept."

Aaron and I walked on to the door of the hotel and parted in perfect silence. I hadn't the remotest idea what he was thinking of, and it was simply maddening.

II

IT IS understood in the hotel office that I am never to be rung up on the telephone till the hour I am to be called. I had a long time beating this into them, but they are fairly well trained now. Once I would dash out of bed to talk airy nothings to some girl who had gone to sleep at ten and was ready for the day at eight. Now, when I am by accident aroused, I talk in my vocal cords and don't send my voice curving out over the roof of my mouth, and the girl at the other end says, "Mercy, have I waked you up!" and feels very guilty, as she should.

With all the talk now about the busy life of the actress, the general public have grown more conscious than they were as to the habits of "my ain people." Still they don't know anything about it yet, and they never should. I wouldn't for the world shake their belief, for instance, that a piece which is a success has anything but continual rehearsals; rehearsals serve too excellently as an excuse for avoiding the things one doesn't want to do.

When a rehearsal call does come, however, it always falls on the day of a particularly nice luncheon, and telegrams have to be sent in all directions. The curious thing is that, no matter what the degree of a player, she almost never stays away from a rehearsal—that is, if she is needed. She may come in late with hackneyed tales of "coal-wagon on the track" or "wasn't called"; but she comes, and while she complains of missing her luncheon, yet the sense of discipline, the strongest unadmitted note in a theatre, is too powerful for her to withstand.

The things that take an actress's time are the going to bed and the getting up. My dear old relative in the West sent me a neat plan for living when I accepted my first engagement. Her argument was that I could easily be in bed and asleep by eleven-thirty, since I left the theatre by eleven; and I could then be up by eight, ready for a long, happy day darning stockings and improving my mind. But at eleven the actor's work is just over, and he is nervously but not physically tired. The blood is in his head and he is hungry, for his dinner has been light and early. Like a true laboring-man he sits among his friends and chats a while, then goes home, reads a bit, and prepares for sleep. He need not be supping in a fashionable restaurant. It need not even be New York. I know of at least two great stars who look upon their spring tour as real playtime. "Have you found where the lunch wagon is?" one of them used to say to me during her "intense" scene. And when the play was over we would go across the village green with the glimmering light of the "White House" wagon as a beacon, and on high stools, with our feet tucked up on the rounds, devour onions with hot milk, and talk "shop."

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Having justified myself for supping late, I must still account for my being called at eleven o'clock in the morning; for there is something slothful in sleeping from one till eleven—if one really did sleep from that time, but one does not, at least not if one is a character woman. Before I leave the theatre even there is a good twenty minutes of wig-removing, wrinkle-removing, eyebrow-removing, and general remodeling of my figure.

When I get home I pull off my gloves, take off my blouse, and look ruefully at the traces of stain on my arm intended to make it toil-worn, and the shadows of blue grease-paint rubbed in to hollow my neck, shadows which the cold cream and colder water of the theatre have not entirely removed. My hair all around the edges is silver-white, for strands were drawn up over my gray wig, and then powdered, and after that silvered so as to give the appearance of real gray hair growing from the roots. Under my big hat and draped veil this did not show at supper; but now this hair must be carefully separated from the untouched brown and brushed vigorously. The silver powder is ruinous to hair and everything it touches, and I have to spread a paper on my toilet-table over which I lean. After that those discolored strands must be washed, and, since this nightly performance is too drying, an oil is rubbed into the scalp.

Then comes a careful washing with the use of pumice on the arms to remove the toil-worn stains. It reddens the skin and a balm is applied, while a thicker cream than that used to remove make-up is massaged into the skin of the face. For all through the evening that poor visage has been drawn up into a network of expressive lines, and, when one is tired they are apt to remain. Last of all a warm wrapper is put on, and, with the windows open, come a few calisthenics just to straighten the shoulders that have been bent for three hours.

These antics over, on the evening of April third—the morning of April fourth rather—Rhoda Miller went to bed. She was very, very tired, but the events of the evening floated through her mind. She had lost that laugh in the second act because she had not waited; yes, the audience was slow to get the points—how smooth Aaron's face was—they might put a mattress back of the window—she really wouldn't need a man to catch her—but that was giving in to Aaron—well, why not?—on the other hand, why?—had Aaron ever given in to her?—besides, this Aaron business must be stopped—why hadn't he replied to her last words?—what were her words?—"The first opportunity—leave New York—shall accept"—and quite right, too—quite—

The bell of the telephone rang frantically, and I sat up in my bed, digging for my watch belligerently. It was only ten; but the bell continued to ring, and to stop the tattoo it was beating on my nerves I flew to the call.

"Who's there?" I croaked. "Miss Miller, I can't help it," came the hurried voice of the girl at the switchboard downstairs. "It's a theatrical manager; he's on the wire now—"

"Hallo, hallo," broke in a gruff voice; "I'll explain to Miss Miller. Miss Miller?"

"Yes," I answered, removing the croak from my voice with great dexterity. "Who is this?" "This is the office of Junius Cutting. Mr. Cutting wants to see you this morning; right away, please."

"Well, I'd like to wash my face."

The man laughed, and I heard him repeat my scintillation, and then after a pause, "Mr. Cutting says to have some breakfast, too, but don't stop to read the paper."

"All right, I'll be down," I answered.

I dashed in and out of my cold bath, then ordered up my breakfast with a comb in one hand and the receiver in the other, and dressed between mouthfuls. I wore my second-best furs and paid small attention to my hair. I took a fierce delight in this, for it would need years of such carelessness of detail to make up for the weary hours I primped in other days before I dared present myself, tremblingly, before the managers.

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Once in the office, comparisons again thrust themselves upon me. I slipped in quietly, for already the outer room was filled with actors and actresses, singers and dancers, and eager young playwrights. The office boy, recognizing me, said he would take in my card, and seeing that this must be the proper thing to do, a young woman offered hers also, but he passed it by scornfully. I blushed apologetically. "I have an appointment," I explained. But there was a vaingloriousness about the word "appointment" which made me even more unhappy.

The door of the manager's office opened, and a scared young man shot out. He had gone into the sanctum but a moment before, while I was entering the outer room. Behind him appeared Junius Cutting. The actress who was evidently "next" advanced toward him, but he looked through her with unseeing eyes. "Will you come in, Miss Miller?" he called, and, murmuring an apology for any one in the room who cared to accept it, I made my exit.

In the revolving chair the ogre again became a genial, smiling man. On the top of his desk was a row of leather-framed photographs—one of his wife, one of the baby in overalls, and one—without them.

"Got a two weeks' clause with your people?" he began briskly.

By this question he meant had I a contract with my present management which permitted me to give them, or them to give me, two weeks' notice about leaving the cast. It is a customary clause in all theatrical contracts (except those of a few poor managements who reserve that blessed privilege for themselves alone). As we climb a little higher clauses are written in for us, which adds to our importance and pleases our vanity. Then comes a delightful period (before we arrive at starship, when a special contract is made out with red seals and lawyers all over the place) when there are no contracts at all; we shake hands with the management as we go in and as we go out, and every one is on his honor to behave himself and to play fair. I had arrived at the stage of no contract, and told Mr. Cutting so.

"Humph!" he said, thinking better of me, but concealing it. "Still, I'm good friends with the Fullers, and I suppose they'd let you off."

"I'm very comfortable where I am," I replied, dying to know "what was up," but also concealing it.

He turned carelessly to his desk. "Don't suppose a big part in London would attract you, then?"

A big part in London! The roses in the carpet came up before my distorted vision and wreathed themselves around the manager's head. His wife waved dizzily from her frame. A big part in London! It was the zenith of my ambition, and yet it was not the accomplishment of my desire that was whirling around in my mind with the carpet roses and the manager's wife, but my insistent phrase of the night before: "The first opportunity that presents itself for me to leave New York I shall accept."

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Then I found myself saying: "I like to play a big part anywhere and I'm pleased that you want me; still, this piece I'm in is apt to run all summer, and I suppose that the other would be a risk. May I ask what your play is?"

"It is a new one of Hallam's; the scenes are laid in America; some of the characters English, but most of them Western, so we want to get good types. Your part is the best of all—an ugly old half-breed, perfectly hideous creature, a delightful thing to play. Any one could make a hit in it." This last he added absently, which showed that the fight was on.

"I have no doubt Mr. Fuller will release me," I said, "especially if you make it a point and I am bettering myself in every way." "Every way" was slightly emphasized.

"You will undoubtedly better yourself," responded Mr. Cutting; "it's the chance of a lifetime. Of course, as regards salary—" he hesitated.

"Oh, yes, salary," I echoed, as though it were a new thought.

"Well, salaries are not the same in London as in New York, but you can live more cheaply and have a nice summer, too."

"Perhaps."

"It's a risk; but then everything's a risk. The play you're in might fall as flat as a burst balloon on the first hot day," and there he was right. "I can't guarantee anything but your passage there and back, two weeks' guarantee and a fair salary—a big one for London."

"I want just what I'm getting now—one hundred and fifty dollars weekly—"

I didn't get any further, for Mr. Cutting revolved in his chair and laughed. "Gracious, girl! That's a prince's ransom in London."

"Well, it's mine, too; and, more than that, I want six weeks' guarantee. It's only fair—"

But the manager cut me short again, and for fifteen minutes by polite negation we assured each other how

indifferent we were to the engagement. It finally ended in my conceding a point as I had intended to do, and in his conceding a point as he had intended to do, for I was to receive the same salary but no guarantee.

It really was an excellent summer's engagement; and yet somehow, as I passed through the outer room after shaking hands cordially with Junius Cutting, I was feeling rather sorry for myself—sorer even for myself than for all those waiting ones who were not being driven from their dear country through the persistent attentions of Aaron Adams. With this grievance in my mind, as soon as I had talked and wept a little in Mr. Fuller's office and had finally been honorably released, I went straight to the telephone to tell that man what he had forced me into.

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I didn't tell him, however. I wanted to be on hand to see how he'd "take it," so I just said that I wanted to see him.

"Well, I'm glad of that," was the response. "I hope you are going to say you're sorry for your outrageous behavior of last night."

"I'm not," I called back, looking coquettish and realizing how absurd it was to do so. "But I'll give you luncheon if that will help matters."

Giving Aaron luncheon meant that I would pick out a place and he would pay the bill.

"Luncheon, eh?" came back in rather pleased metallics. "Then you were up early. Did you get the worm?"

"Rather," I answered, mindful of Cutting.

"Did he squirm?"

"Oh, did he!"

"Poor fellow!" cried Aaron, uncomprehending and a trifle jealous. "Now you'll use him as bait for me, I suppose."

"Please don't, I'm so hungry. I don't mean bait makes me so—but where can we go?"

"Why don't you come downtown? I'll meet you at the Subway and we can have a meal in peace without masticating to music."

We had done this before, so arrangements were easily completed. Indeed I was flying out of the booth when the girl at the switchboard cried out, "He's calling you again, Miss," and that brought me back, she and I both with receivers to our ears.

"Yes, I'm here—what?"

"Oh, just by-the-way—will you be my wife?"

"Aaron, how can you? The girl is listening."

"Well, I'm not ashamed of it."

"You don't have to face her."

"Is she so dreadful?"

"Ssh!"

"But will you?"

"No."

"All right; come down anyway and I'll poison the soup."

"I don't want soup."

"Great Scott! How British in our humor today."

"British, ha! You just wait—wait." And I hung up the phone.

"Double charge, please," said the telephone girl; and very pink in the face I rushed on to the station.

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Somehow I didn't find it easy to tell him on the way to the restaurant, and it was not until the little *tournedos* were brought on that I found an opportunity.

"This is good beef," said Aaron, plastering his with Béarnaise sauce.

"Our best beef goes to England, doesn't it?" I began very artfully.

"It certainly does not," he responded vigorously. "The best of no American product goes out of America. It doesn't need to."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that," I said feebly.

"Oh, well, don't take it to heart, Dear; the beef doesn't mind."

"But I do," I almost tearfully insisted.

Aaron put down his knife and paused, eying me tenderly but anxiously. "What's the matter, Dear?" he asked.

"I'm going to England," I gulped forlornly.

"For a vacation? Good."

"No, to play; to stay there forever—at least to stay there until you forget me. It's my opportunity, and I—I've seized it."

When I went to bed that night I remembered I had been so busy with the lump in my throat that I had not watched particularly how Aaron had "taken it." I recalled, however, that he had held my hand and looked into my face. "Dear little love," he had said simply; "poor little love."

Later, after what I can conscientiously call pulling himself together, he went back to his *tournedos*.

"You may make me miserable," he said, as he renewed his attack upon it; "but, thank goodness! you can't take my appetite from me."

Then there was a lot of talk which made me even more set, and by the time coffee was served he had just one more "last alternative" to suggest. "Rhoda," he said earnestly, "if you are really going out of your own country and giving up what you call a 'pleasant and profitable engagement' here in order to get away from me, I'll pledge you my word of honor that you can stay on in New York unmolested. I'll be within call, as you know, but I shall never see you."

This was making things very difficult. Visions of dreary evenings rose up before me, of lonely suppers; and all the time right within reaching distance Aaron Adams and the pleasant hour after the play. Besides, there was London and the chance of playing a good rôle in that Mecca of all actors, of adding to my reputation. My questioner saw my hesitation and, being a man without vanity, attributed none of it to himself.

"You have answered me," he went on; "you want to go. You've seized the 'opportunity' that you spoke of last night because it suits your convenience. That's your excuse, not your reason. You're just enjoying one of your 'pretends'; but let me tell you, little girl, don't imagine you'll be married to your art. There's only one thing a woman can be married to, and that's a man. They're not synonymous—my love and your art; and don't you forget it."



“Sweet and Low”: Painted by W. L. Taylor

Illustrating Tennyson's Poem from “The Princess”

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

This is the first of a series of full-page pictures painted for The Journal by W. L. Taylor, illustrating some of the world's time-honored songs.

What Being a Woman has Meant to Me

The True Story of a Woman's Actual Life as Told by Herself



DRAWN BY
EMLEN MCCONNELL

As a Girl of Sixteen

I WILL begin at sixteen—as a pretty girl, aching for a good time and full of impractical sentiment which constantly counteracted the instruction I had all my life received, that as a poor girl I must, when womanhood arrived, do something to improve the family fortunes. I sincerely meant to do this, but my attention was fatally distracted by my intense joy in living and the natural gaiety of my disposition.

No girl ever had a better mother, and yet I was strangely blinded to Mother's cruel anxiety and need for me to be more practical. It never seemed to me to matter if there was only bread and water to eat—though there was usually something more—so long as there was a drive, a stroll at twilight, a little impromptu dance. We were desperately poor—Father was dead, Mother had practically nothing, and there were three of us girls. But I never minded being shabby—and I generally was shabby—so long as there was a young fellow to tell me that I was pretty, and that he adored me!

We lived in a small village—a muddy, dusty, ill-kept little town. There was little wealth in it, but the people whom I knew and with whom our family associated were gentlefolk—a set of people who lived smartly, who gave dinners and dances, who read books and magazines, who cultivated music and made much of social graces.

Our family was recognized by this social set in a rather peculiar way. I think my mother's fine character, her intellect and her sense of humor were appreciated, and besides, she had a way of asserting herself that commanded respect; and no one could fail to admire the discretion, the rectitude of her widowed life and her devotion to three unruly children, who with all their faults still showed some glimmerings of their mother's genius.

We were tagtail on an aristocratic set, and if you have ever been tagtail and young and pretty, with every girl's hand against your hand and every man's eyes bent admiringly upon you, you will know what I mean when I say that my girlhood was pathetic. And yet I would not have missed having it just as it was in many ways. The poor have much to be grateful for. How we used to laugh over our makeshifts and subterfuges—our frantic scrambles to find clothes enough for all three girls. How we robbed Peter to pay Paul when trying to fix the house up for company. Our ridiculous old house, our poor clothes, our uncertain little income—all were weapons in the hands of the other girls, who recognized in us, despite many disadvantages, formidable rivals for the attentions of the young men of the community.

While Mother brought us up wonderfully well in many ways, she was fearfully lax in her discipline regarding our relations with young men. She was the purest woman I ever knew; her father and her husband were gentlemen in the truest sense. She had unbounded faith in the innocence of youth. Perhaps, after all, that faith was not misplaced. Owing to my premature development into womanhood I had several lovers when I was a very young girl. I am firmly convinced that there is nothing much worse for a girl than to have several lovers. If she has one sincere lover and marries him she is peculiarly fortunate, and very foolish if she doesn't know it.

My Love Affairs

THERE is no sillier attitude than that of a woman boasting of many lovers. It exposes her to the charge of vanity, of being soft, of deceit and double-dealing on her part. But if I am to tell what being a woman has meant to me I fear I must make some rather ugly confessions. First of all, let me, if possible, impress it upon the reader that I was as free from actual guile as a girl can be. I suffered somewhat from the Southern idea that a girl has a right to be a flirt.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This remarkable insight into one woman's life is written with a distinct purpose in view, and that purpose must be kept in mind throughout the reading of the articles. The motif is to show how a woman may rise above the most tremendous handicaps that can come to her: a marriage that she discovers to be a mistake: a married life without affection: a resentment against motherhood: an absolute discardment of God because He made her a woman: and in the end come out fine and strong through the development of self-reliance and her inner training of taking a big view of things. It is this amazing evolution of a woman that this recital, written directly out of a woman's life, seeks to show in a way never before attempted.

When I remember my girlhood as it was, with some tinge of shame that it should be so crowded with love affairs, so mixed with frivolities, I still have not the heart to be quite sorry. I know that many of the men who made love to me did so with quite as little serious purpose as I listened. But they were not "making a fool of me": it was a case of give and take. I scorned the feminine fear of a man's not being in earnest. What did I care, I who was never in earnest myself!

It is a very unfortunate habit for a girl to form: that of having men tell her that they love her. She gets used to it, and then when she marries she misses something, and misses it dreadfully. In looking back over my brief years of girlhood, which were made up of a series of régimes of different lovers, I believe that I would have been happier (not better) in after life if I had been kept in a convent till I was married. But I insist that through all my love affairs and my minor flirtations I was intrinsically pure-minded, though men urged me to marry them by every argument known to man's nature. How well I remember the men who kept away from me because they did not wish to love me, and how fondly I carry in my heart those who were just good comrades who loved me and whom I loved with never a real thought of marriage. There was nothing short of love between me and the young fellows I knew; the next step was coldness, indifference or positive dislike; but there were grades in the love of the others, and I believe most of it was affection rather than the single desire for marriage.

And so love dealt very strangely with me—I fairly despair of explaining it. I have loved so many men—and love them still; but to marry them—or desire even remotely to marry them—that is different. And now on the shady side of life—though I am wife, mother, grandmother, I doubt very deeply whether I have ever loved a man as I should have loved to marry him.

I Meet My Fate—and Marry

UNDER the circumstances it was inevitable that I should marry wrong. I was sincere in my quest for love, and too ignorant—not in spite of my many "chances to marry," but because of them—to make a proper choice. Most of the men who had seriously asked me to marry them were men in years and schooled in the reticences which men learn as they grow in wisdom. I was not cold-blooded enough in my desire to marry to make any calculation of worldly advantage or propriety. Love was what I was looking for. So when I encountered the rash passion of a boy who was selfish enough to wish me to marry regardless of consequences, I believed that I recognized my destiny—and hurried into matrimony.

All of my life had been premature: my early acquaintance with grief, my quick development into womanhood. From the dawn of life I had passionately longed for life's experiences and grasped them eagerly as they came. But for my utter unshakable belief in love I would have been unhappy about marrying the boy. He was poor, he was too young to marry, his ideals of life were different from my own, we were both totally undisciplined, but no amount of argument on the part of my elders could convince me that I could possibly be unhappy if I married a man I loved. This utter faith in love is one of the cruelest things in life. My faith in love was and is boundless, but I was greatly tortured with doubt whether what I felt for the boy was love. All that I could say was that it was totally different from any feeling I had ever had for a lover. It is a pity for a girl to be thus confused, and this is one of the strongest reasons why a young woman should be kept from many love affairs. If I had been the child of wealthy parents no doubt I would have been hustled off to school or to Europe away from the boy. Then I would have pined away in foreign lands—or climbed out the seminary window and eloped with the boy. As it was, the few weak and helpless guardians I had gave up, and the boy and I were married.

I was eighteen—so fearfully, pitifully young!

My First Baby

I WAS three months married when quite suddenly the conviction seized me that my experiment was a failure, and that I could not be married any longer. I wanted my mother and my home just as I had left it. I wanted my youth, my freedom. I announced the fact to Mother, and she came and got us both and took us to live with her. She was determined we should live together. It was good of her: most mothers would have left so undutiful and misguided a child to sweat it out. But Mother knew me—and, besides, she loved me. I was very happy for nearly a year. My nearness to Mother, whom I always loved better than any man on earth (though I had left her for one), in addition to having my young husband near me, seemed, in a measure, to approach my ideal of happiness. This happy period preceded the birth of my first baby and had a good effect upon her disposition. She is cheerful and gay and has a fine sense of humor, and is full of sane philosophies and healthful views of life.

The birth of this child remains in my memory a perpetual question-mark as to the purposes of the Creator. I have been present at the birth of many modern babies. I have seen the sterilizing, the sanitation, the care of nurses and physicians, and I think backward with wonder to the birth of my baby. I was absolutely ignorant of motherhood. It was not the old way to explain or to discuss such things. I had no nurse, and Mother had no help in the kitchen. When my baby was about to come

I was afraid to say so, so I kept at work a whole long day in actual labor. I did a morning's ironing and canned a lot of cherries, wishing to defer matters as long as possible, I suppose. I certainly succeeded, and when we finally sent for the village doctor he gave me a large dose of morphine by way of putting off the birth until the next day so that he could go home and go to bed! Women have died of such treatment. But it was not foreordained that I should die. When I remember how many years of health and happiness I have lived since the twenty-four hours that followed that dose of morphine, how I have laughed and danced and ridden horseback and gone in swimming, and what a genuine apostle of mirth I afterward became, I fully believe the old Persian proverb about a woman, a dog and a walnut tree.

I Hate Being a Woman

I AROSE from this experience to bare realizations. Deep in my soul was a bitter resentment toward God for having made me a woman. My whole mind was centred on the thought that it would be better to die than to have another child. Moreover, my husband had gone into a business and it was not a very prosperous one. There was debt and poverty to face. I was twenty years of age. You will think me unmotherly when I tell you what I remember best about being twenty and a mother. It was a June evening, and my new baby insisted upon crying. My mother told me to take her into the kitchen where there was a fire and toast her little feet by the stove. Out on the front steps, in the odorous twilight of early summer, my pretty young sister was entertaining a company of girls and boys. I could hear their merry voices in laughter and snatches of song. It was very quiet in the kitchen, save for the ticking of the old eight-day clock and the insistent fretting of this animated little bundle of flannel and cambric, the feet of which I had been advised to "toast." I felt an awful sinking of the heart, and knew distinctly, without equivocation, that I wanted to be out in front there with those happy, light-hearted youngsters. The baby cried and I cried. The big tears rolled down my cheeks and moistened the baby's dress, the twilight faded and the soft summer night came on. The baby fretted herself to sleep, and I, worn out with my early maternal cares, took her and flung myself with her upon the bed. Soon I, too, fell asleep, and there, later in the night, after the streets were silent and the "uptown" life was losing its charm, our light-hearted young husband and father found us.

Before my baby was born I had arisen to the heights of actual womanhood: now I was thrust back once more into a torpor of dull wondering and a sense of the uselessness of endeavor. For three years I was melancholy and gay by turns—irresponsible, aimless.

My Fear of Motherhood

THEN the terror came upon me and I knew that I was to have another child. My feelings are too pitiable to narrate. It was a silent, desperate time. I did not mention the fact to any one. I knew that I was under the disapproval of the family, because, as they all agreed, we did not "need" any more children. I cannot tell how many nights I lay awake crying, or simply staring into the dark, thinking horrible and bitter thoughts. I shut myself indoors, shunning company and hiding myself. I do not blame my mother for allowing me to do this. I had made her life very hard for her. My early and imprudent marriage had nearly killed her: my peculiar disposition, my lack of energy, my willingness to allow her to overwork caring for my first baby, all combined to make her position particularly painful and bitter. But if some angel could have appeared to us all and just asked us to have mercy on the child that was coming!

I nearly died of fright. I am sure that if my heart had been in the least weak I should have died of sheer terror when the hour of trial came—but it was all unfounded, and I discovered that my first experience was, as I had but dimly suspected, a very unusual case. The little girl which came to us was phenomenally bright, desperately moody, morbidly sensitive. Her disposition was fairly ruined by my state of mind before she was born, and all her life long she will have to struggle against fearful odds of temperament—the inheritance of my misery before her birth. I wish I could go wherever a baby is coming and make the mother understand, as I now do, the sin of entailing this heritage on a child. The baby was born with a cold, and some way I got the idea that she was going to die. For a day and night I lay in agonized repentance over the state of mind I had been in about her coming. Then she got well, and I vowed to atone to her for my unmotherly attitude before her birth.

I Decide There is No God

WHEN I arose I was a woman. Before I had been only a visionary child irrationally waiting for some destiny ahead. Now I knew that the destiny had arrived. I was married to a poor man and one who always would be poor, and I had two children to provide with reasons for being born. I got busy.

One of the first things that I did was to decide that there was no God. The next decision I came to was that I would take hold of life with a strong hand. I decided not to be afraid of anything—neither God, man nor the devil.

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What We Have Found Out About Telepathy

By John Corbin

Author of "An American at Oxford," etc.

Drawings by F. W. Read



"His Body Assumed a Horizontal Position and Floated Out of the Window"

AT THE request of the Editors of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Mr. Corbin has been for some time engaged in reading, investigating and searching out all that has practically been found out and demonstrated about the wonderful human will-force called Telepathy. Every authentic case on record has been carefully weighed, so that our readers might have separated for them, in one article, the false from the true, and get a clear, unbiased idea not only of what has actually been found out but also of what has been demonstrated about this unknown force present in all of us which is destined to become more and more a subject of close interest to us.

THE EDITORS.



"In the Dawning Light He Saw Mrs. B at the Foot of His Bed"

DO YOU know what electricity is?" asked a visiting member of a Board of Education.

"I did," the boy answered, "but I've forgotten."

"What a pity!" said the examiner. "The only person in the world who ever knew!"

We do not know what electricity is, and possibly never shall. We know a great many things that it will do, and we know how to make it do them. But what it is—that is different. So, too, we do not know what telepathy is. It seems to be a force exerted by the brain and nerves—organs as to the most familiar processes of which we have only the most imperfect knowledge. Sometimes it acts upon material things, sometimes on the minds of others. It is probable that most people can produce it; but it is certain that most people never have, at least as far as they are aware. Even those who have great telepathic power cannot use it always; they seldom know in advance whether they can or not, or even what form it will take or what it will do when it does appear. Yet telepathy is today as much a fact as telegraphy, and the things it will do are even more marvelous.

What can telepathy do? It has tremendous power over matter, for instance, as is shown in table-lifting. Only the other day, in my personal experience, a celebrated novelist with a circle of dinner guests in a New York house, most of them skeptics, caused a mahogany table to leap into the air and with such violence that when it fell it was wrecked. The owner of the table, at least, is no longer a skeptic.

Take the series of experiments by Count de Gasparin, of Switzerland, in which he was assisted, and his results certified, by friends numbering from six to ten. The circle stood about the table in a manner that prevented the slightest suspicion that any one could exert on it any muscular force. They laid their hands upon the top of the table, little fingers touching, so as to form a united circle. One day, when the table was weighted with one hundred and sixteen pounds of sand, it rose free of the floor. Stones were added to the total of one hundred and sixty-five pounds—to lift which would have taxed the united muscular efforts of the entire group. After a long hesitation the table lifted, several times in succession, each of its three legs. It lifted them with a force and a decision which were surprising. But the table's strength, already put to so many proofs, could not withstand this last one. Bending under the powerful swaying motion imparted by the total mass of one hundred and sixty-five pounds, it suddenly broke down; its centre-post split from top to bottom, and the entire mass rolled off—to the great peril of the company.

THE telepathic power of mind over mind cannot, for obvious reasons, be so carefully observed nor so accurately measured; yet instance after instance has been collected, numbering literally thousands. Here is one, as told by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, a member of the Society for Psychical Research:

"In 1888 a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. A, who has occupied a high public position in India, and whom I have known a long time, informed me that . . . he awoke one morning, in India, very early, and in the dawning light saw a lady, whom I shall call Mrs. B, standing at the foot of his bed. At the same time he received an impression that she needed him. This was his sole experience in hallucination, and it so much impressed him that he wrote to the lady, who was in England at the time.

"This Mrs. B had decided to try telepathy on a man whom she knew to be possessed of the most workaday-world common-sense (Mr. A). His views and hers regarding most things were at the antipodes; he was a man who was very unresponsive, who would be entirely out of sympathy with her in her experiment, at which she knew he would only laugh, while regarding her as a simple tool in tricky hands. She willed that Mr. A might feel that she was near him and wanted his help, and that without any suggestion, from her he would write to tell her she had influenced him that night.

"Mrs. B jotted down a memorandum of the date, but made no mention of the experiment to any one. In a few weeks she received the letter from the man in India."

To many, perhaps, this incident will seem less significant than the lifting of Count de Gasparin's weighted table. A little thought will show, I believe, that it is vastly more so. Wireless telegraphy, the latest wonder of our age of wonders, succeeds at best in spelling out a message, letter by letter, at a distance of three thousand miles—across the Atlantic. It has at its call all the gigantic forces of electricity. As against this, the mind of a single woman cast itself eight thousand miles into space—one-third of the way around the earth—in such a manner as to find out a single unsympathetic mind among millions, wake him from sleep, make him see a vision, and from it receive a detailed message.

THESE three are representative instances of the mysterious power of the mind which we call telepathy. Three centuries ago such feats would have made the person who produced them liable to be burned for witchcraft. In ancient Rome they would have established him as a soothsayer, who might have commanded the serious attention, and perhaps the belief, of Julius Caesar. In ancient Greece or still more ancient Egypt they would have established him as a priest of the temple of Apollo or of Memnon.

Not so today. We live in an age of skepticism. The forces which Alexander and Caesar attributed to the gods, and which the Puritans attributed to the devil, we have come to regard merely as mysterious facts which it is our duty to establish and record. Yet these facts are daily revealing to us new possibilities of the minds and wills of all of us, and many think that in the end they will bring us clear knowledge of the human soul and proof of its immortality.

The central question is how far the forces reveal an intelligence which the people who exert them do not recognize as their own, and of what order this strange intelligence may be. When Count de Gasparin's circle caused the heavily-weighted table to rise there was no reason to think that any

mind was present except the minds with which they were willing that it should rise. It was not always so. They commanded the table to lift one of its legs and it did so as often and as high as they wished. They made the table dance to a tune; yielding in the most comical way to the invitation to dance the minuet, it took on grandmotherly airs, sedately made a half-turn, courtesied, and then came forward, turning the other side.

Here is a thoroughly-attested case. The Reverend Stainton Moses, an Oxford graduate and a clergyman of unimpeached integrity, was lifted bodily six feet from the floor, in the presence of a circle of witnesses.

"I felt my chair drawn back from the table," he writes, "and turned into the corner near which I sat. I was so placed that my face was turned away from the circle to the angle made by the two walls. In this position the chair was raised from the floor to the distance of, I should judge, twelve or fourteen inches. My feet touched the top of the skirting board, which would be about twelve inches in height. The chair remained suspended for a few moments, and then I felt myself going from it, higher and higher, with a very slow and easy movement. I had no sense of discomfort nor of apprehension. I was perfectly conscious of what was being done, and described the process to those who were sitting at the table. I was close to the wall, so close that I was able to put a pencil firmly against my chest and to mark the spot opposite to me on the wall-paper. That mark, when measured afterward, was found to be rather more than six feet from the floor, and from its position it was clear that my head must have been in the very corner of the room, close to the ceiling."

A PROFESSIONAL medium, Daniel D. Home, performed feats of this kind in a state of trance. The most sensational was when, in the presence of three witnesses, Lord Lindsay, Lord Adair and Captain Wynne, his body assumed a horizontal position, floated out of one window and into another—eighty-five feet above the ground! Before a committee of the Dialectical Society Lord Lindsay described the case, showing that no fraud was possible; and his account was authenticated by Lord Adair.

A Doctor Carpenter refused to believe their statement. He explained the case as due to hallucination, and intimated that Captain Wynne had not seen and had denied the phenomenon. Home asked Captain Wynne to write what he had seen. Captain Wynne wrote: "The fact of your having gone out of the window and in at the other I can swear to."

That the intelligence of this unknown force of telepathy is not always in sympathy with the owner finds singular proof in the case of the family of a man of well-known character and scientific culture who developed these unknown powers. The father distrusted the influence of the forces on the health of his family and forbade them. After a few days his son, who had been shown to be the chief possessor of the forces in the family, became haunted by the powers within him, which, once having been given freedom, refused to be put under the ban. One day as the boy was taking a piano lesson a strange noise was heard in the instrument, at once musical and metallic. Presently the piano reared up on its back legs. Pupil and teacher fled to another instrument. There the action was repeated. For days the boy was persecuted by such remonstrance. The most rigid inquiry was made, and no possibility of fraud detected. The first piano, a grand, weighed six hundred and sixty pounds. To lift its two front legs required an exertion of four hundred and forty pounds. The intelligence thus displayed was ill-proportioned to the force. The psychic power frequently seems, in fact, to have neither good sense nor a sweet disposition. Frequently, I say; not always.

There are men whom it enables to locate the best spot for a well. These men, called "dowers," carry a freshly-cut bough between their hands with the fork pointing upward. When the fork passes over a vein of water it trembles violently and circles downward on the pivot of the hands. I have myself seen this force so strongly exerted that when the operator gripped the rod in an effort to hold it in its original position it twisted free of its bark; or,



"The Table Suddenly Broke Down and the Entire Mass Rolled Off"

this failing, twisted the solid wood into shreds. The force is often as accurately as it is strongly exerted, and what is more wonderful, it communicates to the mind of the "dowser" accurate knowledge of the depth at which the water will be found.

Here I avail myself of the rigidly-authenticated records of the Society for Psychical Research. An English country magistrate and proprietor of a Dairy Company required a large supply of pure water for his butter factory and tried several times in vain to find it. When his "hopes had almost gone and faith was all but spent" he sent for a "dowser," who held the rod over the dry hole and said there was no water there at any depth. Within ten feet of it he found a spring too small to be of service. He walked all over the field and still with no result, until he stepped into a bunch of nettles in the corner. There he promised a good head of water at a depth of "not over twenty-five feet," and said it was not running away, but stood ready to tap, and when tapped would come surging up.

An old well-sinker was employed to dig. Several times he came to the owner and, showing specimens of soil, assured him that water was never found in such ground. He was told to go on digging. At twenty-two feet the doubting digger tapped a spring of such force that, his mates being away, he was in terror of being drowned.

This is only one of innumerable well-established instances that might be cited.

When Fire Did Not Burn the Human Body

IF ANY one imagines that he can explain how the psychic force lifts weights or agitates a divining rod let him try to explain certain other things that it does. Mr. Home, when in a trance, repeatedly proved, or seemed to prove, that fire would not burn the human body. Here is a case of a Mrs. Honeywood, attested by Lord Lindsay, who, with two other persons, was present.

There was a lighted lamp on the table. Mr. Home, under the mysterious spell, deliberately grasped the chimney of the lamp with both hands; then, advancing to the lady of the house, he asked her to touch it, but she refused, knowing that it was hot. Mr. Home said: "Have you no faith? Will you not trust me if I say it is cool?" She replied, "Certainly," and placed her finger on the glass, exclaiming, "Oh, it is not at all hot!"

This was corroborated by Lord Lindsay and a friend, who in turn both laid their fingers on the glass to test it. It appears that another member of the party remained skeptical. Mr. Home laughed, and without putting the glass back on the lamp said: "I will make it hot for you, old fellow. . . . Now touch it." Mr. L. did touch it, and exclaimed, "You have, indeed!" shaking his hand and showing a red mark. So hot was the glass when a fourth person touched it that it raised a blister, which the person who told the incident saw some days later.

Mr. Home now returned to the fireplace, and thrust the chimney into the red-hot coals, resting the end on the top bar; he left it there about four or five minutes, then, lifting it, he clasped it in both hands, went to the table, took a lucifer match from a box, and, handing it to the lady of the house, desired her to touch the glass. The match instantly ignited; and, having called the attention of those present to this fact, he said: "The tongue and lips are the most sensitive parts of the body," and thrust the heated glass into his mouth, applying, especially, his tongue to it.

Again Mr. Home returned to the fire, and once more placed the glass on the coals, where he left it, and walked about the room. Going to the lamp, he passed his hand slowly backward and forward through the flame, not an inch from the wick. Returning to the fireplace he lifted the chimney and, moving the coals about with his hand, selected a small, flat, red-hot coal and placed it in the chimney, shook it up and down, and advancing to a lady playfully said, "Here is a present for you," and threw out the coal on her muslin dress. Catching it up in dismay she tossed it to Lord Lindsay, who, unable to retain it in his hand, threw it from palm to palm until he reached the grate and flung it in. While we were all looking at the muslin dress and wondering that it was neither soiled nor singed, Mr. Home approached her and in a hurt tone of voice said: "No, no, you will not find a mark; did you think that I would hurt your dress?"

Here we have the telepathic force acting not only decisively but, moreover, with results which cannot be produced in any other manner—not by all the resources of physics and chemistry combined. The means of producing the effect is no more mysterious than the effect.

The Influence of One Mind upon Another

A VERY simple explanation for all these instances of the power of mind over matter occurs to every one—sleight-of-hand and deception of the senses. From the beginning of time, as we know, these have been responsible for many, perhaps most, of the exhibitions of so-called supernatural powers, and the recent annals of spiritualism and hypnotism are mainly composed of cases of mercenary fraud detected. Hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles have appeared which relate the means, often crude enough, by which seeming marvels are produced. No one can be more sensible of the danger of fraud than are those men of high intelligence and lifelong training in that most difficult art of precise observation, who have, as individuals and as scientific societies, spent years in study of these mysterious psychic forces. They have often seen public ridicule fall upon themselves and their associates, and the work of weeks and months crumble and come to nothing, as the result of tardily-detected imposture.

Yet it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that throughout the story of what was once called the supernatural there has been a decisive element of truth mingled with so much imposture. Today no fact of history and few facts of science are more solidly grounded than that the human mind is capable of developing an extraordinary and varied power over matter.

So much for the influence of telepathy, as we call it, over matter. Now as to the influence of the human mind upon the human mind, to which the word telepathy is sometimes applied exclusively. The mind is the most complex, delicate and variable organ known to Nature, and when it acts upon another similarly mysterious organ the difficulty of obtaining scientific results is enormous. The cases are of two kinds, those which result from

experiments by scientists, and those which appear of themselves—"spontaneously"—to people in general.

Subjects under hypnotism are generally able to feel what the person controlling them feels, and often to taste what he tastes, even to see what he sees. Take a single instance, well authenticated by the Society for Psychical Research. In 1882 Dr. A. S. Wiltse, of Skiddy, Kansas, carried on a series of experiments in clairvoyance with a servant girl fifteen years of age. An interesting by-product of his experiments two witnesses described as follows: "When any of us would prick the Doctor with a pin the girl would flinch with the same part of her body. The girl did not use tobacco. The Doctor was in a different room with a wall between them. When he would smoke she grew nauseated, and seemed to taste the same as he did."

Tastes, Pains and Ideas are Often Transferred

WITH subjects in a normal state of mind the results are perhaps less decisive, but still beyond question. In 1883 Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, of Liverpool, conducted a long series of experiments in tastes on two of his employees, Miss E and Miss R, with the aid of two leading members of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Gurney and Mr. Myers. The test was that Mr. Guthrie would drink or eat in one room, and his two employees would taste the things he ate and name them. Several unforeseen difficulties marred the results. Certain of the substances tasted were not familiar to the women. Thus Miss E described port wine as "between eau de cologne and beer," and candied ginger as "something sweet and hot." Miss R described port wine as raspberry vinegar. Sometimes there was no taste, or the wrong taste. But in almost half of the thirty-two experiments the taste was accurately named. Some of the answers indicate the reality of the sensations. Miss E described nutmeg as "peppermint—no—what you put in puddings—nutmeg." Miss R described alum as "a taste of ink—of iron—of vinegar. I feel it on my lips, as if I had been eating alum"; and caraway seeds as "like meal—like a seed loaf—caraway seeds."

Experiments in the transfer of pains are even more striking. One series of twenty produced eighteen total or approximate successes. Experiments in sounds, on the other hand, produce poor results, partly, perhaps, because to guard against error the sounds have usually to be not real but imagined. Card-guessing requires the transfer of numbers, colors and forms all at once. In his telepathic play, "The Witching Hour," Mr. Augustus Thomas represents his hero as performing the feat without fail. I have heard of such cases but have not been able to authenticate them.

Experiments under hypnotism, or with the subject in a trance, have succeeded in transferring sensations, images, ideas, emotions and even commands of the will at a great distance, as we have found in the case of the woman in England who made her form seen and her will felt in India. But with the subject in a normal state the results of experiment are not so good, and experiments conducted by scientists have been especially unsatisfactory. It seems necessary to have a considerable degree of intimacy and affection between the communicating minds. Cases are worth considering only when the evidence is thoroughly detailed and rests on the authority of two or more people. To make it convincing the experience of each party should be written down before conference with the other. Even then, it is wise to remember, there remains the possibility of fraud arranged beforehand.

Marvelous Results of Two Women's Experiments

A LADY in London (Miss X) had all her life had frequent interchanges of telepathy with her friends on the most commonplace subjects. Several members of the Society for Psychical Research knew her, and at the request of one of them she and a friend (Miss D) kept diaries of their experiences through the year 1888. Most of this time they were both in London, but during a part of it they were in far-distant counties of England. In Miss X's diary there were fifty-five entries, twenty-seven of which were made before the event was known. Of these, three were failures and two possibly the result of chance. The other twenty-two cases relate to meeting particular people, receiving letters, playing music, etc. In Miss D's diary there are thirty-five entries, of which twenty were recorded before the event was known. Of these fourteen were successes, two failures and four possible accidents. One of the acknowledged failures indicates the care that the Society takes not to exaggerate its results. Miss D records: "Tried several books. Finally took 'Villette.'" Miss X records in her diary that she willed Miss D to read "The Professor," also by Charlotte Brontë. In one case Miss D records: "? Music 9:30-10." The question-mark was meant to indicate that Miss X had told her that at that hour she would be out, so she regarded the impression as probably false. But Miss X had stayed in and played.

On five occasions in succession Miss D records music. On the fourth and fifth she records "Flash of Henslet" and "Faint Henslet," both preceded by a question-mark. On all these occasions Miss X was playing music of Henslet which Miss D had never heard, and had her friend vividly in mind, knowing that she would like the new music. On the last two occasions Miss D thought she recognized the unknown pieces as in the style of Henslet. On one occasion, when the two were many miles apart, Miss D records: "Music never gets finished." Miss X had been interrupted while playing by the arrival of visitors, and the unfinished music kept running through her mind.

The most marvelous instances of the power of mind over matter are those which occur of themselves—"spontaneously"—as a result of some emotional crisis. Frequently, it should be kept in mind—perhaps more frequently than not—visions and premonitions are found to be baseless or false. Yet the records of psychical research abound in cases of the highest interest.

Miss X and Miss D record an instance of the spontaneous transfer of the sense of smell. Miss X smelled fire, and could not trace the cause, though it followed her everywhere. The rest of the household quieted her only by the assurance that they could smell nothing. The fire was in the house where Miss D was living. It is significant that Miss D was led to discover the fire by thinking of Miss X. She had left some papers in disorder and

remembered that Miss X "would insist upon order." Going to the room where the papers were she found it in flames. She was thus thinking of Miss X when she caused her to smell fire.

John Ruskin informed the Society of a case of the spontaneous transfer of the sense of pain which occurred to Mrs. Arthur Severn, wife of the celebrated painter. "I woke up with a start," Mrs. Severn wrote, "feeling I had had a hard blow on my mouth, and with a distinct sense that I had been cut and was bleeding under my upper lip, and seized my pocket-handkerchief and held it (in a little pushed lump) to the part as I sat up in bed." There was no blood, and realizing that nothing could have stuck her she decided that she had been dreaming, and went to sleep again. This was at seven o'clock. Mr. Severn had been out for a morning sail and, coming in to breakfast at half-past nine, "sat farther away from me than usual, and every now and then put his pocket-handkerchief furtively up to his lip, in the way I had done." On being questioned he confessed that a sudden squall striking his boat the tiller had swung about and bit him on the lip. He had had no watch with him, but judged that the accident occurred about the same time as Mrs. Severn's sensation.

Some People's Strange Telepathic Experiences

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES tells of the case of F. H. Krebs, Junior, a Harvard undergraduate, who was haunted one afternoon by a sense of uneasiness that increased to a positive fear. "I fancied that there was some one continually behind me, and although I turned my chair around several times this feeling remained. At last I got up and went into my bedroom, looked under the bed and into the closet; finding nothing I came back into the room and looked behind the curtains." Still the sensation haunted him, and to escape it he went to the room of a friend, to whom he described his sensations, and said that he believed that they were "a warning sent to show me that some one of my family had been injured or killed." The next day he found that at noon the day before his father had been injured by jumping from a train in motion. Before the accident, the father related, he had not been thinking of his son, but at the moment it happened his whole family had flashed in a vision before him.

A Mrs. Barber, living near Sheffield, recorded in her diary several cases in which her little daughter Evelyn read the unspoken ideas of her parents. While out shopping she had seen a big black dog with curly hair. She had it in her mind to tell her daughter of it, but was interrupted. About two minutes afterward Evelyn said: "Mother saw a big dog in a shop."

The mother gasped and answered: "Yes, I did; but how did you know?"

"With funny hair," the child added calmly.

Once the child's father while breakfasting at an inn had found a cockroach in his coffee. He fished it out and went on with his meal with what courage he could, but got another in his mouth. Next day at breakfast he said: "What's the most horrible thing that could happen to any one at breakfast? I don't mean getting killed, or anything of that sort."

Evelyn looked up at him for a moment and said: "To have a blackcock (cockroach) in your coffee."

A Doctor G. Dupré narrates this: "I had just been visiting a patient and was coming downstairs, when suddenly I had the impression that my little girl of four years old had fallen down the stone stairs of my house and had hurt herself. Then gradually, after the first impression, as if the curtain which hid the sight from me were slowly drawn back, I saw my child lying at the foot of the stairs with her chin bleeding. I had no impression of hearing her cries."

When he reached home he found things exactly as he had seen them, and his wife said: "My husband's account of his telepathic experience is perfectly correct."

Evidences of Telepathy in Dreams are Very Strong

IN SLEEP there is reason to believe that mysterious things which we call the subconscious mind acts with greatest power. It is thus to be expected that evidences of telepathy in dreams are peculiarly strong. Here is a case of the burglary of a house closed for the summer. It is related by "Mrs. E. J.," who was spending the summer in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, together with the Misses W, whose house was burglarized.

Mrs. E. J. says:

"In my dream I arrived unexpectedly at the house of the Misses W, in Cambridge, where I found everything in confusion, drawers emptied and their contents scattered about the floor, bundles unrolled and dresses taken from the closets. Then, as I stepped into one room I saw four boys in bed—three or four; I cannot distinctly remember. I saw their faces distinctly, as they sat up in bed at my approach; but the recollection of their faces has faded from me now." At breakfast she related the dream to the Misses W, "thinking only to amuse them." Miss W confirms this, and adds that the eleven-o'clock mail brought word from the woman in charge of the house that it had been robbed. "The policeman who went over the house with me said he had never seen a house more thoroughly ransacked. We found that in the upper attic room the bed had evidently been used."

A Mr. R. V. Boyle tells this authenticated case:

"My wife and I were in Simla, in the Himalayas, and my father-in-law and mother-in-law were living in Brighton, England. . . . It seemed in my dream that I stood at the open door of a bedroom in a house in Brighton, and that before me, by candlelight, I saw my father-in-law lying pale upon his bed, while my mother-in-law passed silently across the room in attendance on him." In the morning "the nature of the impression left upon me unmistakably was that my father-in-law was dead." He noted the dream in his diary and broke the news to his wife. After a few days he received a telegram from England saying that his father-in-law had died in Brighton. In due course they learned that the death had occurred on the night of the dream.

Mrs. Boyle wrote that her husband had described the dream to her at the time as in his written account. Mr. Gurney, of the Society for Psychical Research, saw the

The Girl Heroines of Shakespeare

The First of a Series of Paintings by Sigismund de Ivanowski,
Painter of Miss Maude Adams as "Peter Pan," Miss Annie Russell as "Puck," etc.



Mr. Ivanowski's Conception of "Juliet"



AND what is the news from London, Desmond?" asked Sheila idly. The afternoon post had just been distributed and all the members of the Fitzgerald family were immersed in letters. The arrival of the mail had grown to be an important part of the day's routine at Avonmere, and when General Fitzgerald presided he enlivened the officialdom of his own news and the impersonality of his "London Times" by calling upon his children to read aloud any letter whose appearance or postmarks seemed to promise entertainment. This form of amusement, and the impromptu "editing" it entailed, was popular with none of his children, but it was an especial hardship to Sheila, the only daughter of his house, who was, as he found occasion to remark at least fifty times a day, "the very living image of his poor, dear mother. A most extraordinary likeness, by Jove."

It was a most extraordinary likeness. The girl who had come to Avonmere in response to the commanding invitation which the General had forwarded to his scattered children bore no slightest relationship either to him or to his poor, dear mother. She was the Lady Rosnah Creighton. She was the nearest friend of the real Sheila Fitzgerald. Her brother, young Sir Kevin Creighton, was betrothed to that insubordinate young person who had refused pointblank to obey the summons to the family reunion which was designed to celebrate General Fitzgerald's return to his native land after thirty years' campaigning in India.

Rosnah, older by a year than the young lovers, had urged and remonstrated in vain. Sheila was immovable. Kevin told her so. But they had persuaded and cajoled the Lady Rosnah to take the part of only daughter and only sister until such time as the truth of Sheila's engagement might safely be broken to the choleric General and his gentle consort either by the truants in person or by the understudy. And as Kevin assured his sister with conviction and admiration:

"The old boy is lucky to get a daughter at all: staying all these years in India and never once coming home to see her. You'll do for him as well as Sheila could. And nobody but Sheila will do at all for me."

But upon this perfect afternoon the General and the Lady Mary had driven into Dublin to lunch at the Vice-Regal Lodge, and the brothers read their letters in blessed freedom and went promptly about their own devices, leaving their elder brother and their only sister *en tête-à-tête* upon the terrace.

"In London?" he repeated when her question reached him. "Oh, the usual thing. The height of the season, you know. The usual number of balls and dinners and new plays. More than the usual number of débutantes and twice the usual number of royal foreigners *incognito*. I hate that custom intensely. If the people are not known then there is a nasty air of deceit about the thing. If they are known (and most commonly they are) then it is merely stupid. And why men and women of any station or of any title should find amusement in concealing their individuality and abandoning their responsibilities is a thing which I could never understand. Masquerade of any kind is most distasteful to me."

"But sometimes," Sheila urged, "it is kind or necessary or advisable. You remember the King in the 'Arabian Nights' and all the good he did for his people?"

"On an Arabian night, perhaps," admitted this learned barrister-at-law. "But on British days, my dear Sheila, you will find that people keep to their own name and station, unless they want to do something unbecoming or unlawful. We see a great deal of that sort of thing in my profession and we rarely find that the motive will bear examination. It is not commonly done for good."

"Or for fun?" Sheila suggested hopefully.

"Nor for fun," he answered. "The fun which requires that sort of preparation is not very funny." From the depths of her perturbed spirit Sheila agreed with him. Distinctly it was not funny. She thought with a little mental gasp, half of mischief and half of fright, that Desmond would have found a text ready to his hand in the letters which lay in hers.

"Rosnah, darling," the first began, "I know you will think me the worst of cowards, but you simply must go on being me for another few days. I know it is mean and shabby of me. I know I am a shocking coward, but I cannot bring myself to face those relatives of mine of whom you seem so fond. I wish with all my heart that you could have them altogether. You remember that I wished it when the General's letter came. Well, now, I wish it more than ever. I can't bring myself to leave Kevin and be an inconsiderable item in a large family of practical strangers. But truly, dear, and really, I will come home very soon now, and, of course, if they discover the truth I shall come at once and face the crisis with you. Your own devoted,
"SHEILA FITZGERALD."

The Chaperoning of Sheila

By Myra Kelly, Author of "Little Citizens," etc.

The girl on the terrace at Avonmere read this letter for the second time and wondered at the sense of resignation with which she saw herself committed to another indefinite period of masquerade. For well she gauged the nature of the real Sheila and clearly she read between the lines, and knew that only the day of confession or discovery could induce this unnatural daughter to come into her own. But the Lady Rosnah passionately decided that when she should bid farewell to the family which had been hers for four happy and eventful weeks it would be impossible for any one, but most of all for the supercilious, censorious Desmond, to feel that she had—by the very shading of a hair's breadth—overstepped the rules of strict propriety. And this was no new resolve born of the situation. She had always known, even in school and nursery days, that she belonged to a race and to a position which imposed dignity and honor upon its women even as it did upon its men. And the Lady Rosnah Creighton never forgot the lesson. She was still a child when her mother died, and she had assumed control of her father's household. And the eccentric Earl of Creighton was quite rational enough to know that his daughter was, as he expressed it, ten times the man her brother was. But this Rosnah could never be made to see, and she turned now, with a glow of affection, to Kevin's letter. It was so like him—so boyish and so natural. Every one was well at Glencora. They were expecting every day to hear that she had found a good time to tell the Fitzgeralds about his and Sheila's being sweethearts and settle things somehow about their being married. Old Snuffy, as he dutifully called his father, was quite willing. Surely General F. would not object. What a clever little girl she was to manage so well. Belle had four pups; the calf he had written of in his last letter was turning out to be a beauty. The geraniums on the south lawn had been gorgeous, but the rain yesterday beat them about like anything. Her father hadn't missed her yet. He had been away a great deal. A new floor was being laid in the carriage-house, and he was her attached brother Kevin. The girl tore these two letters into shreds and threw them in little handfuls over the terrace wall. So that was her life! Those her interests! Glencora her real place in the world. A brother who got on so buoyantly without her and a father who had not even known that he was getting on without her. These were her own people.

And these others who had accepted her so warmly, trusted her so perfectly, appealed to her so surely, were strangers. She was nothing to them nor they to her. Yet here was a father—of sorts—who regarded her with ever-present pride and satisfaction; here a quartette of brothers to whom her companionship was dear, her opinions important and her approbation of great value; and here a sweet and tender mother who came trustingly to her daughter in all her little troubles and puzzlements, and between whom and all the disillusionments of the world the daughter stood sentinel.

These reflections were broken in upon by a messenger from Dublin with a note from Lady Mary, who announced to her "darling daughter" the fact that the General and she had encountered in the Vice-Regal Lodge a Mr. and Mrs. Potter, companions of their Indian days, and had decided to spend the night in town, dining at The Shelbourne, and talking over old times and people.

"The Potters return tomorrow," the mother wrote, "otherwise we should have persuaded them to come to Avonmere for a few days. I wanted them to see my darling children. Send Cagney to The Shelbourne in the dog-cart with our things. He will pack for your father, and Ameera will send me everything I want. Dear, it is such a comfort to feel that you are with the boys. I think you will all have a very happy evening together without any old people to bother you."

Sensations were following one another quickly upon that golden afternoon, and it was rather a puzzled and distraught young person who sent for Cagney, the General's body servant, and Lady Mary's Hindu maid, Ameera, and to them gave the instructions which left her bereft of chaperon and with only the three hours intervening before dinner in which to evolve one.

She donned hat, hoisted parasol and set out across the park for the Dower House. Of course, thought she, the Duchess and her sister would be glad enough to dine and sleep at Avonmere. They dined there once or twice a week, and frequently, if the weather were unpropitious, they stayed all night. So she argued as she trailed her pretty dress over the lawns, and Desmond, watching her from his upper window, thought for the hundredth time how fair and dear and sweet she was, this sister of his, and congratulated himself, also for the hundredth time, upon the prospect of introducing her to his London friends.

"By Jove!" he chuckled, "she ought to be a great success. London will be hers within a fortnight or I miss my guess." The astute Mr. Fitzgerald did not miss his guess. A section of London society of which even he, successful, popular and eligible, knew very little had already welcomed the Lady Rosnah Creighton.

But for once the little Duchess failed her friend. "It would be no end of a lark," she admitted ruefully, "but some terrible old fogies are coming here to dine, and Adelaide and I are fixtures."

"Oh, the most awful old frumps," Miss Lytton broke in; "the most unspeakable frights. Ducky and I drove about in the pony carriage for one long morning, and whenever the pony shied at a woman Ducky got out and invited her to dine with us tonight. She does it once every year when I am here with her. I implored her to have some of you down to lighten the gloom, but she says, and I think she's right, that none of our guests could enjoy themselves in the presence of your frocks. That is the third one within the week, isn't it? A beauty! I wish my father were a retired Indian General instead of a respectable manufacturer of jam."

"Sheila, dear," the Duchess broke in, "I am really awfully sorry, but you know since the frumps are coming we simply must be here. And now, frankly, don't you think you would be better by yourselves; that even such outsiders as Adelaide and I would be a little in the way?"

"I see what you mean," Sheila acquiesced demurely; "but if you want frankness I can't agree with you."

It was nearly six o'clock when she passed again up the avenue of Avonmere. She was very tired. She had paid three nightmare visits to three ladies with whom she was on terms of the very slightest and most formal acquaintance. To each of them she had made, with an air of careful indifference, the astounding request that they would come and spend the night with her at Avonmere. Each of the three ladies had declined: the Doctor's wife because she had an unbreakable engagement; little Mrs. Dimmick because Mr. Dimmick had promised that he and she would dine with a client of his; and the Curate's mother because—or so Sheila fancied—she considered her visitor quite mad. And so Sheila toiled up the avenue more close to tears and puzzlement than she had been for many a year.

Her dilemma was all horns. To invent a hasty summons away from Avonmere would be to bring upon herself, she knew, Desmond's careful guardianship. To stay was impossible. To confide in any one was equally impossible. To run away secretly was out of the question. Yes, the only daughter of the Fitzgerald household had a queer trapped feeling as she reached the terrace and found her four "brothers" waiting with varying tales of the day's adventures to recount to her. Nothing occurred in the interval before dinner to relieve the tension. The dressing bell rang and Sheila gave herself over into the hands of Ameera with very much the feeling which might have animated the French ladies during the Reign of Terror when they dressed for Monsieur Guillotine. Then, when she had despaired of it, relief came. She heard the noise of an arrival, and looking out from her window she was reassured by seeing the Curate's mother disembarking from the village hack into the arms of the astonished butler. Descending hastily she was in time to see the astonishment, tempered with dismay, repeated in the faces of Gerald and Owen, who were smoking near one of the windows. They had never met the Curate's mother, and, though their manners were good, they were not convincingly glad when that lack was remedied, and they could not in the least understand Sheila's apparently genuine pleasure nor the little staccato phrases in which the guest explained her presence and apologized for her earlier refusal. The truth, which she did not tell, was that after Sheila's departure she had begun to bewail herself for that refusal, and to regret that she had declined what was probably the only opportunity she would ever have of beginning her remarks with "When I was stopping with the Fitzgeralds at Avonmere, my dear."

Hardly was the Curate's mother welcomed and established when the Doctor's gig passed the window and the Doctor's wife, voluble and red-faced, broke into the drawing-room. She was closely followed by Desmond, and some more enforced cordiality took place. It had hardly subsided when Mrs. Dimmick, dusty, but indomitable, was announced, and Sheila had the pleasure of feeling that her brothers all shared the Curate's mother's opinion of her sanity. For each of the chaperons had made it ghastly plain that she had been invited and each seemed to take special and personal umbrage at the presence of the other two.

The butler and his aids had thrice arranged and thrice disarranged the hospitable board. The atmosphere of the drawing-room was strained to breaking point when Lawrence Fitzgerald interrupted the Curate's mother's opinion of last Sunday's sermon to announce that the Duchess of Clontarf and Miss Adelaide Lytton were coming across the lawn.

"And by the Lord Harry!" exclaimed the artless Lawrence, "they look as if they were coming to dine! Come over here, Sheila, and take a look at them."

Sheila, too dazed for aught but obedience, crossed to his side and waved a welcoming hand at the latest arrivals. At Lawrence's announcement panic had seized Mrs. Dimmick and the Doctor's wife, and it was upon a frozen silence that Adelaide Lytton's voice floated in through the window. "Oh, Sheila, dear," she cried, "by the most astounding luck both the frumps remembered that they had had previous engagements for tonight. So Ducky and I came up to take care of you."

While the now enraged butler and his utterly demoralized aids were arranging and disarranging the now most inhospitable board, Mrs. Dimmick and the Doctor's wife made each six distinct and warring explanations to the Duchess. Miss Lytton retired with Lawrence behind the curtains and indulged in unseemly hysterics.

It was not a propitious beginning for a dinner-party. Sheila suffered all the pangs of the hostess unprepared combined with those of the prisoner at the bar. The conversation wandered miserably among by-paths and deadly swamps without aim, without guide and without life. The Duchess was slow to accept defeat. She and Gerald kept up a flow of badinage, while Adelaide flirted openly with Lawrence, and the Curate's mother as openly disapproved of them. Desmond, too, did all that a man might do, but since Mrs. Dimmick and the Curate's mother were not on speaking terms, and since he did not know it, his efforts met with but slight success, though they earned him the undying gratitude of his sister.

The period in the drawing-room alone with the women after dinner seemed so long to Sheila that she suspected her brothers of concerted desertion in time of trouble. But at last they appeared, and Sheila was able to act

The Mystery of Miss Motte

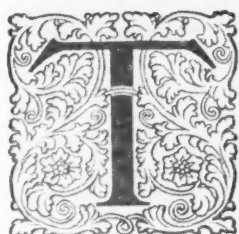
The Romance of a City Parish

By Caroline Atwater Mason, Author of "A Minister of the World," etc.

VII

Drawing by W. T. Smedley

VIII



THE first social function entered into by Mrs. Matthew O'Brien on her return from her seashore villa in October was a small dinner.

Like most dinners this one represented a variety of purposes. Mrs. O'Brien's purposes-in-chief were to further an acquaintance between Mr. Dane and Miss Adelaide Search, in accordance with a suggestion of Doctor Tiffany's, and to bring Mrs. Motte to her house to gratify Mr. O'Brien, who had not thus far seen Noelle's mother. Taking account of the situation when dinner was two-thirds over with her eye of practiced social discrimination Mrs. O'Brien perceived that Miss Search was frost to Noelle, and Noelle ice to her; that Dane was of intention devoted to Miss Search, but that no word spoken by Noelle was lost upon him; that Noelle had grown thin and pale through the summer, and that on her face was an indefinable impress of suffering.

Dinner over, Mrs. Motte was conducted upstairs to Mr. O'Brien's library; Miss Search was bound a captive in the chains to the piano by the flattering importunity of the hostess, who gave an imperious order in an undertone to Mr. Dane to show Miss Motte the blossoming century plant in the conservatory. The remaining ten or twelve guests sat in the music-room at attention.

In the shadow of the century plant Dane took Noelle's hand with a sudden impulse not to be resisted, and said: "It is three months since I have seen you. You are not well; something in your face breaks my heart. Can you tell me?"

"There is nothing to tell," Noelle spoke lightly, but tears hung heavy on her lashes at his tone.

"I have had just four notes from you. They are here always," and he touched his breast. "Have I lost any? Have you written more?"

"Can I remember?" Noelle's eyes said, however: "Can I forget?"

"I cannot go to the house since I feel your mother's aversion to me. Is there no way to overcome it?"

"There is no aversion to you on her part."

"What does it mean, then—her attitude?"

"I cannot tell you," the girl faltered. "It would be the same to any other man—"

"Who cared for you?" A flush rose to Noelle's cheeks; she drew away her hand which she had suffered until now to rest in his.

"Noelle, I care; you know I care—"

"Dear, you must not care—it is hopeless."

Then she felt his kiss on her forehead and met the worship in his eyes.

"Never—never again," she whispered, but her eyes were aflame with response to his passion.

With no other word she hurried back to the others, and a little later made an excuse to join her mother upstairs. At the entrance of Mr. O'Brien's dimly-lighted library she was met by a cordial welcome from the invalid.

"Be seated, Miss Motte," cried Matt. "My conscience, how handsome you are tonight! And how come you, Mademoiselle, by that conquering air? However, don't interrupt your mother, if you please. We are conversing eloquently in French of the Himalayas. Continue, Madam, if you please."

"I was about to say, Mr. O'Brien, that I prefer Darjeeling myself to any other Himalayan resort. It was our summer home in India in the months when Agra was impossible."

"Oh, if I could go back to it tomorrow!" cried Noelle under her breath.

"So you remember Darjeeling?" Mr. O'Brien turned his keen eyes upon the girl. "I thought you told me you had no recollection of the place where you were born."

"That is true. I was born in Mussoorie, but we never went there after that year, did we, Maman?"

Mrs. Motte shook her head.

"Oh, yes, to be sure it was Mussoorie." As Matt spoke he felt a curious constraint and restlessness in Mrs. Motte's bearing.

"I was born on Christmas Day, Mr. O'Brien," said Noelle; "that is why my mother named me Noelle." She rose as she spoke.

"If you please, a few moments more," said Matt. "I have something that I wish to speak to your mother about. An old student friend of mine in Germany is coming to Pemberton on some matter of business. He has been in India I am not sure how many years as a medical missionary. Last week I received this letter telling of his coming to America, and it is dated Agra."

"What is your friend's name, if you please?" The question came abruptly from Mrs. Motte.

"Hartlieb—Doctor Emil Hartlieb."

"I have met the gentleman," said Mrs. Motte, rising. Noelle, taking her hand, found that she was trembling violently.

"I remember Doctor Hartlieb very well," Noelle began, but her mother interrupted her to make her adieu to Mr. O'Brien, who reluctantly accepted their excuses for departure.



"At the Climax She Stepped Forward and Fastened Over Her Heart the Jasmine Flower, in Token of the Bridal of Death"

Somewhat later Boyle came in, bringing coffee.

"Did you see the little white-haired French lady, Boyle?" Mr. O'Brien asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir, I did," answered Boyle. "Hasn't she the lively way with her?"

"Charming. She is rather like her daughter, Miss Motte."

"Is Miss Motte that lady's daughter, Mr. O'Brien?"

Matt nodded, stirring his coffee contemplatively.

"Then the young lady must favor her father altogether, I should say. Nobody would pick them out for mother and daughter, sir. Miss Motte, she's that dark skin, like velvet, and the big brown eyes, and so tall. The little French lady is quite different."

A FEW weeks later, early in the evening, Doctor Tiffany, coming from the deathbed of a parishioner, rang the bell at the cottage in Gore Terrace. Katy Duffy opened the door, and the visitor stepped directly into the small parlor. At a glance his eye took in with gratification the Oriental richness of the interior, the grace of Mrs. Motte as she sat in the lamplight with a bit of dainty embroidery, the beauty of Noelle's face bent over a book. Suddenly aware that some one had entered, Noelle started to rise, but he forbade her with a gesture.

"Be quiet, Miss Motte, if you please. Do not spoil the picture. Mrs. Motte, good-evening. I beg you not to rise. Will you let a pilgrim have a seat at your fireside for a few moments?"

Forthwith he seated himself in a deep wicker lounging-chair, and, leaning back, closed his eyes. Noelle saw that his face wore the stern, yet tender, solemnity which she had often noted in it when he came from the presence of death.

"You have been at the Butlers'?" she asked gently.

"Yes."

"Is George still alive?"

"No. He died less than an hour ago."

"You are tired, Doctor Tiffany?"

"I had not thought of it. Possibly."

"You have had no dinner?"

"A mere detail."

"But, really—it will not do, you know. What may I get you?"

"I should like some coffee—nothing more. Is it too much trouble?"

"You know it is not."

"Doctor Tiffany, please understand, it is great honor for me that I may prepare you coffee. Noelle will talk with you while I direct Katy."

Mrs. Motte vanished. Noelle took up her embroidery and made a feint of being busy with it, the better to allow her guest the silence which she knew he preferred. He did not like one to prattle and flutter.

Presently Mrs. Motte entered with a tray containing a quaint foreign coffee service which she placed upon a tabouret beside Doctor Tiffany's chair, then handed him a gleaming damask napkin, smooth as satin. Opening it with luxurious satisfaction he glanced at the tray, where, beside the old blue Canton cup, appeared a plate of delicately-browned toast and a tiny dish of spicy Oriental conserve.

"How very well you know how to care for a man, Madam," he said to Mrs. Motte with a graciousness which filled her with singular delight. It was in Doctor Tiffany's power to do this when he chose, a part of his claim to distinction, of his hold upon a large body of people. When he had finished eating and drinking, which he did in silence, he drew up to the centre-table and took in his hand the book which Noelle had laid down upon his entrance.

"Ah!" he cried, in pleased surprise. "So you have got hold of this old Anglo-Saxon poetry." His fingers ran rapidly through the leaves with the familiarity of the bookman. "Do you know it well? Some of it is very noble."

As he spoke he turned the pages to the flyleaf, then closed the book, all his fervor fled, and laid it down with a smile at Noelle which she found inscrutable.

"N. M. from W. C. D.," but this she did not guess.

"Is it tonight, Doctor Tiffany, that you have the Carnival of Nations for the benefit of the building fund?" Mrs. Motte asked politely.

"Yes, Madam. To me it would be Purgatory. But there are those to whom it is Paradise."

"Oh, really!" protested Noelle laughing. "Do you think so?"

"Certainly. There is Dane now," and Doctor Tiffany laughed his mellow laugh. "Nothing could be more to his mind. He is certainly very young—y younger than I had supposed. But, to be sure, there is Adelaide Search to the fore. Dane is hard hit, I judge."

"Oh, is he? How interesting!" Noelle's color deepened, but her eyes met Doctor Tiffany's without a shade of trouble.

"One cannot wonder that he is. She is quite of the great world, you know, Miss Motte. And besides, she is distinctly beautiful. What time is it? Eight o'clock? Incredible!"

Doctor Tiffany rose and took up his overcoat, which he had hung on the back of the chair.

"I am due at the parish house at eight," he remarked. "Ah, then Doctor Tiffany will, after all, attend the Carnival!" cried Mrs. Motte archly.

He shook his head. "It is not to the Carnival I am hastening, Madam. That is in the parish house, to be sure, but in the assembly hall above. I go to the study below, where I have an engagement to meet a man—by-the-way, a man just landed, having come all the way from India."

"It must be Doctor Hartlieb," said Noelle.

"It is Doctor Hartlieb." Doctor Tiffany was already at the house door. "How did you know of him or his coming?"

"Through Mr. O'Brien."

"I see. Good-night, Mrs. Motte. Thank you for your entertainment. Good-night, Miss Motte."

The door closed upon him.

IX

AT NINE o'clock the Carnival of Nations was at its height. Everywhere was a chaos of color, noise and perfume. The crowd, confused with the multifarious challenge to attention, swayed hither and thither, heated, excited, eager. Dane pulled himself out of the tide and threaded his way through a motley throng of Continental soldiers, Dutch milkmaids, Empire beauties and Turkish damsels in scarfs and sequins, until he found a retreat near a flower-booth and watched the scene for a moment. As he was turning away he heard his name spoken by some one within the shadow of the booth.

"Oh, Miss Search," he said; "I did not remember that you have this department. How long have you been here?"

"Quite ten minutes. Long enough, is it not? I promised simply to show myself. I am going to the opera now."

"May I help you to find your carriage?"

"That would be good of you."

A few moments later Dane met her at the door of the dressing-room, a fair and stately figure in her sweeping white evening cloak.

"To me you have the air, Mr. Dane, of not being enthusiastic over the Carnival of Nations," she said as they walked down to the level of the street.

"I find it detestable," he said soberly.

"Still it is the way we build churches now," she responded lightly. "There will have to be no end of this kind of thing for the next two years. The church is to cost—how much is it?"

"A hundred and sixty thousand dollars," Dane replied.

"If the Carnival in three nights produces two thousand it will be extraordinary, will it not?" she asked carelessly, then entered her carriage and was driven away.

X

In the doorway of the study, as Dane turned back into the parish house, he saw Doctor Tiffany; with him a stranger.

"Come in, Dane," said his superior. "I want you to meet Doctor Hartlieb. He came to Pemberton only this morning, direct from India. Mr. Dane, Doctor Hartlieb."

Dane found his hand taken in a friendly grasp by that of a tall, thin man with homely, strongly-marked features, luminous, light-gray eyes, rather long brown hair swept back carelessly from a broad forehead, and a fringe of brown whiskers below the line of his chin. Doctor Hartlieb wore a low collar turned away from his throat and with a soft black silk tie. Altogether his appearance was unconventional to a degree, but possessed of a singular attraction: the eyes were convincing of a complete sincerity and of marked personal power.

The three talked for a few moments, after which Dane excused himself to go to his own small study, once Miss Motte's, at the end of the long room. A little after he heard the others go out, and the lower part of the house was left to him alone.

Dane had made it his purpose to preserve intact every smallest arrangement as Noelle had left it, and here, and, as the months had passed, here alone, he seemed able to hold fast to the initial aspirations and ideals with which he had entered the ministry. Tonight a sudden hunger for her actual presence mastered him—for he was spirit-starved with loneliness—and a sudden impetuous impulse to discover some smallest token of her aforesaid presence in this place rose in him. He pulled out drawer after drawer from the desk, tossed his own papers into wildest confusion, but all in vain. Then a sudden thought came to him. Could that be a drawer, that flat, unbroken surface at the bottom of the desk, apparently its frame? He bent and pulled at it from below, and it yielded after a little to his hand. A drawer, narrow and shallow, was pulled quickly into view, but it was empty save for a sprinkling of dust. Its counterpart on the opposite side, however, rewarded his search, for in it, covered thickly with dust, he discovered a small and shallow paper box of foreign make. He blew off the dust and found a cover of rose color with tarnished gilt ornaments and a tiny square of looking-glass, suggestive of the hoarded treasure of a child.

After a moment's hesitation Dane opened the box. Inside he found a string of sandalwood beads falling from their yellowed thread, a spray of jasmine dry and brown, and a small, faded book. The book appeared to be a collection of Christian hymns printed in Hindustani. The imprint was Agra. By this he knew that the little forgotten treasure belonged to Noelle.

On the inner cover of the book was written in laborious English:

"Missy Noelle:
"Praying always for her and for her soon return to us, her own,
Respectfully,
"SOONDERBAL"

Dane laid the things back and closed the box with tender reverence. That mysterious Indian childhood of

Noelle's suddenly seemed alive and vivid to his fancy. He could see the little creature, graceful, brilliant, imperious like an Oriental Princess—his old, first thought of her—followed by adoring servants whom her father had led in the "Jesus way," and who prayed and looked always for the child of their love to return to them.

XI

A knock on his door startled Dane. Opening it he found to his great surprise Mrs. Motte. The clock struck ten. Dane held out his hand and spoke a word of greeting mechanically, but the suppressed agitation in her face and manner cut the effort short.

"What is it, Mrs. Motte?" he cried. "What can I do?"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Dane," she said hastily. "I am sorry to have disturbed you. It is rather late, I fear. I have been to Mr. O'Brien's, and they told me that he was probably over here with Doctor Tiffany. Doctor Hartlieb, I mean. Excuse me," and she laughed nervously; "I am afraid I do not make myself very clear."

"Doctor Hartlieb was here nearly an hour ago, but I heard him go out with Doctor Tiffany. Let me go and inquire."

"No, thank you," she exclaimed, then stopped irresolute. "There is really not the slightest need of my seeing him tonight." The bright light of an electric burner was shining full on the small, rose-colored box as it lay on the desk. Mrs. Motte's eyes had fallen upon it. She stopped speaking and grew paler than she had been before.

"Did Noelle give you that?" she asked with disconcerting sharpness.

"No, Mrs. Motte," Dane replied gently. "I have just found it where your daughter must have left it, forgotten, in one of those drawers."

She eyed him keenly, then stepped into the room and took the box in her hand. Opening it she examined the contents with an appearance of feverish anxiety, then, to his further surprise, sat down in his desk-chair. Something in her attitude betrayed that the strength to stand had failed her. For a moment she sat in silence, her large blue eyes fixed upon his face; then she said slowly:

"Mr. Dane, some one ought to tell you that my daughter will never marry. She is pledged never to do so—while I live. When we know things certainly—"

she broke off, laughed faintly, then rose, and taking the box with her walked back through the long study, Dane in great perplexity attending her.

A carriage was waiting before the door.

"Noelle thinks I am asleep," she said, and departed.

X

ON THE evening following the last night of the Carnival of Nations a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Bishop, a prominent banker of Pemberton, at which, for the surprise and entertainment of the guests, Miss Motte was to give a monologue. Her talent in this direction, not heretofore practiced in public, had been discovered by Mrs. O'Brien.

It was after nine o'clock; the rooms were filled by a brilliant company, vaguely expectant. A whisper was going about that Mrs. Bishop had in reserve some rare and novel diversion, precisely what no one knew. Suddenly and swiftly, at an unperceived signal, the murmur and movement everywhere ceased, and all eyes converged on a central point midway of the large drawing-room. Here a circle had been cleared, and a small platform introduced, covered with a rich rug. Close behind it stood Mrs. Motte with a look of proud, yet painful, anxiety in her dilated eyes. She had been induced for the first time to be present at a large social function in Pemberton, and a sigh escaped her lips as a slight, veiled figure, draped in India silk of changing tints, appeared and stepped upon the platform.

Parting the transparent folds of white gauze from her face with one skillful movement, Noelle made a slow, sweeping salaam, then explained in a few quiet words her purpose to set forth in impersonation the life of a high-caste Hindu woman of other days from its childhood to its close.

At the first glance the company was conquered by the girl's beauty, almost startling in the lustrous, clinging dress, her coloring set off by the glittering intricacies of profuse Oriental jewelry on hair, ears, throat and wrists. In her eyes was the dreamy brooding of introspection; but an anxious thrill ran through the company for her, for her voice, as she began speaking of her childhood, was light and tremulous, her face was colorless, her small brown hands, loaded heavily with strange symbolic rings, clasped and unclasped each other nervously, while her body was tensely rigid. But suddenly there was a striking change.

Unobserved by the company in general, Doctor Hartlieb had entered the room at the door not far from where Noelle stood. Mrs. Motte, standing immovable, lost every trace of color. Noelle did not notice his coming, but a piercing and subtle fragrance was wafted toward her, and an instant later a spectator, in obedience to a whisper passed along, bent forward and placed in her hand a spray of white jasmine. Instantly the girl's face was suffused with light and color, an elastic softness and mobility came into her frame, and, the jasmine pressed against her breast, she went on speaking in a voice of joyous, vibrant timbre.

XI

The theme ran on swiftly to the ceremonies and experiences of betrothal and marriage, of which the breath of the jasmine blossom was sign and symbol; then followed the proud exaltation of the mother of a son; the long hours of brooding seclusion behind the purdah; then the husband's death and the climax. With the piercing call, "Suth! Suth!" there followed the wife's voluntary offering of herself, a living sacrifice, on the funeral pyre, secure in her faith in an instant reunion of her spirit with the spirit of the Beloved.

From point to point as she proceeded Noelle sang a few strains of Hindu music, now quick and exultant, again low and soothing; then, when the death motif was approached, little more than a prolonged musical wailing as of inarticulate sorrow. At the climax she stepped forward, unclasped from throat and wrists and hair her gorgeous jewels and threw them to the floor, but fastened over her heart the jasmine flower, in token of the Bridal of Death. With slow, rhythmical steps she next moved

three times around the supposed funeral pile, chanting as she went the *Sancalpa*:

"That I may enjoy with my husband the felicity of Heaven:
That expiation may be made for my husband's offenses—
Thus I ascend my husband's funeral pile.
I call on you, ye guardians of the eight realms of the world—
And upon my own soul, the god of the dead, day, night and twilight—
Thou too, Conscience, bear witness!—
I follow my husband's body on the funeral pile!"

As she sang this *Mantra* her unveiled head lifted, her clasped hands extended, the triumph over self and mortal pain revealed in voice and action, the listeners were swept on to a height of emotional excitement which left them breathless, when they suddenly found that she had vanished.

A moment of pulsating silence was followed by outbursts of tumultuous applause. From every side men and women crowded around Mrs. Motte with superlative expressions of congratulation upon her daughter's gifts. These were received with a species of strained and formal attentiveness thinly veiling a quivering excitement, which betrayed itself in her unsteady hands and in the spot of color on each cheek.

XII

"Miss Noelle did not render the Spirit of the East, Mrs. Motte," a deep, mellow, masculine voice at her right hand declared: "she was the Spirit of the East."

"Possibly you overstate, Doctor Tiffany, pardon me," said the little lady gravely, and turned quickly, hearing her name spoken at her left.

"At last, Mrs. Motte, we meet." Doctor Hartlieb, his hand extended, his rugged face illuminated with cordial anticipation in the meeting, with these words claimed her attention.

Doctor Tiffany, as he turned to leave them, noted that Mrs. Motte gave her hand with no word of greeting and that her eyes searched Hartlieb's face with an almost tragic appeal. He heard the physician say with grave but affectionate gentleness, "Do you know, I have really come to Pemberton to see you?" then saw Mrs. Motte's fragile hand lifted in a quick, deprecating gesture.

"Did Doctor Hartlieb know the Mottes in India, Mrs. O'Brien?" Doctor Tiffany had crossed the room to that lady's side.

"Yes, very well, in Agra. He seems particularly anxious to call on Mrs. Motte. I have ordered the carriage to take him there tomorrow morning, if he finds that time suits her. But he will miss Noelle by going in the morning; she has classes right on from nine o'clock."

"I suppose all that will be at an end after this in short order."

"Why so?"

"Stars of the first magnitude are not hitched to the common cart of teaching very long. For my part, I could wish you had left her undiscovered."

"How extraordinary of you!"

"Not extraordinary in the least. It will simply be so much harder for me than ever now."

"Harder than ever to what?"

"You know, Mrs. O'Brien, perfectly. Harder than ever for me to marry her."

Mrs. O'Brien's face changed. She shook her head. "I am sorry," she said, almost tenderly, "but a thing cannot be harder than impossible."

"You have not always thought this impossible," he responded quickly.

"Perhaps not before you called up a spirit that you cannot lay;" then, in answer to the authoritative demand in his eyes, she added, "Your Viking."

Doctor Tiffany's face grew suddenly gray and grim.

XIII

IN THE great hall of the second floor, embowered with ferns and palms and lined with roses, Dane meanwhile was pacing up and down. Save for a white-capped maid here and there down the long vistas beyond, he was alone. His eyes were fixed upon one closed door, his face was alive with eager expectancy. The door opened and a slender, dark-haired girl in a simple white gown came out. He met her with outstretched hands. Her face grew brilliant at first sight of him waiting thus, but when he took her hand tears had already dimmed the shining of her eyes, and an unwonted languor in her bearing moved him.

"Noelle," he said softly, leading her to a window niche screened by tall ferns, "you must know what you have done; you have made your India live for us all."

Noelle sat now, a weary droop in her limbs, her head thrown back against the black oak paneling of the oriel; the faded spray of jasmine lay between her listless hands. She smiled faintly.

"It is more than that," she said; "it is alive for me again tonight after a long sleep."

"I know. It was the reality which made it almost overpowering. You will be called upon for things like this continually hereafter."

"I shall never do the thing again." The girl spoke with sudden fire. "To turn the deepest life of my people and my own into an evening's fashionable diversion! It is impossible. I forgot that part of it; then the applause showed me what I had done. Oh, I am so homesick!"

"Homesick for India!"

"For the sun and the rain, the beauty and the ugliness, the love and the sorrow of it. Yes," she went on passionately, "for they are my people and they need me—even me. They brood over their memory of me, they pray for me to come back, just a girl like me, little as I can ever do for them."

Noelle's voice faltered and she hid her face in her hands. The spray of jasmine dropped by her side. Dane lifted it to his lips, then gently drew her hands away from her face.

"Listen," he said, glancing at the flower; "was it this? Did the fragrance bring the call of the East back to you?"

"That, and another bit of jasmine, brown and dead," she answered dreamily. "It lay in a little pink box that my ayah, my nurse, gave me when I was a child. Maman found it yesterday —"

What Money is Really Good For

By Lyman Abbott, D. D.

IT IS a curious passion this of our age, for making money. To succeed is to make money; to fail is to lose money. If we ask what is a man worth we reply in terms of money—he is worth so many thousands or millions of dollars—as though a man were to be measured as cattle are measured, so much per avoirdupois, only men a somewhat more valuable breed. Our emblem for money and our emblem for the Nation are the same cryptogram, only the symbol for money is a trifle more compact. We might express a popular conception of national greatness algebraically thus: \$=U. S.

If a policy of national justice and equal right to all threatens the money of the privileged class, and so of their dependents, this is all the argument required in certain quarters to show that it ought not to be pursued. Halt! is the cry, we are losing—money! The full dinner-pail in time of prosperity is the argument for continuing the present policy; that the dinner-pail is not so full is a conclusive argument for changing the policy.

Nor is this passion for making money confined to America. If the United States has had its *Crédit Mobilier*, France has had its Panama Canal and England its South Sea Bubble. Gambling is not confined to Monte Carlo nor to the racetrack. In larger gambling-halls than Monte Carlo stocks are the tokens, and in other racetracks than Sheephead Bay men are the racing stock, and brokers are the jockeys. Legitimate trade shades off into doubtful speculation, and doubtful speculation into the fatal fever of gambling by such gradual gradations that thousands pass every year from trade to gambling without knowing that they have done so. The reasonable desire for money is the common and legitimate incentive to honest industry; the same honest industry is paralyzed by the passion to get rich quick by getting something for nothing. So true is it that sin is oftentimes a virtuous desire transformed into a base passion.

What is money? What is money worth?

I hold in my hand a ten-dollar gold-piece. What will it do for me? I cannot wear it, nor eat it, nor take refuge in it from the cold or the heat; it will not amuse me when I am sad, nor instruct me if I am ignorant. Why should I be so eager to possess it?

Because it will buy me the things which will render me these services: food that I can eat, clothes that I can wear, a house that I can dwell in; it will buy me tickets to the concert and books for my library.

What things will it buy?

Nearly everything.

Yes! Things! But only things will it buy. And there are other and much more important values than things.

Money Will Not Buy Capacity. A friend of mine had in his school a pupil who could not get on. She failed in every recitation and could not pass any examination. At length the teacher wrote to her mother to take her unfortunate daughter from the school. In response the mother appeared in high dudgeon: Why should she take the daughter from the school? Was she disobedient? No. Dishonest? On the contrary, very conscientious. Ill-tempered? No; remarkably amiable. Idle? She did the best she could. Then, pray, what was the matter?

"Madam," said the embarrassed Principal, "I am sorry to say, if I must speak plainly, that your daughter lacks capacity."

"Then buy her some," came the indignant response; "her father is abundantly able to buy her anything she needs."

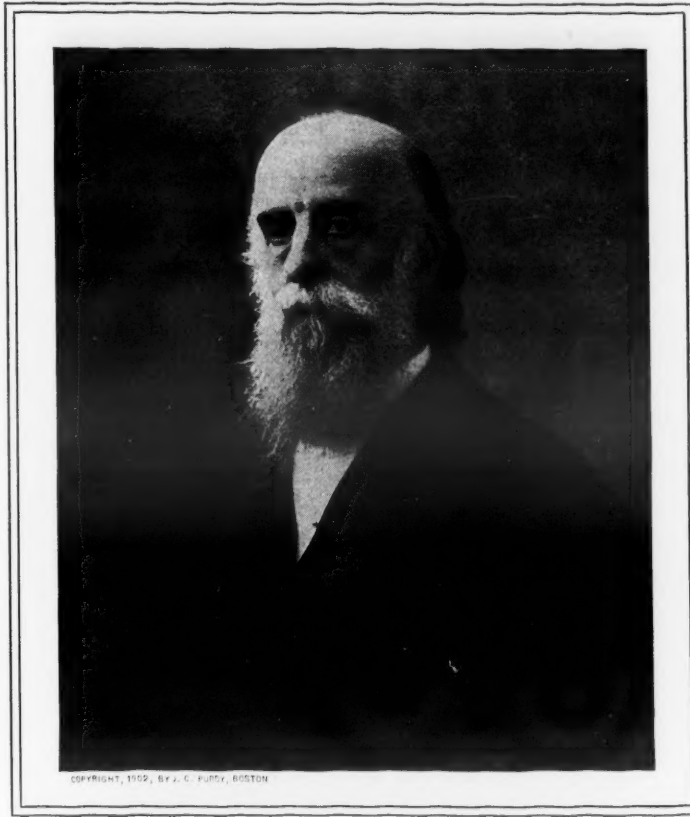
The Principal had no difficulty in surmising from whom the daughter inherited her lack of capacity. Capacity is not a thing; and money will not buy it.

Therefore money will not buy happiness. "A multi-millionaire," said one of them to me one day, "rarely smiles." He was an exception, for he is a merry soul; but my limited observation confirms his statement founded on a wide observation of a world of which I know but little.

Happiness depends on capacity, not on things; on what we are, not on what we have. *THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* some years ago published the story of "The Happiest Man in London," a dramatic illustration of the truth that happiness depends on character, not on possessions. He had an invalid wife; in the morning he prepared the breakfast, tidied up the room, placed the simple luncheon on the table at her bedside and left her alone for the day, while he went out to earn their daily bread and returned at evening to prepare their supper and make the invalid ready for the night. "And I suppose," he said as he leaned over to kiss the smiling wife, "that I am the happiest man in London." Happiness depends on capacity, not on money; and money will not buy capacity.

In my boyhood I knew of a merchant of fine character, a liberal giver, a possessor of great wealth, whose purse would enable him to buy for his table every luxury the markets of the world could supply, in season and out of season. But, a chronic and incurable dyspeptic, he had to eat alone the simplest diet, his food prescribed by the physician and weighed out for him on scales. He had money to buy food, but not capacity to digest it.

When I was Yet in My Teens Jenny Lind Came to This Country. Passionately fond of music, I put all my spending-money for a month into a concert ticket. There sat at my side a hard-featured old sea-captain, who asked me to point out to him the singer whose newspaper fame had drawn him to the concert-room. The theme was Handel's "Messiah." Jenny Lind rose to sing "Come Unto Me." The house hushed itself to listen. As she sang it seemed to me I heard the invitation of the Master floating down through the ages. All the experience of eighteen centuries of consolation, repose, inspiring strength was in that song. When she ceased the silence was more responsive to her message than any applause could have been. It was broken by a strange, rasping sound at my side. I turned about; the poor sea-captain was sound asleep—



The Well-Known Clergyman and Writer
Dr. Lyman Abbott

and snoring. He had money to buy a ticket, but no capacity to enjoy the music. And he could not buy capacity.

In the middle of the last century a successful miner returned from the gold mines, where he had made a "pile," to San Francisco, and there built him a fine house. Among its features was a large picture-gallery. About that time, in the mutations of business a near neighbor, who combined culture with wealth, found himself in such straitened circumstances that it became necessary for him to sell his fine collection of pictures which he had been for years collecting. Meeting Mr. Nouveau Riche on the street he said to him: "You have a fine gallery and no pictures; my pictures I must sell. The collection contains some fine old masters. Will you buy?" A price was named and they separated. A week later they met again and the subject was re-opened by the owner of the pictures. "No!" said Mr. Nouveau Riche, "Jane and I have talked it over and we have decided not to buy. We have a brand-new house and we don't want to stock it with old masters." He had plenty of money with which to purchase pictures, but not capacity to enjoy them. These instances simply illustrate a common experience. John Burroughs with his few acres on the banks of the Hudson, or John Muir with, I believe, not an acre of land he can call his own, will get more enjoyment out of Nature than a multi-millionaire can get out of his forest preserve who knows not the difference between a maple and an oak or between a robin and a catbird.

Money Will Not Buy Honor. I was present not long since at a public dinner given in the interest of a great philanthropy. An orator, familiar with the rhetorical trick which elicits applause from a not too discriminating crowd by bringing a eulogistic sentence to a dramatic close with the name of some famous individual, tried it on his auditors twice, each time closing his eulogy of a giver by reporting the munificence of his gift. One name was greeted with loud and long-continued applause, the other with disheartening and ominous silence. It is not important to inquire here whether the discrimination was deserved or not; it is enough to note that neither the greatness of the money possessed nor the largeness of the gift bestowed was sufficient to win the coveted public honors. I modify my opening paragraph. America no longer reveres men for what they possess; it is beginning to ask what they are. In our better moods we measure men by the way in which they have earned their money and by the uses they make of it, not by the amount they have acquired.

And this has always been the method of history. The honor paid to wealth is superficial and short-lived. Who of my readers can recall the name of a single millionaire who made his millions out of the Civil War? But Abraham Lincoln, who lived and died a poor man, will not be forgotten until America forgets to care for liberty. The name of Cræsus, supposedly the richest man in Grecian history, lives only as a symbol of dishonest wealth; but the name of Socrates abides immortal as a symbol of self-devotion to truth. And He to Whom most of my readers gladly give the name that is above every name had not where to lay His head, so poor was He.

Money is Often Said to be Power, but it is Not. It is only an instrument of power. Like a sledge-hammer or an axe it is power only in the hands of one who knows how to wield it. It is said that the richest community in the United States is a tribe of North American Indians. And they are "wards of the Nation," and have to be guarded by the "Great Father" from the spoliation of men poorer but shrewder than themselves. But we have not to go to Western wilds to find illustrations of the truth that money mated to incapacity is weakness. Our great cities afford pitiful illustrations of the truth in the wasted lives of some rich men's sons and daughters. The old melody of the nursery is truer than we used to think:

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

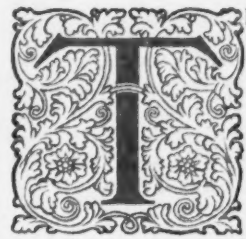
The beggar who is living on the earnings of others, and doing nothing for others and little for himself, is still a beggar though he wears broadcloth or velvet, and his money purchases for him neither happiness, nor honor, nor power. He is a poor, unhappy, dishonored, weak creature. If some son or daughter of wealth should happen to read this article I should like to press on him or her the truth that to be born with a gold spoon in the mouth involves not only greater responsibility but also greater need of education and training than to be born with an iron spade in the hand. For the greater the fortune the greater the wreck that will be made of the life if the owner have not capacity commensurate with the opportunity which wealth confers upon him. Opportunity for good is always and equally opportunity for evil. The greater the steamer the greater the destruction if the steamer goes upon the rocks.

And Usefulness—Money Will Not Purchase Usefulness. There is a very common illusion among us poorer members of society that if we had the money of our wealthier neighbor we could do a great deal of good with it. Perhaps! And perhaps we should only do harm. It requires at least as much capacity to spend money wisely as it does to acquire it largely. Most very rich men realize this truth. A few devote as much thought to their beneficence as to their acquisition, but they are very few. Most of them either give their money to specially-selected boards to spend for them, or they bestow it upon institutions—charitable and educational—the expenditure to be directed by the boards of those institutions; or they wait till they die, and leave their wealth to be distributed after their death by others. A. T. Stewart was, in my boyhood, reported to be one of the wealthiest men in America. He had devoted his life to acquiring wealth, but had never learned how to use it. In his later years he devised two charities and both failed—a home for working-women, which presently was converted into a hotel, and a suburb for working-men, which

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 61

My Experience on a Board of Education

By Thomas L. Masson



THREE years ago I was elected a member of the Board of Education in a community of three thousand inhabitants, occupying the middle ground between the congested population of the large city and the remote country districts. It is composed of middle-class Americans.

Before going on the Board I had taken the precaution to get myself married and to have children of my own.

I had read a good many books on education, and was conversant with a number of theories. I had ideas of my own—as most American fathers have. For it is a singular thing that, as a rule, the fathers seem to take more interest in the subject than the mothers. No doubt many women will combat this statement. Nevertheless, I believe it to be true, with certain qualifications.

I have noticed that at the public meetings it is the men who speak, and not the women. This, mind you, in spite of the fact that the town has a flourishing woman's club and a number of the members speak in public. This woman's club of ours is composed of all the representative women in the community. They are exceedingly active in every department of human thought except the cause of local education. They pride themselves on their Civics Department, but I do not remember a single instance where they have visited our local school in a body, or even in twos or threes, to investigate into its condition with a view to its improvement.

Men Take More Interest in Schools Than Women Do

AS A RULE, any suggestions come from the fathers, and are not the kind of suggestions which would emanate, even through this masculine medium, from the feminine members of a household. It is the fathers who apparently take the time to examine the textbooks and to catechise their children about their studies. It is the fathers who appear to know more about the actual condition of the school. There are, of course, notable exceptions. But the rule is that the women of the community are more interested in almost anything else than they are in the school or the immediate subject of education in the town.

Some time ago, however, a sort of sporadic interest in the school was taken by the woman's club. This organization offered prizes for the best essay by a public-school pupil. The principal subject selected was "The Hague Conference." I got myself very much disliked at the time by asking why they didn't select a subject that some of the pupils understood, or took some immediate interest in. As, for example, a short history of the county in which we live. But such a subject as this was considered too commonplace.

I do not mean to imply that the fathers of a community necessarily take a preponderating interest in the educational lives of their children. Both fathers and mothers neglect their children too much in this respect. But, of the two, my experience is that the fathers are more practically interested than the mothers.

In some way or other, possibly because the business man is trained in business methods and knows how to conserve his time, he will always give up a few moments each day to the supervision of his child's education. As a general rule, if children want a problem solved or any help in their lessons they will go to their father in preference to their mother. This is a fair test.

As an instance of the practical working of the masculine mind there was a little boy in our school who did not get on with his arithmetic—a not uncommon failing. He was unruly, and practically refused to learn his lesson. Unquestionably the boy needed discipline. At the suggestion of the Principal the teacher told the boy that before he could continue with his arithmetic he would be compelled, as a punishment, to learn a long piece of poetry and recite it before the class.

For days the boy struggled with that poem. Finally he complained to his parents. His father went to the Principal and demanded an explanation. The Principal said that the child was unruly, and he considered it was good discipline to set him such a task. Furthermore, he indicated that it was not desirable for parents to take the side of their own children in interfering with the school training.

The father listened, and then replied: "That's all right. I understand your point of view. But I'm a taxpayer in this community, and I'm sending my boy to school to learn arithmetic. I don't care how you teach him. If he needs punishing, why punish him. But you give him what I'm paying for. If you don't I'll get up at the next public meeting and tell the voters of this district my experience, and unless I'm greatly mistaken they'll agree with me."

That settled the matter. The boy was put back on his arithmetic and at last accounts was doing well.

Schools are Overcrowded and the Air is Bad

MY FIRST official visit to our school I shall not soon forget. The school is a fine, large building erected at a cost approximating eighty thousand dollars. It contains twelve class-rooms, and the present enrollment is five hundred and twelve. The actual attendance is about four hundred and eighty, which means about forty pupils to a room. The law—which does not vary greatly in all States, where it is specified at all—requires that every pupil shall have at least two hundred cubic feet of air. The class-rooms are twenty-five feet square and twelve feet high; so that we have here only seventy-five hundred feet of air, with a legal requirement of eight thousand feet. This is, indeed, better than the average school, which is likely to be even more crowded than this—say up to fifty or sixty in a room.

This is purely a physical condition, of course, and is entirely aside from the other mental question of the number of pupils that one teacher can take care of. Some authorities assert that this number should never be more than fifteen. But the average sentiment seems to be that thirty-five pupils are all that any teacher can manage.

Why is it, one is tempted to ask, if schools are constantly violating the laws, and are crowding more pupils into their class-rooms than the State law permits, that the State does not take cognizance of the fact and compel local Boards or communities to do better? The State has the authority to act.

The reason is that in the last resort no law can be made effective unless public sentiment is behind it. The reason in this instance is that fathers and mothers do not take enough interest in the schools to insist that the conditions shall be up to the legal requirements.

If all the fathers and mothers in my State—or the majority of them—would just think about the question, would just put their minds on it for a little while, they would see two things: First, that if the State has made two hundred feet of air a legal requirement for each pupil, in all probability this is too little, because the law, in the case of physical requirements, is always lagging behind. It is always in the nature of a compromise. And, second, that a general sentiment against overcrowding is all that is necessary to prevent it, and that the sum total of this general sentiment depends upon the average sentiment about it among all the people.

Of course, communities who lag behind the legal requirements in regard to school accommodations—and they are in the majority—always have excuses. Their tax-rate is already too high, they cannot go to any more expense. This is the main burden of their plea. The State authorities, knowing all this, are usually reticent in forcing a particular community to "toe the mark." If they did it with one they would have to do it with all.

Teachers Have Too Many Pupils in Their Classes

IN MY first visit to the school I was therefore much impressed by two things: the bad air, and the fact that the teacher had too much to do. The method of heating and ventilation was up to date, but it had more than it could do.

The teachers themselves showed the effect of the atmosphere even more than the pupils: many of them were anæmic. They did not look fresh and vigorous.

In one of the class-rooms there was recitation going on involving a case of simple arithmetic. The teacher wrote a sum on the blackboard, half-finished, and then instructed the pupils to write the answer underneath. Of course, the effectiveness of the test depended upon its simultaneousness. One little girl deliberately waited until the boy next to her had written the answer, and then she waited until she had compared his answer with the answer of another little girl still farther away, to see if they agreed and were presumably correct. Then she quietly and expertly copied it off as her own. She did this under the teacher's nose. When the teacher's eyes swept her way she interposed her own little form between the teacher and her sum, apparently absorbed in it, and then, when the teacher's eyes were elsewhere, she had copied the answer.

This is a good illustration of one of the fundamental defects of our educational system. Every one who has studied the subject will recognize it instantly as a commonplace example. Its frequent occurrence in class-rooms is due to the fact that the teacher is handicapped by bad air and by too many pupils.

The other thing I noticed in my first visit was the attitude of the pupils themselves. They sat back listlessly in their chairs. One boy had his knees hunched up against the seat in front of him. No attempt had been made to shine or clean their shoes, and I remarked to the Principal that after my morning's visit I was convinced that some one during the night must have gone through the town and abstracted all the combs and hairbrushes. I asked him why he didn't do something about it, why he didn't insist upon every boy's sitting up straight and having a clean face, a well-brushed head of hair and clean shoes when he entered the school.

"Certainly, it ought to be done," he said; "but, you see, there is nothing in the school law to provide for that. I urge the teachers to use their influence and to say what they can in a quiet way, but, you see, it wouldn't do to criticise the personal appearance of the pupils. Suppose, for example, I should tell that boy whom you especially noticed that he must brush his hair and shine his shoes—why, he'd go home and tell his parents, and from now on they would be my enemies. You, as a school trustee, can speak of it in a general way, but I can't."

This was the whole story in a nutshell: If he had been too critical it might have cost him his job.

Pupils Should be Required to Look Clean and Neat

THIS incident led me to the question of how far the State shall go in its physical requirements. I asked questions of a number of parents. The expression of opinion varied, but the general consensus seemed to be that the State had no jurisdiction over the physical appearance of the pupil, or at least only in a general way.

One man—a "level-headed" business man—said: "If you are going through the school to criticise the way the pupils look, whether their hair is brushed or their faces are clean or their shoes are shined, you will get yourself disliked. It is no part of a public school's affairs. We don't pay our good money to train up a lot of duds and mollycoddles. A public school is a place where boys and girls go to learn the three R's. It is not an afternoon tea."

This answer is really significant—more so than it seems. This man himself was keenly interested in the subject. He was a good father, and working hard to give his children an education. But in his resentment at what he considered was a foisting of a social atmosphere on

a democratic institution, he neglected to perceive the immense importance of a closer regard for the physical welfare of children. Personal cleanliness does not make mollycoddles. As a matter of fact, had he taken the trouble to look into the matter he would have discovered what I did: that parents of small means are more particular as a rule about the appearance of their children than are those of wealth. This is because, in the first instance, the mother looks after the children herself, and takes a motherly, personal pride in them; whereas, where the parents are well-to-do and have too many servants, the children are relegated to the care of subordinates.

In matters of education there ought to be a good reason back of everything. You can't get the best use of your brain working in bad air. Business men have learned that, and in large offices this subject has been carefully investigated. You can't do your best work if your physical tone is low. And your physical tone is low when you loiter at your desk with your feet screwed up in the air. You can't do your best work when you are not clean—when, so far as your appearance is concerned, you have not done your duty by the community. It is one thing to be a real boy—to make mud pies, to play ball, to roll in the dirt, to do all the things that a boy ought to do. It is quite another to be a slouch, and that is what our public schools at present permit, just because the average public sentiment is not alive to the importance of this question.

The Question of Changing Textbooks

THE next thing I noticed in my first visit to the school was the textbooks. These were of all sizes, shapes and, presumably, qualities. I made up my mind that I would look into this subject, so I got a copy of the school law and read it carefully. The law said—quite specifically—that no textbook should be purchased unless by the consent of the whole Board of Education. Had this been done?

At the next regular meeting of the Board I propounded the question: "Gentlemen, who selects the textbooks?" The answer was, "The Principal."

Then I pointed out the law. It was briefly explained to me that while, technically speaking, I was right, it was generally understood by the members of every Board of Education that the subject of textbooks was to be left to the Principal.

Later, however, I propounded the following question to the President, a man who had given the subject long and careful consideration: "Suppose I look into the matter of textbooks. Suppose I interview publishers and obtain a list of the books in use in public schools all over the country, and from all this information that I gather I prepare an ideal list. And suppose that I then compare this ideal list with the list actually in use in our school and am convinced that the books we are using are bad."

This made the President thoughtful. "I wish you would!" he exclaimed. "It would be a good thing to do. I should like to see such a list."

"But would anything come of it?" I urged.

"If it could be proved that the books we are using are really bad," he replied, "why, of course, doubtless some change would have to be made. But to do this, you understand, would involve us in considerable expense. We should have to buy a lot of new books—hundreds of dollars' worth—and this would appear in the next annual budget. It would naturally be asked: Who put us to this expense, and what was the reason? It would then appear either that we were wrong originally in permitting bad books, or that some crank on the Board was permitted to carry out his own ideas about books. For you must remember that the real question—as to whether the present books are bad or not—could not be determined for some time, and meanwhile both sides would have their advocates. Then there is another thing. Presumably our Principal, whom we know to be a conscientious man, and one who has made a study of textbooks, must know more about them than one, like yourself, who takes up the subject and studies it for a few weeks."

This seemed logical. Nevertheless I determined to investigate. For this purpose I wrote and obtained lists from the leading public schools all over the country. I then found that the books we were using in our school were practically the same as those used in the best schools, with two exceptions—namely, arithmetic and geography. These two books then became the subject of my scrutiny. I questioned a number of parents—men who had children in the school, and who had taken their time to help these children. We agreed pretty well among ourselves that both the arithmetic and the geography were bad, or at least not so good as the best.

I reported this to the Board, and, after some discussion, the Principal disagreeing with me about one book, and feeling neutral about the other, we changed these two books to those I suggested.

The first thing I heard about the new geography was this: One of the teachers said she didn't like it because it contained so many things that the old one didn't have!

With regard to the new arithmetic I questioned one of the teachers who was using it.

"Don't you like it better than the other one?" I asked. "No, indeed!" she replied emphatically. "You see, I had got used to the other."

Then I subsided, and began seriously to wonder whether my efforts to "do something for the school" were really worth while.

Attempts to Awaken Interest in the Schools

BUT I was still interested in the subject of education—in spite of the fact that I had now been a member of the Board of Education for more than two years—and my enthusiasm again got the better of me.

I concluded that if, in an official capacity, I could do nothing to raise the standard of the school, I might,

Lynch's Daughter

The Romance of a Multi-Millionairess

Drawings by George Brehm

By Leonard Merrick



"Her Steadfast Eyes were Solemn as She Listened"

XXIII

BY-AND-BY Betty sent a reply to the cable message informing her of her father's death, begging the lawyer to act for her in her absence. She cabled from the little telegraph office next to the hotel where she had once spent such happy weeks. But she shrank from appealing to him about the flowers that she wished laid on the grave. About those she cabled to Dardy.

On the morrow came another message, assuring her that all should be done as the dead man had desired; and after that was silence.

Mrs. Norbury had said: "You'll want to go away? You know you can leave Baby with me?"

"I'm sure you'd let me! But I sha'n't be going away—my father was in America; I couldn't get there in time. I feel so awful!"

"I'm sorry."

"We weren't friends—that makes it worse."

"Poor girl!"

"I'm afraid you must think sometimes I'm very reserved with you? I dare say you've wondered? But I can't talk about my affairs. It isn't that I'm not fond of you, Madge, but I can't!"

"I've never thought anything of the kind. I haven't wondered at all, except —"

"Except what?"

"Well, you told me your husband was alive—I've wondered sometimes whether you got on together."

"No, that's right; we didn't get on together. But it wasn't his fault at all. You see, my father was a rich man, and my husband wasn't—and I was very extravagant. That was the whole trouble. But I'm going to do better next time! That's why I want to know things; I don't want to be such a useless fool any more."

XXIV

They were anxious days that followed, and the silent evenings were heavier still. Brooding in the little lamplit room, or pacing the narrow path in the darkness, she faced one overwhelming question. The fear of the millions, of the vastness of their responsibility, weighted her soul. "You'll be one of the richest women on earth!" She quailed at the thought. All her ambitions were absorbed by her plan for happiness and home—she prayed to escape the burden of this complication in her life.

Her mind groped among conjectures. Dick must have read of the death; he pictured her in New York still! But if this mountain of wealth descended on her? Then she could no longer be economizing unknown in a village; the press of America and Europe would flame with her relinquishment. Must he learn her whereabouts then? Would he come to her?

She said to her friend at last: "I wish I could alter those things we were talking about—it would give me something to do in the evening."

And while she trembled before the magnitude of the inheritance she took a lesson in lengthening her baby's clothes.

"Not so fast!" she pleaded. "Show me! I want to see how you do it."

And it was, "All right; I'll cut out a pattern of the waist! Now lay it on the material. Now stick in the pins! Now cut! Not so close—you've got to think of the turnings!"

Then, hindering the thought of the "turnings," the news of the millions flashed across the ocean. A reference to the funeral; next:

"By the will you inherit everything your father possessed, which I estimate to have a value of two hundred million dollars. Your presence desirable. I await your instructions.—DORFMAN."

Two hundred millions!

Both Continents were talking of her. Crowned heads would flatter her. The world would prostrate itself before her feet.

The woman gazed over the kitchen garden with her child's "mending" in her hand.

For days a word had eluded her. "Distribute?" No! She borrowed a dictionary, and read under D until "Disintegrate" leapt out.

"Ducksums" played beside her while she scribbled, while she discarded sheets of paper.

The cablegram was written. She read it through, her baby scrambling in her lap:

"Make immediate formal request on my behalf to President of Republic to nominate committee for the purpose of administering the whole of my father's fortune to such charities, American and European, as they think deserving. I stipulate that the whole be disposed of within two years. My unalterable intention is that the fortune be disintegrated, and my desire is as far as possible to benefit all those who have suffered in the process of its amassment. With these exceptions: Pay promptly ten thousand pounds to Joe Duplock, Pear Cottage, Atherall, near Hammick, Tunbridge Wells. Fifty thousand pounds to Nurse Emery, Fernando Prospect Sanatorium, the nurse who attended my brother daily during my stay. Fifty thousand pounds to Madge Norbury, of this address. Send all documents to me here for signature.—KEITH."

Once more she pondered if these three gifts were inconsistent with her aim. She denied it. Throngs would benefit whom the Trust had never harmed; among them, why not four struggling lives whose worth she knew? Truly their wants could have been relieved by humbler grants, but that point she was not the woman to discern. When Betty gave she gave "enough."

Over the common, unregarded, she went with her answer that was to thrill the world.

"Six pounds, fifteen," said the clerk in charge.

"So much?" she exclaimed. "I don't know if I have it."

"There are a hundred and thirty-five words."

"Oh, well"—she emptied the purse—"it has to go!

Will you send it for me at once, please?"

A minute she lingered, listening. She stood gathering her scanty change, as the apparatus ticked away her millions to the poor; no girl, swept headlong by an impulse—a woman completing a resolve. Her steadfast eyes were solemn as she listened. Her mind beheld the ruin of the dead man's earthly hopes; yet her spirit viewed some shadow lifted from his soul. If, from the Infinite, her act were seen millions looked lesser there—and pity, most. From the Great Beyond he would not condemn.

Peace flooded her heart as she turned away. Many a still evening there had been the same, but none like it unto her. The flush of the sky, the tenderness of the hour, all Nature breathed a promise. Care was behind—ahead, the sweet fulfillment of her plan! Her step was buoyant on the grass. Clearer than the village lights that sprang into the gloaming she saw the light of Home. Nearer than the poverty that she reëntered she found the wealth of joy. The lamplit room was mean, but her friend was in it; the hill had been steep, but its height was climbed.

XXIV

IT OCCURRED to her afterward that, instead of "on my behalf" in the cablegram, she might have said "for me," and so saved a shilling. Probably she might have saved more shillings than one. She had just resigned millions cheerfully, but she could not help thinking of that six pounds, fifteen. It annoyed her, therefore, to receive a reply which put her to further expense:

"Most earnestly counsel consideration. The course you contemplate is open to you always. No need for haste. Confer with me before you act. If you cannot come here I will go to you."

She condensed her rejoinder with care, and it ran:

"You have received definite instructions. Please cable immediately whether you will fulfill them."

To this a final warning:

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Legal formalities cannot be completed before two months. After that, revocation impossible."

She resigned herself to the delay, and the weeks stole by. A child from the village sauntered no more into the drowsy garden with tidings from distant lands. The woman who was to be world-famous during a nine days' wonder trod the roads of Rusthall unremarked, and continued her daily parsimonies. The woman who was to be astounded by news that would metamorphose her life continued to be nurse, author, dressmaker, and the playmate of her child.



A Grimy Hand Shoved Evening Papers to His Clutch. "This is a Bit of All Right, Guv'nor? Gord Bless the Lady!"

The colors of the common changed and the colors of the garden, and, one by one, "Ducksums's" petticoats were lengthened. But in the routine of the women nothing changed. Their days were as before.

Meanwhile, as Betty had supposed, Keith believed her to be still in New York. He imagined her sustained by Mrs. Waldehast, condoled with by society, urged by confidants more strongly than ever to sue for her freedom. He had been prepared for her to do that earlier, and given thanks for the silence. The silence hinted that some feeling for him remained.

Time had softened his memory of their dissensions; perhaps the joy of accomplishing good work had softened it even more. If his means had improved he would have written to her; a score of impulses had seized him to write, even as it was. But, when the pen was in his hand, what could be said? She had drooped under the poverty, and he was still as poor. Only if his picture fulfilled his expectations would there be anything to say. If "The Harbor of Souls" succeeded he would implore her to return!

Not to effect a reunion had he begun the picture—the man was an artist, and he painted because he must—but he had thought of her homecoming when he set his palette in the early morning, and he had thought of her homecoming when he washed his brushes at the close of day.

Then he had read of her brother's death and of her father's—and he fancied his wife reigning in the great house that she had quitted, mistress of the colossal fortune that she meant to sign away. And, in spite of this, the canvas had claimed him still. The picture of the homecoming had faded, but the picture on the easel had progressed. And now the work of ten months was finished and the victory that he had prayed for all his life had come. "The Harbor of Souls" had been bought by the Chantrey Bequest—on Keith had been bestowed the highest recognition that can be granted to any painter in England. And, being an artist, he exulted; and, being a man, he mourned. From the summit of success he raised his arms to wife and child, to make the joy complete.

Redirected from Talemachus Mansions, a letter was delivered at the studio. And the first words startled him, and he turned to the signature—and the signature was strange, and he read the first words again:

"Dear Sir: Since I came back with Mrs. Keith from America in April, Mother has been ailing, and I have been keeping house for Father. But now I am going to take a place again, and I should be much obliged if Mrs. Keith would kindly send the Character she promised. The lady that I am going to has written to Rusthall, but her letter was returned from 3 Fuchsia Terrace, marked 'Gone Away,' so I am taking the liberty of writing to you, hoping you will send this on to Mrs. Keith if she is not at home. Hoping Baby is well.
Yours respectfully,
"HARRIET FRY."

The nurse! And Betty had "come back in April!" His mind ran riot. What could it mean except that—
But why strive to conjecture what it meant when he might be able to ask her, face to face! Rusthall! Perhaps she was in Rusthall now? At least he should contrive to find her! He crushed the letter in his pocket and sped down the flights of steps.

Among the four-wheelers a mouldering hansom stood. "Charing Cross—as quick as you can go!" he cried.

Its quickest was a crawl to his impatience. And while he leaned over the doors of the cab a placard struck his senses, and the wonder of the hour was hurled.
"Lynch's Daughter Gives Up Her Fortune!"
As he jumped the board was passed.
"Forty Millions to the Poor!"

The proclamation fluttered at a street corner, strident voices yelled it to the crowd.
"Stop!" he called, and a grimy hand shoved evening papers to his clutch.

"This is a bit of all right, guv'nor?" exclaimed the newsboy. "Gord bless the lady!"
"God bless the lady!" echoed her husband. "There's a sovereign—keep the change."
"Strike me pink, the world's gone barmy!" gasped the fellow, and the cab jerked on.

But the dispatch was short; just the sensational fact was cabled: "Lynch's Daughter Gives Up Her Fortune!" That was all, but that was everywhere. Contents bills blazoned it, newsboys bellowed it, London resounded with her deed. At the station he seized more papers in the hope of learning where she was, and scanned them while he waited for his train. No hint!

In the compartment all the men were talking of her. The journey among strangers chattering her name seemed eternal. If it failed? He hungered to discover her. He wanted to kneel at her feet, to bow his head on her knees. And she might not be in England, after all! Perhaps while his nerves strained for Rusthall, she was looking from a window in New York!

XXV

TUNBRIDGE WELLS at last! In the twilight he was rattled over the road on which they used to stroll together past the walls of the hotel where they had stayed. Fuchsia Terrace was unfamiliar; when the stoppage of the hack announced it his throat grew tight that she had known its ignominy.

A slattern advanced with a trail of unhealthy children. "Is Mrs. Keith here?"

"Mrs. Keith?" She tossed a frowzy head. "Oh, no!"

"She did lodge here, didn't she?"

"Mrs. Keith left months ago."

"Do you happen to know where she went? It's most important that I should see her at once."

"I couldn't say, I'm sure."

"Can you tell me if she is still in Rusthall?"

"I couldn't say, I'm sure," repeated the woman.

He brought out some shillings and rejoiced the unhealthy children, none of whom said "Thank you."

The woman hesitated. "I couldn't say for rights where she's staying, but I've seen her about, once or twice, since she left me."

"Lately?"

"I suppose the last time I seen her might ha' been a fortnight ago."

"Thank you very much!"

He rushed back to the hack and told the man to drive to the post-office. At the post-office he astonished the girl by taking off his hat to her. Could she favor him

with the address of a lady in the neighborhood named Mrs. Keith?

"Mrs. Richard Keith?"

"Mrs. Richard Keith!" he stammered.

"She's living at Hyder's—over there, the house by the poplars," said the girl graciously.

By the poplars a high gate; through the gate a darksome path. Six strides, and he had reached the door.

"Mrs. Keith?"

"Who shall I say, sir?"

"Her husband, please," he answered. And a girl beyond cried, "Mrs. Keith's in the drawing-room, Mother!" He was left standing on the porch.

Into the light of the little hall a lady hastened with friendly, smiling eyes. "Your wife just went upstairs, Mr. Keith," she said; "I'll show you the way."

"I shall be grateful."

But, instead of inviting him to enter, the lady led him around the house to a kitchen garden. And at a stair-head was an open window, shining yellow on the night.

"Your wife's up there," she murmured, and was gone.

He mustn't frighten her! The thought thrust him back in time.

"Betty!" he whispered, trembling. Only the fruit bough rustled in the breeze.

"Betty!" he called. And a figure came between the lamp-glow and the dusk.

"Betty!"

It was her wondering face that bent in the darkness! It was her wondering voice that broke with his name! She flung out her hands to him. And he stumbled up the staircase and caught her in his arms.

And afterward he didn't know what he had said, or what she had said in the first few moments, but "If you go on being so penitent I shall begin to think you must have treated me very badly!" she was smiling. And love and girlhood were in her smile, and her dimple was sunning in her cheek. And would any other woman, with big tears splashing, have laughed? "I always did stroke your hair the wrong way, didn't I? You've got to put up with it."

Then she was exclaiming: "I've got so much to tell you, but I can't get a word in sideways! How did you find me?"

And when he began to say how he had found her, memories sprang interrupting—and called other memories—and he had to begin again—

"Nurse—"

"Dickie!"—she beat feeble hands on him—"why do you keep saying 'Nurse'? What has nurse got to do with it?"

"She wrote to me—she wants a 'Character,' and doesn't know where you are. But she said you had gone to Rusthall."

"Oh! Now you're rewarded for not sending her away when you wanted to—look how nice it is for you! Yes? Well? Go on, tell me all! Oh, if you were a woman you'd have told me everything in ten seconds—everything that has happened to you—only you couldn't have told me anything that was half so lovely to hear! Go on, Dickie; never mind what you say—just hold me tight and talk!"

"I got her letter this afternoon, and I tumbled into a cab; and on the way to Charing Cross I saw the news, what you've done—"

"You know?"

"Know? All London's shouting it! And I stopped the cab to get a paper, and the newsboy said, 'God bless the lady,' and I said, 'God bless the lady,' and—and—it is 'God bless the lady!' Betty, you're an angel! You're the greatest woman on earth!"

"Oh—oh," she cooed. "And then, and then, and then? Well?"

"Well, then I went to Fuchsia Terrace. My heart, what a place for you, kiddy! And she told me she had seen you since you left; and I went to the post-office, and they gave me your address, and—Betty, has it been very awful for you? You've been living on that five hundred dollars a year? Why didn't you tell me what you were doing?"

"My!" she mocked him with dismay; "that reminds me—you've come much too soon; you're all 'out of the picture'; I meant to be here for a year before you knew what I was doing! I ought to send you away again. I'm learning to be a proper wife to you! Dardy said I couldn't, but I am. How do you suppose that Baby's—Well!" Her radiant face grimaced at him.

"You're a fine father. You haven't asked about your son yet!"

"How's our son, my wife?"

"How is he? He is unique. He's asleep in there. Come and look!"

They crept to the cot, and stood silent. After a minute she whispered: "He can walk! He topples sometimes, but no other baby ever toppled so well." Next: "Come back, or we shall wake him! . . . I've got something to tell you. How do you suppose his clothes have been made big enough? I did them myself, to save buying new ones. Mrs. Norbury downstairs showed me how—I'm just great at altering clothes today!" She popped a pink finger to his lips; "I don't know if the needle has roughened my finger for you—feel!"

And then Miss Hyder appeared with a potato pie, and Betty whispered to him, "If I had known I'd have company to supper I'd have saved some rice pudding!"

He watched her cut the loaf. She cut it with amazing skill, and chid him for "daintiness" because he was so sick with love that he couldn't eat. But she was no better herself.

On the path where he had called to her the moon shone now, and from their chairs the kitchen garden was enchanted. She wanted to hear how it was that he hadn't "come in at the door, like anybody else," and laughter rippled when he told her of his guide. "There was the touch of the dramatist about that—Madge writes plays, you know! What are you painting now, Dickie? How's the work?"

"Sweetheart," he answered, "take some potato pie—it's your last chance!"

Her chair fell back, she was beside him in a flash, her hands on his shoulders: "What have you done?"

"I've finished 'The Harbor of Souls.'" For an instant, though her lips smiled, her gaze was wistful—she hadn't been there to see!

"Good?" she faltered.

"Sold for a thousand guineas!"

"A thousand guineas?"

"The Chantrey Bequest!"

"Dick!" No shade on her rapture now—she clung to him, breathless, eager, triumphant. It was the moment of his life, and hers. "The 'Chantrey Bequest' means fame?"

"It means the biggest thing that could possibly have happened to us! They've invited me to exhibit it at the Academy next year. The public will say it's magnificent, incomprehensible, or rotten; but they'll flock to see it, and they'll talk about it, because the Chantrey Bequest has bought it. From the Academy it'll go to the permanent collection at the Tate Gallery."

"Permanent? When Baby grows up?"

"Always—it's bought for England, it's the property of the Nation!" Tears sprang to his eyes. "Oh, my dear, I'm proud of the honor! And yet, when I think of yours, this thing that I have done seems too petty to talk about. But it isn't the honor only, Loveliest; it means the end of the struggle, it means I'm 'made.' After this my prices are whatever I choose to ask. I can give you a pretty home and peace of mind. I can take you away from here tomorrow morning—to London, Paris, Rome, wherever you'd like to go. If I painted more quickly we could have six or seven thousand pounds a year now; even doing my best work we can be sure of three or four. You've only to say what you want to make you quite happy—only tell me what I'm to do!"

"You are to do—your best work," she told him. "That's what we're going to live for, Dickie, to do our best! Oh, I am glad for you, glad, glad! Yes, you shall take me early tomorrow, and the first thing I'm to see your picture. Talk to me about it! When did you begin it—how long ago?"

"I began it soon after you went. And I've been at work on it ever since."

"How did you manage, Dick—you've been hard up?"

"About two shillings a day—I did a sketch now and then to keep me going. And I thought of you while I was painting—I meant to beg you to come home if I made a hit. And all the time I was afraid of the mail!"

"The mail?"

"Afraid they'd persuade you to get rid of me before the thing was done."

"Oh, my dear," she moaned, clinging to him, "my dear!"

"All the time I thought of you, Betty, I wanted you so much, my love! If I had guessed! Tell me, what do you do here—you've no nurse at all?"

"I've Queenie."

"Who's Queenie?"

"She's a child who comes to wheel Baby's carriage for me. We go out every morning and afternoon if it's fine. Sometimes we go to the Happy Valley."

"My poor little girl!"

"No, you aren't to say that; it hasn't been so rough as you think! I've got quite used to it. There's always something to do to keep me from being dull, and it doesn't seem a rush any more, as it did at the start. When I come back there's dinner, and then Baby goes to sleep. And then we play, and go for another walk—I think I like our afternoon walks best. I've found such pretty bits I'd like to show you! Then there's tea. And I give him his bath. And after supper—"

The landlady's daughter knocked again, with a basket of clean washing. "Oh, Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Tobitt says would you very kindly oblige her with the money tonight, instead of on Monday?"

"What, this week, too?" said Betty gayly. "Oh, that husband of hers! Will you wait while I count them, then, Miss Hyder? You might clear away while I'm doing it, please."

Wondering, he saw her lift the things on to the sofa and arrange them in neat little stacks and compare them with the list.

As naturally as if she had been doing it all her life she checked the bill, and produced two and ninepence, and penciled in the book that a pair of Baby's socks was missing. Amazement possessed him as he watched her.

"And after supper," she went on, as if nothing had happened, when they were alone, "I've got his frocks to mend. I'm terribly vain of mending frocks! And there's my friend downstairs—we sit on those steps and talk every evening before we go to bed. It's so beautifully still; there isn't a sound except a church clock that chimes protectively. I—I don't know—"

She looked around, hesitating. "Don't imagine I won't enjoy a good time on the Continent, but I'm not sure I'm so keen on saying 'good-by' to all this in quite such a hurry. I'd like to go and feast on your picture before breakfast tomorrow, but don't you think we might come back for two or three days?"

"You want to?" he asked, marveling.

"If you won't think it silly? It's difficult to put into words, but—You see this has been my home for a long while and I've felt so much here!" Her voice trembled. "I'd like time to—to look at it, and look back at it, before I go. 'Tisn't that I don't want to go to you, my love. It's because I love you, because I've tried so hard to be better for you here, that the place means so much to me."

"Kiddy!" he said chokily. Her palm lay upturned in her lap, and his hand closed on it.

"You don't mind?"

"It's what I'd choose! I'd like to go with you for the walks—'Queenie' shall take us all. I'd like to watch you while you sew the things; I'd like to live just the life that you've been living, my dearest dear! Never mind how long—even if it's only a few days, it will always make the time we've been apart seem shorter to me afterward."

"That's what I thought," she murmured—"we shall have been together here. And we couldn't be more than happy anywhere!"

So they saw "happiness"—to be together.

The American Girl As Presented by C. Allan Gilbert



Pearl



Claire

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Louise

Why Does Mrs. Smith Get on My Nerves?

By Annie Payson Call

IF YOU want to know the true answer to this question it is "because you are unwilling that Mrs. Smith should be herself." You want her to be just like you, or, if not just like you, you want her to be just as you would best like her.

I have seen a woman so annoyed that she could not eat her supper because another woman ate sugar on baked beans. When this woman told me later what it was that had taken away her appetite she added: "And isn't it absurd? Why shouldn't Mrs. Smith eat sugar on baked beans? It does not hurt me. I do not have to taste the sugar on the beans; but it is such an odd thing to do. It seems to me such bad manners that I just get so mad I can't eat!"

Now, could there be anything more absurd than that? To see a woman annoyed; to see her recognize that she was uselessly and foolishly annoyed, and yet to see that she makes not the slightest effort to get over her annoyance.

It is like the woman who discovered that she spoke aloud in church, and was so surprised that she exclaimed: "Why, I spoke out loud in church!" and then, again surprised, she cried: "Why, I keep speaking aloud in church!"—and it did not occur to her to stop.

My friend would have refused an invitation to supper, I truly believe, if she had known that Mrs. Smith would be there and her hostess would have baked beans. She was really a slave to Mrs. Smith's way of eating baked beans.

"Well, I do not blame her," I hear some reader say; "it is entirely out of place to eat sugar on baked beans. Why shouldn't she be annoyed?"

I answer: "Why should she be annoyed? Will her annoyance stop Mrs. Smith's eating sugar on baked beans? Will she in any way—selfish or otherwise—be the gainer for her annoyance? Furthermore, if it were the custom to eat sugar on baked beans, as it is the custom to put sugar in coffee, this woman would not have been annoyed at all. It was simply the fact of seeing Mrs. Smith digress from the ordinary course of life that annoyed her."

It is the Same Thing that Makes a Horse Shy. The horse does not say to himself, "There is a large carriage, moving with no horse to pull it, with nothing to push it, with—so far as I can see—no motive power at all. How weird that is! How frightful!"—and, with a quickly-beating heart, jump aside and caper in scared excitement. A horse when he first sees an automobile gets an impression on his brain which is entirely out of his ordinary course of impressions—it is as if some one suddenly and unexpectedly struck him, and he shies and jumps. The horse is annoyed, but he does not know what it is that annoys him. Now, when a horse shies you drive him away from the automobile and quiet him down, and then, if you are a good trainer, you drive him back again right in front of that car or some other one, and you repeat the process until the automobile becomes an ordinary impression to him, and he is no longer afraid of it.

There is, however, just this difference between a woman and a horse: the woman has her own free will behind her annoyance, and a horse has not. If my friend had asked Mrs. Smith to supper twice a week, and had served baked beans each time and herself passed her the sugar with careful courtesy, and if she had done it all deliberately for the sake of getting over her annoyance, she would probably have only increased it until the strain would have got on her nerves much more seriously than Mrs. Smith ever had. Not only that, but she would have found herself resisting other people's peculiarities more than ever before; I have seen people in nervous prostration from causes no more serious than that, on the surface. It is the habit of resistance and resentment back of the surface annoyance which is the serious cause of many a woman's attack of nerves.

Every Woman is a Slave to Every Other Woman who annoys her. She is tied to each separate woman who has got on her nerves by a wire which is pulling, pulling the nervous force right out of her. And it is not the other woman's fault—it is her own. The wire is pulling, whether or not we are seeing or thinking of the other woman, for, having once been annoyed by her, the contraction is right there in our brains. It is just so much deposited strain in our nervous systems which will stay there until we, of our own free wills, have yielded out of it.

The horse was not resenting nor resisting the automobile; therefore the strain of his fright was at once removed when the automobile became an ordinary impression. A woman, when she gets a new impression that she does not like, resents and resists it with her will, and she has got to get in behind that resistance and drop it with her will before she is a free woman.

To be sure, there are many disagreeable things that annoy for a time, and then, as the expression goes, we get hardened to them. But few of us know that this hardening is just so much packed resistance which is going to show itself later in some unpleasant form and make us ill in mind or body. We have got to yield, yield, yield out of every bit of resistance and resentment to other people if we want to be free. No reasoning about it is going to do us any good. No passing back and forth in front of it is going to free us. We must yield first and then we can see clearly and reason justly. We must yield first and then we can go back and forth in front of it, and it will only be a reminder to yield every time until the habit of yielding has become habitual and the strength of nerve and strength of character developed by means of the yielding have been established.

Let Me Explain More Fully What I Mean by "Yielding." Every annoyance, resistance, or feeling of resentment contracts us in some way physically; if we turn our attention toward dropping that physical contraction, with a real desire to get rid of the resistance behind it, we shall find that dropping the physical strain opens the way to drop the mental and moral strain, and when we have really dropped the strain we invariably find reason and justice and even generosity toward others waiting to come to us.

There is one important thing to be looked out for in this normal process of freeing ourselves from other people. A young girl said once to her teacher: "I got mad the other day and I relaxed, and the more I relaxed the madder I got!"

"Did you want to get over the anger?" asked the teacher.

"No, I didn't," was the prompt and ready answer.

Of course, as this child relaxed out of the tension of her anger, there was only more anger to take its place, and the more she relaxed the more free her nerves were to take the impression of the anger hoarded up in her; consequently it was as she said: the more she relaxed the "madder" she got. Later, this same little girl came to understand fully that she must have a real desire to get over her anger in order to have better feelings come up after she had dropped the contraction of the anger.



I know of a woman who has been holding such steady hatred for certain other people that the strain of it has kept her ill. And it is all a matter of feeling: first, that these people have interfered with her welfare; second, that they differ from her in opinion. Every once in a while her hatred finds a vent and spends itself in tears and bitter words. Then, after the external relief of letting out her pent-up feeling, she closes up again and one would think from her voice and manner—if one did not look very deep in—that she had only kindness for every one. But she stays nervously ill right along.

How could she do otherwise with that strain in her? If she were constitutionally a strong woman this strain of hatred would have worn on her, though possibly not have made her really ill; but, being naturally sensitive and delicate, the strain has kept her an invalid altogether.

"Mother, I can't stand Maria," one daughter says to her mother, and when inquiry is made the mother finds that what her daughter "cannot stand" is ways that differ from her own. Sometimes, however, they are very disagreeable ways which are exactly like the ways of the person who cannot stand them. If one person is imperious and demanding she will get especially annoyed at another person for being imperious and demanding, without a suspicion that she is objecting vehemently to a reflection of herself.

There are Two Ways in Which People Get on Our Nerves. The first way lies in their difference from us in habit—in little things and in big things; their habits are not our habits. Their habits may be all right, and our habits may be all right, but they are "different." Why should we not be willing to have them different? Is there any reason for it except the very empty one that we consciously and unconsciously want every one else to be just like us, or to believe just as we do, or to behave just as we do? And what sense is there in that?

"I cannot stand Mrs. So-and-so; she gets into a rocking-chair and rocks and rocks until I feel as if I should go crazy!" some one says. But why not let Mrs. So-and-so rock? It is her chair while she is in it, and her rocking. Why need it touch us at all?

"But," I hear a hundred women say, "it gets on our nerves; how can we help its getting on our nerves?" The answer to that is: "Drop it off your nerves." I know many women who have tried it and who have succeeded, and who are now profiting by the relief. Sometimes the process to such freedom is a long one; sometimes it is a short one; but, either way, the very effort toward it brings nervous strength, as well as strength of character.

Take the woman who rocks. Practically every time she rocks you should relax, actually and consciously relax your muscles and your nerves. The woman who rocks need not know you are relaxing; it all can be done from inside. Watch and you will find your muscles strained and tense with resistance to the rocking. Go to work practically to drop every bit of strain that you observe. As you drop the grossest strain it will make you more sensitive to the finer strain and you can drop that—and it is even possible that you may seek the woman who rocks, in order to practice on her and get free from the habit of resisting more quickly.

This Seems Comical—Almost Ridiculous—to think of seeking an annoyance in order to get rid of it; but, after laughing at it first, look at the idea seriously, and you will see it is common-sense. When you have learned to relax to the woman who rocks you have learned to relax to other similar annoyances. You have been working on a principle that applies generally. You have acquired a good habit which can never really fail you.

If my friend had invited Mrs. Smith to supper and served baked beans for the sake of relaxing out of the tension of her resistance to the sugar, then she could have conquered that resistance. But to try to conquer an annoyance like that without knowing how to yield in some way would be, so far as I know, an impossibility. Of course, we would prefer that our friends should not have any disagreeable, ill-bred, personal ways, but we can go through the world without resisting them, and there is no chance of helping any one out of them through our own resistances.

On the other hand a way may open by which the woman's attention is called to the very unhealthy habit of rocking—or eating sugar on beans—if we are ready, without resistance, to point it out to her. And if no way opens we have at least put ourselves out of bondage to her.

The second way in which other people get on our nerves is more serious and more difficult. Mrs. So-and-so may be doing very wrong—really very wrong; or some one who is nearly related to us may be doing very wrong—and it may be our most earnest and sincere desire to set him right. In such cases the strain is more intense because we really have right on our side, in our opinion, if not in our attitude toward the other person. Then, to recognize that if some one else chooses to do wrong it is none of our business is one of the most difficult things to do—for a woman, especially.

More than that it is difficult to recognize practically that, in so far as it may be our business, we can best put ourselves in a position to enable the other person to see his own mistake by dropping all personal resistance to it and all personal strain about it. Even a mother with her son can help him to be a man much more truly if she stops worrying about and resisting his unmanliness.

"But," I hear some one say, "that all seems like such cold indifference." Not at all—not at all. Such freedom from strain can be found only through a more actively-affectionate interest in others. The more we truly love another, the more thoroughly we respect that other's individuality.

The other so-called love is only love of possession and love of having our own way. It is not really love at all; it is sugar-coated tyranny. And when one sugar-coated tyrant antagonizes herself against another sugar-coated tyrant the strain is severe indeed, and nothing good is ever accomplished.

The Roman Infantry Fought with a Fixed Amount of space about each soldier, and found that the greater freedom of individual activity enabled them to fight better and to conquer their foes. This symbolizes happily the process of getting people off our nerves. Let us give each one a wide margin and thus preserve a good margin for ourselves.

We rub up against other people's nerves by getting too near to them—not too near to their real selves, but too near, so to speak, to their nervous systems. There have been quarrels between good people just because one phase of nervous irritability roused another. Let things in other people go until you have entirely dropped your strain about them—then it will be clear enough what to do and what to say, or what not to do and what not to say. People in the world cannot get on our nerves unless we allow them to do so.

NOTE—To the next issue of The Journal (for October) Miss Call will contribute another article, taking for her subject "You Have No Idea How I am Rushed."



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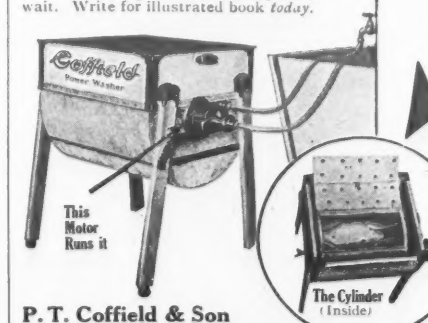
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The Man of Ambition and His Home

By the Governor of Illinois, the Honorable Charles S. Deneen

OF ALL the influences which may blight the home, ambition is the most subtle, because it starts in a worthy impulse, often in a desire to better the very home it sometimes destroys. The rewards of success are great and opportunities are many, so there is great danger of going beyond the point of wholesome activity to the limit of sacrificing things far more worth while than success and fame. Almost invariably the home is the first thing to suffer seriously from an overzealous ambition, and whatever hurts the home hurts the nation.

But, happily, there are examples in almost every community of the deliberate sacrifice of ambition for the family and the home. Perhaps these instances are more numerous than we realize, because the dropping out, even of a successful man, occasions little comment, and therefore it is not always easy to recall those who have turned their backs on ambition to give more of comfort, cheer and protection to their homes. However, I can give one instance which shows how a man of ambition is called upon to choose between his home and a public life.

The Man of Whom I Speak is a Thoroughbred American from Puritan stock. He came West while a boy, read law with a pioneer practitioner, and soon took high rank, owing to his splendid gift of oratory and his legal mind. In those days to be a leading lawyer in a country district was to be a leading politician. The man who was eloquent at the bar was naturally "drafted" to do service on the stump, and the brilliant young lawyer soon became one of the best political speakers in his district. He was sent to the Legislature for several terms, and became known in the State, where his ability to make quick friendships and hold them was another strong element in his steady rise.

Finally he became identified with a new movement within his party: the movement spread to the next National convention, and the candidate whom he championed was nominated. Then he came into prominence as a State figure: he devoted all his energies to the campaign, and not only spoke but also directed the campaign along new and original lines. At the election his State gave a large plurality for his party, and the newly-elected President credited him chiefly for the victory. In consequence, when the matter of political appointments in this State was taken up at Washington, the President made it known that the country lawyer must be consulted. The man found himself in a position of great power, which he used with tact and discretion, and two years later he was urged to accept the nomination for Governor, a nomination which was equivalent to election.

Meantime His Family had Grown; the demands upon him had increased, but the game of politics had become terribly absorbing. He had been forced to neglect his private affairs and his law practice; he had become a familiar figure in his State, but an unfamiliar figure in his home and his office. Up to the time when the Governorship had been placed before him he had been carried along by the current of excitement, but this opportunity halted him, and he paused to "take stock" before answering. He saw two sets of facts; on one side his private business was in bad shape and some of his investments were in a precarious condition. They might turn out all right, if supported by his personal attention and energy and the surplus income which a large law practice would allow. On the other hand, the Governorship of the State was his for the taking; a seat in the United States Senate was a near likelihood, and beyond that the prospect was alluring, if somewhat indefinite. If he chose this public career it must mean some great sacrifices for his family, and the question before him was: Should he give up his ambition, or should he go on with his career and let his home bear the burden?

He decided that the sacrifice should be his own, and he has held to this resolution unyieldingly. Today he has the satisfaction of knowing that his home has not been deprived of any comfort, or even luxury; that he has given it far more of his own society than would have been possible had he followed a public career; that he knows his children more intimately than he could possibly have known them had he not put home before ambition.

Not all men who see a tempting political career open before them find themselves confronted by such a choice; many are in circumstances which permit them to indulge in a public career without home sacrifices. But the fact remains that too often the interests of the home are lightly considered when political success beckons.

There is a Popular Belief that Members of the Theatrical profession are not successful as home-makers, and it is at least fair to say that those who follow this calling are not conspicuous as domestic successes. It seems to me that the cause is easily found. Ambition is the very breath of life to the actor, and its stimulus is so great that even home loses its perspective and significance in this unceasing fight for popular approval. Of course, the man of the stage will say that the player's work prevents the cultivation of that repose and seclusion which really makes a home a home; that he entertains the public in the hours in which home is most cemented; that he must wander from city to city until the sense of "local habitation" is almost obliterated. This is true; but it still seems to me that the appetite for applause and the gratification of ambition is really the element that blights the home-making instinct.

But if the life of the footlights seems to afford the sharpest examples of the sacrifices which ambition imposes upon domestic life, it has remained for the stage to furnish in Mary Anderson Navarro the most conspicuous and brilliant instance of the desertion of ambition to make a home. At a time when her genius gave almost certain promise of carrying her to still greater heights in her art, when the public of every civilized country stood ready to lavish upon her a future honor and a peculiar affection felt for few of the great dramatic stars, she left all these allurements behind and dedicated her life without reserve to her husband and her home. The entreaties of managers and even the invitations of a King have failed to tempt her to leave that home even for a week.

This brings us up to the practical point: What precautions should the ambitious man take to insure his home against his ambition, against allowing his desire to succeed to encroach upon his relations with his family?

The first step is to get a firm grip on the fact that no gratification of ambition is worth the sacrifice of a happy home; that any success is a pitiable failure at such a cost; that to score a success as the head of a family and the builder of a home is in itself as worthy an ambition as any citizen need hold. Let this become clearly established,



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ROOT STUDIOS

and the most important step is taken—for without this there is little hope of victory.

The orators and the writers of this country have so long and so persistently harped upon the theme: "Make the most of yourself," that the suggestion of selfishness in following ambition seems almost heresy. We have small respect for the young man who has not snap enough to "make something of himself," but do we not let this blind us to the selfishness of the man who, consciously or unconsciously, sacrifices others in order to gratify his ambition? I believe that we do—and that one of these errors is about as common as the other and both are fatal to the home. There is little doubt that we are overdoing the "get there" idea.

The Cementing of a Home is a process which requires the time of the home-builders as well as their affection and loyalty—time for the kind of intimacy which comes only of association in moments of relaxation and repose.

The heart of the husband or wife may be in the home, but that is not enough; the members of the family must be there, in bodily presence as well as in spirit, in order to create a real home: nothing else will suffice.

Right here is where ambition generally plays its most subtle part with those whose desire to succeed is the most worthy and whose intentions are the best. Unless watched and controlled, ambition becomes the thief of time that belongs to the home and without which the home must be more or less a failure. The man of ambition does not go about the streets saying: "I intend to win honors that my children, and their children, and their children after them, will be proud of," but thousands of men make it the ruling purpose of their lives, and it is an honorable aspiration and reflects credit upon those who hold it. All vices, it is said, are but virtues carried to extremes, and the observation applies fitly with regard to such an ambition. If it is not gratified at the expense of individual character or of home obligations, then it is to be desired and applauded. If it is not held in restraint by these higher considerations it will work mischief.

When a Man Finds that the Pursuit of His Ambition is stealing time from his home to such an extent that there are few occasions when he is alone with his family—with the world shut out and the "home feeling" the prevailing atmosphere—then he will do well to call a halt and settle the question with himself. The moment he ceases to find regular periods of relaxation and rest at his own hearthstone and to feel that those hours are the best of his life, he may know that he is drifting out of his course and into troubled waters. Now and then one meets a man who begins to grow restless after he has spent an hour or two in his own home. Such men are objects of pity because either they do not know the real meaning of the word "home," or else the word is fast losing its finer significance.

It is not intended to assume that ambition is the only enemy of home life, or that all men who find themselves ill at ease in their homes are blamable for that unfortunate condition. Other causes and other members of the home circle may be responsible, but it still remains true that a man of ambitious impulses who is bending his energies hard to a given end will generally find that he must watch himself carefully to avoid gradually giving more and more time to the pursuit of his ambition and less and less time to the development of his home. I know of no danger-signal more trustworthy than this tendency to become restless when he finds himself alone with his family and in a position to have a few hours of the highest and best enjoyment that a mortal may have on this earth. Unless he actually hungers for this pleasure and misses it when some unusual circumstance deprives him of it, he is not making a well-rounded success of his home life.

Failure to see to it that the home has a rightful amount of a man's time, and has it with fair regularity, will invariably lead to a failure of normal interest in the home. Lack of contact and association with the home must result in a warped and disordered view of the value of things. The object of ambition becomes unduly magnified and the home grows smaller. Environment and association are powerful factors, and if we live in our ambition more than in our home we will naturally come to think that our ambition is of greater moment than our home.

Thousands of homes have been absolutely wrecked because the head of the household has felt it necessary, in the course of winning his way, to absent himself for long periods from his family. Of course this seemed not only justifiable but necessary at the time. The only answer to this is that there are few things and few circumstances which can justify a man in a long-continued absence from his family circle; that the greatest prizes to be gained by these absences are not worth half what they cost in the sacrifice of the home life; that the history of the best intended of these voluntary exiles from the family circle is a history of sad mistakes and of unfortunate sacrifice of the better for the worse.

Another Safeguard to the Home of the Man who is fired with a determination to make a name and a place for himself is to take his ambition into his home and his home into his ambition. If the wife, the mother, the son and the daughter feel a full partnership in the purpose which is so absorbing to the head of the household, the danger of isolation of interests, of drifting apart, of each following his or her solitary way, becomes greatly lessened. What need to look to those outside the home for that sympathetic support which every normal human being craves, when it is to be freely had in the family circle?

Did you ever know of a really unhappy and unsuccessful home in which husband, wife and children were the chosen confidants of each other, where there was a fresh and renewed understanding day by day of the desires, the purposes and the aspirations of each member of the home? I never did, and I doubt if such a one exists. Close community of interest is a cardinal secret in the art of home-making, and it seldom fails of rich results.

Looking to the success of the homes of the next generation I can see no more practical way to guard against the encroachments of possible overzealous ambition than to cultivate a clear understanding in the young that there is nothing so desirable and so satisfying, within the reach of man, as a good and a happy home. Talking alone will not do it, although it helps when backed by consistent daily practice. Put the emphasis here instead of on "making a great success" or "winning a name." The school readers, the graduation-day orators and the magazines and periodicals dedicated to the "get there" idea will see to it that the god of Success is not without devoted worshippers. Let us see to it that the ideals of home have a larger share of support in our own households.

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The facilities of Tiffany & Co.'s Correspondence Department place at the disposal of out-of-town patrons a service approximating in promptness and efficiency that accorded to those making purchases in person

On advice as to the requirements with limit of price, Tiffany & Co. will send photographs, cuts or descriptions of what their stock affords. Selections of articles will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

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Renting Rooms to Young Men

How I Have Successfully Done it for Years

By Tekla Grenfell

FURNISHED ROOMS WANTED.

A young gentleman wants a small furnished room in a good neighborhood; about \$10 a month. Address A. B. C. Tribune.

IF THE above advertisement were to appear in one of a big city's daily papers the advertiser would need a satchel to carry home his replies. There would be all kinds: some neat and inviting, others scrawled on postal-cards or written in pencil on torn scraps of paper. If the young man were to visit and examine all of the places (which he would not) he would find scarcely half a dozen that would do at all, and probably none that just suited him. Now this little talk is going to exploit some of the ideas that have pleased young men who have boarded with me.

Renting rooms is not done as an amusement, it is a hard business proposition. For every dollar invested you must get a certain amount of return in rent money. Incidentally you can be good to others and your young men soon learn to think a good deal of you. Landladies as a rule do not realize this: if they did they would be more successful. Suppose, we will say, that a small room is worth five dollars a month unfurnished: this figure to include light, heat and service. The room can be furnished nicely for one hundred and twenty dollars. The cost of the room to you each month, therefore, averaged up for the year, would be as follows:

\$120 at six per cent. interest	\$7.20
\$120 at ten per cent. depreciation	12.00
Furnishing, thus, by the year	\$19.20
" " by the month	\$1.60
Monthly rent unfurnished	5.00
Total cost of room	\$6.60

By the investment of one hundred and twenty dollars you have increased the cost of the room to six dollars and sixty cents a month, but on the other hand you have also increased its renting value to, say, ten dollars a month, and thus you can make a profit of three dollars and forty cents a month. From these figures it appears that it would pay to invest money in room-furnishing. The only question, then, would be how to spend the money to the best advantage.

Try to Have a General Sitting-Room

THE best place to put young men is on the top floor. There they are by themselves and out of the way—they like it better, too. If one good-sized room can be set aside for a sitting-room (at your own expense) it will be found to be a paying investment. The young fellows will congregate there, tell stories and fraternize. This will make your house a popular place, and instead of having to hunt for young men you can pick and choose among those who want to come to you. Again, if they have some place to sit they can get along with very small bedrooms, and you will be able to rent little corners which otherwise would not be bringing you in any return.

Young men are like hickory-nuts: rough on the outside. But do not think for a minute, because they are mannish when among themselves, that they do not appreciate a neat, tidy bed. There never yet was a young man who liked anything about his bed that was not exquisitely neat and clean. A bed cannot be too dainty for him—but he wants a woman to fix it and keep it so; to pay attention to such things would be beneath his lordship's dignity!

A woman likes a folding-bed, she likes a washstand that shuts up into an imitation sewing-table; she likes to keep the chinaware out of sight. A man cannot see that; he argues that every one knows that he has a bed and uses a washstand, and why should he be ashamed of them?

One cannot make any mistake when buying new furniture for a young man's room in getting a white iron bedstead—a single bed for each even where there are two or three in a room. Get spiral springs; woven springs sag in the middle and men dislike them. Over this should be a good felt or hair mattress. The pillowcases and the ends of the blankets should be covered with white silkoline or scrim. A cover should also be made of light material to go over the spread to keep the bedclothes clean during the day and be turned back at night. When a bed is arranged like this it looks very inviting and will go a long way toward renting a room.

The Best Way to Decorate a Room

MANY people do not understand decorating a room. They buy the pictures and bric-à-brac that are offered for sale at the shops; conversely, the shops offer trashy decorations for sale because there is a market for them. Generally the things are not beautiful and do not decorate. The first essential in a decoration—whether it be picture, piece of furniture or some little odd end—is that it must be well made. It may be simple and inexpensive—indeed, so much the better—but it must represent a good workman; that is, we should surround ourselves with things that are suggestive of the ideals we are trying to attain. Now one of the decorations of a room is wall-paper. The wall-papers of our grandfathers were awful and they have not improved so much as they ought in the last fifty years. They are generally a repetition of conventional designs which give a color effect but are not good to look at. Then we put pictures up to hide the paper—because all of our friends and neighbors have done the same thing ever since we can remember we take it for granted that it is the proper thing to do—and our room is decorated. Let me describe a little room decorated in good taste. Below the eye-line the paper is dull green; above, it is a yellow-brown. It is plain paper to enable the eye to rest easily on the decorations; if the paper were a mass of detail the eye would want to focus on that, too, and that would take away from the beauty of the pictures. As it is, the dull, plain paper brings them out and helps them. Around the room at the height of the eye, as one sits on a chair, the wall is paneled by a light, gilt moulding. The panels contain pictures that are well drawn: instead of attempting an elaborate design, and failing, the artist has boldly taken up a simple subject, and has succeeded.

When the summer is over, and the fly-screens come down, leave up one screen in each of the bedrooms and cover it with scrim or some light cloth. It will provide a ventilation in the room similar to that of a tent: fresh air and no drafts. In places where soft coal is used it will keep out the soot.

On the wall near each gas-jet tack a large piece of sandpaper to scratch matches on. Do not let your young men throw their matchsticks into either their jars or their waste-baskets. One of the nicest ways of disposing of them is to keep an ornamental two-quart china pitcher on the window-shelf. It can be emptied every day, and it is



good-looking and safe. Each bedroom should have a glass pitcher and a thin drinking-tumbler for drinking-water. The pitchers should be filled every night just before the men get home from work. If the room is small get a wide oak board and screw it down on the windowsill, making a wide shelf. This will do instead of a stand or table and will be found to be very decorative and convenient. If the room has no closet—and few hall-rooms have—put hooks on the back of the door on which to hang clothes and arrange a light curtain to go over

them. Under the bed keep wooden boxes with hinged lids. These boxes can be pulled out and shoved back and do very well to keep clothes in. When one considers that people on a private yacht pay something like a hundred dollars a day for the privilege of going without closets it makes the hardship seem less severe! In the tropics, too, the houses do not have closets on account of the dampness. A low wooden box with a hinged top covered with sofa-pillows makes a fine place for men to sit when putting on their shoes—and the inside is a fine place to keep the shoes.

Some of the Furnishings It Is Well to Provide

WHEN a man comes home at night his underclothes are moist and warm—some of them not to be put on again the next day. The nicest way to handle them is to put a willow hamper next to the dressing-stand. He can then put on clean clothes for the evening—lighter weight if he is to be in the house—and leave his day's underwear in the top of the hamper over his clothes for the laundry. They will be fresher and sweeter arranged in this way than if kept in a closed closet where there is no ventilation.

The best dressing-stand for a man is a deep, narrow, high chiffonier with a shaving-glass on the top. It costs but little to bring the gas-jets on each side, which seems necessary in shaving. A little wooden shelf screwed to the side of the stand with metal lining for fire protection makes an excellent place for a little gas heater to heat shaving-water. You will win your boys' hearts at once if you will give them a means of getting their own hot water like this!

A small, curtained shelf should be near the washstand for shaving material; a brass hook should be placed to take the toothbrush, and a larger one, conveniently placed, for the razor-strop. I give each of my boys an ounce bottle of oil of cloves when he comes with me. If he puts three drops in his glass of water when cleaning his teeth it keeps his brush sweet and clean, and when the glass of water is emptied into the jar it keeps the latter sweet, too. Anything but the smell of dirty water in a bedroom.

The washstand in a bedroom is always a problem. If stationary there is always the suggestion of sewer-gas, so do not make it stationary. The ordinary washstand has nooks and crannies and dark cupboards underneath that make a good place for germs to multiply. We have outgrown our ideas of putting wainscoting around the bathing-tub, etc., in a bathroom, and now have open plumbing: why cannot we come to light, airy, sweet, clean washstands? The maid who cares for the room should be taught to empty the pitcher every morning and wipe it clean inside. She should remove all the soiled towels and replace the toothbrush tumblers and drinking-tumblers with clean ones. If you leave the cleaning of the tumblers to the young men they will invariably use the hand-towels to wipe them with. My toothbrush tumblers have little stars etched over them, and the drinking tumblers are plain, to keep them from getting mixed.

The bed should have both sheets changed for clean ones once a week; the young fellows will have the upper sheet put down for a lower one soon enough when they get married!

What Sort of Pictures There Should Be

THE pictures in a bedroom should be different from those in any other room in the house. The pictures in the sitting-room (the boys will call it a den) should be strong, bordering on frisky: bulldogs with big collars, famous baseball players, pictures of college boys and college scenes, horses, etc.—nothing that is not nice, but on the other hand nothing that is soft and tender. A man's sitting-room should represent his workaday life—that of a man among men.

But his bedroom is different. It should be prophetic of his home life, and a man's sense of refinement is prohibitive to sharing his home thoughts and making them common to his fellows. It is in the bedroom that the young man gets away from the rough world that he has been battling all the day. His pictures there should be soft and inspiring like the caress of a good woman or the gentle touch of a child. The young man has no mother, sister, wife or child to keep his life sweet and clean, his ideals true and high; the influence of his landlady, who should be his friend, is all that he has to offset the profanity and viciousness that he is meeting all the day long.

Every young man should have an American flag; it cultivates patriotism.

It is no mistake to hang a Madonna in a man's bedroom; all men like Madonnas, and if a picture of the Master is there so much the better. Light watercolors or framed photographs are in much better taste than printed pictures. Most young people muss their rooms up with portrait photographs; they do not enjoy them, they just leave them there to be covered with dust, to get fly-specked and broken. That is a mistake. One or two photographs of the mother or best girl should be neatly framed and kept nice—moreover, they should be looked at every day; the rest should be put away.

Have the Woodwork White, with Rugs on the Floor

THE best color for the woodwork in a bedroom is white. It is harder to keep clean, but it pays in looks. It is better to paint or varnish the floors and use rugs; they are harder to care for than carpets, but men like them better. Every small room should have a portière hung on the outside of the door. At night the door can be thrown wide open, giving more air.

A man likes to have plenty of clean towels on his rack (and then will use the same old towel until you take it away from him). He should always have at least one Turkish towel for his bath. It is better for the landlady to furnish soap and matches; men like a plain soap better than all kinds of fancy soaps. These last two items cost very little to furnish and often are the dividing line between a cheap boarding-house and a good one.

Sometimes a young chap will come to me who cannot afford to pay my price. If I like his looks and want to help him I give him work cleaning the walks or tending the furnace, for which I pay him cash. I then charge him full price, the same as any one else, and keep the two transactions entirely separate. I do not think it pays to let young fellows wait on the table for their board.

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—How to avoid discords in color.

—How to make a narrow room look wide.

—How to make a small room look large.

—Why certain colors are more suitable than others for bedrooms.

—How to stencil a wall.

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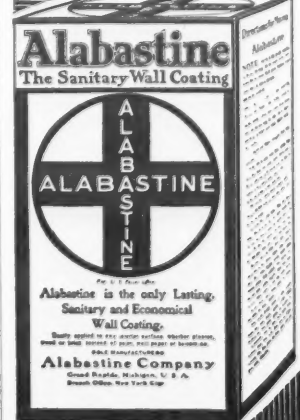
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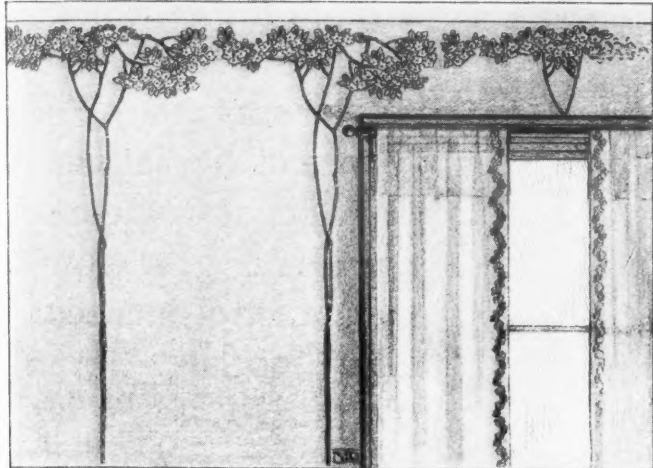
Decorating Rooms With Stenciling

Simple and Attractive Work for the Home-Maker

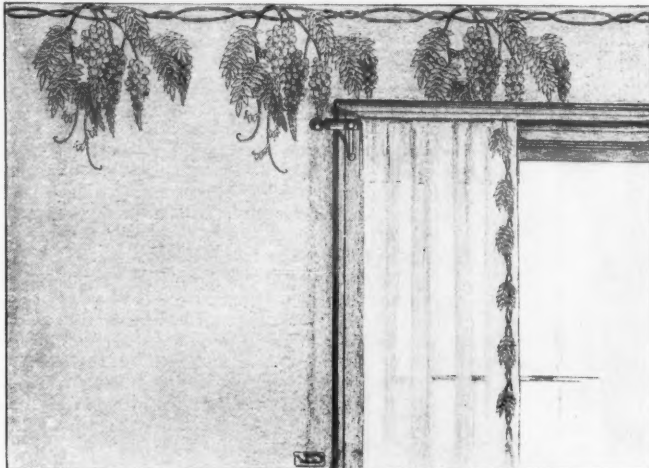
By Virginia Demarest

THE woman who is interested in making her home pretty sometimes has trouble in finding the wall-paper that she wants—all the designs in the shops seem either prohibitively expensive or else—when she looks at the less costly ones—so inartistic and commonplace that she "wouldn't have them on her walls!" But isn't it possible to make a virtue out of a necessity? Suppose that the wise woman, recognizing her dilemma, gives up all ideas of buying her wall-covering and turns to creating her decoration for herself. She will find this plan ever so much more satisfactory in the long run because the result testifies to her own taste and handicraft.

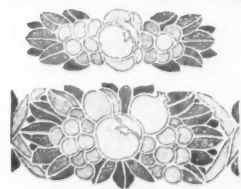
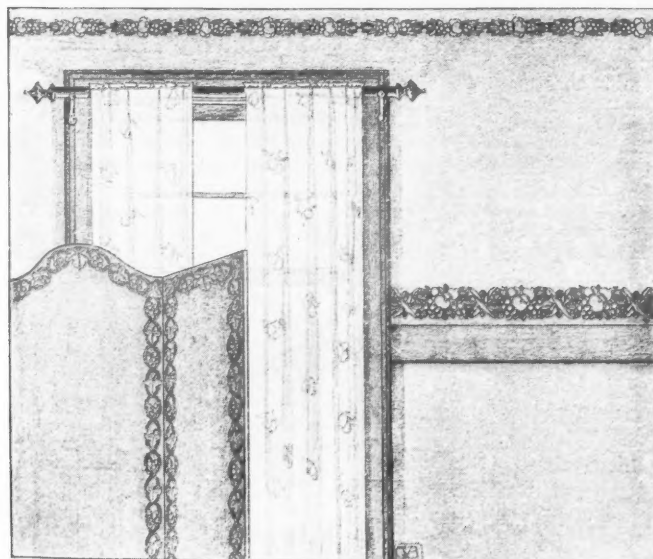
One of the best ways to decorate thus is to stencil in colors. It is not hard, and the suggestions on this page are none of them beyond the execution of the woman with good taste and clever fingers. In all cases the background is on absolutely plain paper of soft tint, on which the stenciled design is applied. Choose for the unit a simple design and cut the stencil from it, to be used over and over again; your final effect, after the stencil unit is once drawn and cut, depends on the placing and repeating of the unit. Oil colors diluted with turpentine will do very well, even on the curtains, for, used thin, they have the consistency of dyes and will hold their colors in washing.



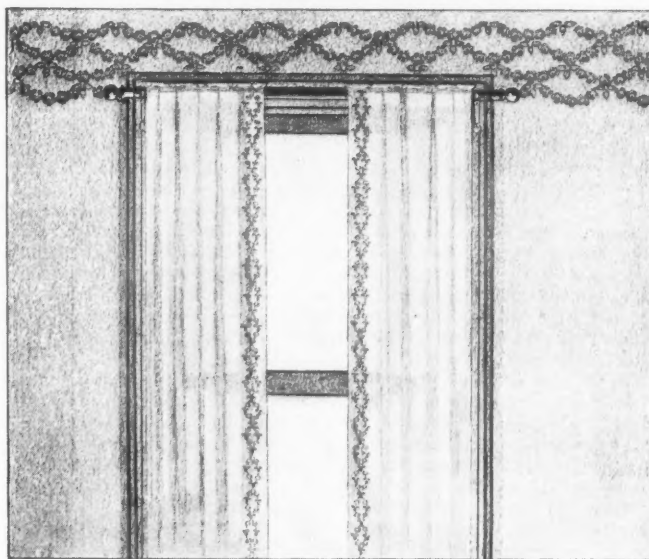
A DELICATE design in apple blossoms on grayish-green paper is shown above. The blossoms are in several shades of pink, with crisp green leaves and pinkish-gray stems. The narrow border on the curtains carries out the decoration, being outlined with heavy floss in the same colors.



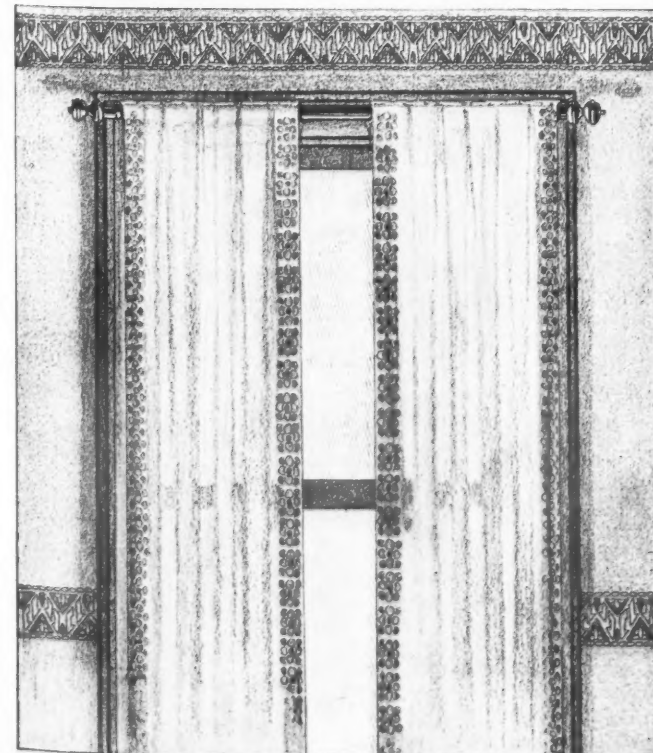
WISTARIA blooms and vines on soft gray furnish the motif for this frieze. Use two tones of quiet grayish-green for the leaves and a purple-brown for the stems. On the curtains is stenciled a little leaf design in corresponding greens. Do not allow the tones to grow deep or heavy.



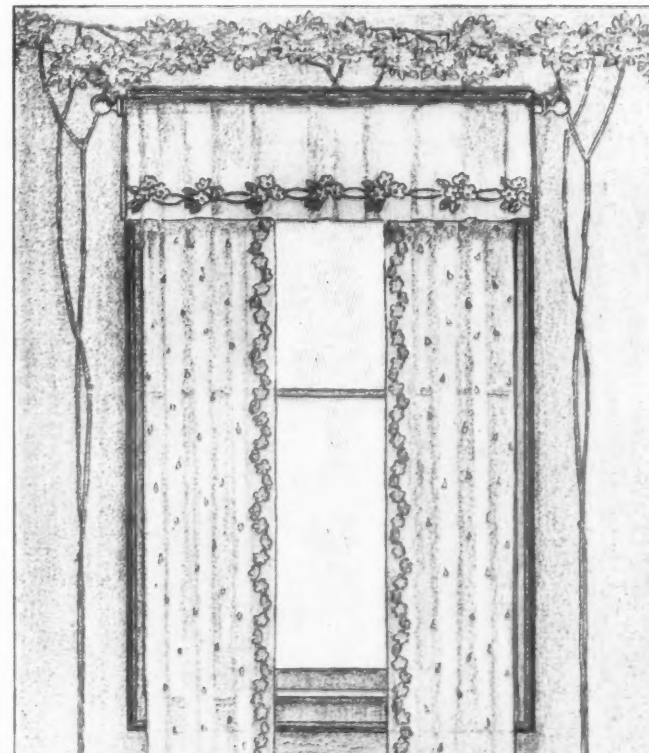
AN ATTRACTIVE plan for a dining-room decoration. General wall tone a warm buff. Fruit friezes in dull yellow, pinkish-purple and olive-greens, the intertwining ribbons of blue-green. Details of two borders are shown on left. Curtains of rough silk in soft buff. The screen is a dull ecru burlap—the pink-purple and olive-greens of the grapevine border are very effective.



FOR a bedroom nothing is more charming than a rose pattern. Here, on delicate buff walls, rose garlands are stenciled in several shades of pink and soft greens. A detail of the frieze is shown on the right. Dainty garlands as a bordering for the curtains can be touched in lightly with oils, and add greatly to the general effect.



AN INTERESTING treatment for a library is suggested here, the idea being Indian. On a warm yellow-brown wall stencil the "hatchet" border; the triangles in green-blue, red flowers within, the central hatchet pattern buff. Use the same colors for the bead borders on the curtains of buff silk.



THE idea of the valance hung above the window makes an attractive feature in a room. Here the design, corresponding with the stenciled decoration on curtain and wall, is first colored in lightly, then outlined in heavy linen or silk floss. Window-seats and beds may be thus draped.

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Weather Beaten front doors are revived and beautified when coated with Jap-a-lac, and "newness follows the brush." It is best to use the color nearest that of the old finish.

Window and Door screens should be coated with Jap-a-lac each fall before storing; it prevents rust; use the Brilliant Black on the wire, and the Mahogany, Oak, Cherry or Walnut on the frames. It gives them new life and they will be ready for immediate use next season.

Porch Furniture should be protected and beautified each fall with Jap-a-lac. It is best to use the color of the old finish; but if you wish to change the color, use Red or Green Jap-a-lac.

Wicker Furniture coated with Mahogany, Ox-Blood Red, Malachite Green or Gloss White Jap-a-lac, looks better than new.

Water Pipes, furnace fronts, radiators, hot water tanks and iron fences are preserved and beautified with the use of Jap-a-lac. Use the Gold, Aluminum, Dead Black or Brilliant Black.

Picture Frames, candelabra, gas fixtures, lamps, etc., given a coat of Gold, Aluminum or Dead Black Jap-a-lac, are renewed almost beyond belief;—the Dead Black produces that beautiful wrought-iron effect.

Old Automobiles, carriages, wagons, agricultural implements, etc., Jap-a-lac-ed with either Brilliant Black, Red, Green or Empire Blue, look 100% better, and are given new life. The cost is nominal, and the work can be done by an inexperienced person.

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Keeping Well Without a Doctor

A Doctor Himself Tells How Easily We Can Keep in Health if We Only Can Get Away from Some False Notions

THE next time you walk out look at the houses around you and notice how rarely a window is open to admit the fresh air. In the morning hours the windows of bedrooms are quite frequently opened, but by noon practically all are closed to keep in the artificial heat.

If the time happens to be winter the windows are closed to keep "the house warm." On warm days they are closed to "keep the house cool," and on snowy or rainy days to keep "the damp out." In March we are afraid of the raw air; in April of the moisture; in May, although the air feels warm, it "may be damp," and in early autumn we "keep the chill out." And so all through the year we hold the deep-rooted notion that there is something in the fresh air which must be kept out of our houses. The stoutest heart quails at the thought of breathing "night air." It is seldom that we see bedroom windows generously lowered after sundown: an inch or two from the top is the rule. And on rainy or stormy nights everything is tight shut. On every hand exists the idea that if the "night air," so deadly in the estimation of thousands of people, be let in, it must be in homeopathic doses. And on stormy nights it must be kept out entirely: then "it is dangerous!"

Surely We Need a Fresh-Air Campaign in this country as much as we can possibly need anything: we need a truer understanding of the marvelous benefits of fresh air: an education of the people that will do away with many false and foolish notions. But, first of all, must the physicians be educated. It would be positively humorous, if it had not its pathetic side, to see the average practitioner of "the old school" prescribe for the average cold. He listens to the lungs, thumps the chest and counts the respirations. Out comes his little prescription pad, and he prescribes! Then follows the most wonderful and intelligent part of all: either the patient is sent to bed, or he is told to remain at home and stay in "an even temperature," which, of course, means furnace heat and impure, breathed-over air. If the patient is a child and he has a croupy cold all windows are ordered closed, fresh air is excluded, and a murderous vapor is burned in the room for the child to inhale in order to soothe the irritated mucous membrane. More heat is turned on in the room, so that what is called an "even temperature" may be maintained. Once or twice a day, perhaps, the room is "aired out," and the patient carefully warned "to get under the blankets" during the process—presumably so that he may be all the more certain to inhale the poisonous gases exhaled through the pores of his body. The mother or the nurse or both remain in the room, adding more pairs of lungs to exhaust the oxygen in the air, and likewise themselves to inhale the impure and breathed-over air, as well as the poisoned exhalations of the patient.

But Does it Occur to the Doctor to find out the cause of the cold? Does he inquire as to what his patient has eaten? No, because the truth that a cold comes from overeating is generally beyond his horizon. Does he ask whether the patient smothers his skin with too much clothing? No, because he believes that the more clothing you pile on the warmer you are. Does he ask how much of God's sunshine is allowed to come into the house by day through open windows, and how much fresh air comes into the bedroom at night? No, because he believes that colds are contracted from this very air. Does he look around and see the stuffiness of the house, the overfurnished bedroom, the heavy curtains and thick carpets, and suggest that they are simply dust-catchers and hiding-places for microbes? No, because he sees no connection between a person's health and the surroundings in which he daily lives and breathes. Does he ask whether the patient takes a cold bath each morning and keeps the pores of his skin free? No, because he believes that cold water is "a shock to the system": deleterious to the action of the heart. Either his beliefs and convictions are all wrong along these lines, or he does not ask these questions for fear of offending the patient—criticising his habits of life or the furnishings of his home might result in a loss of practice.

Here and There We Meet a Physician who is progressive and more alive to Nature's remedies than to the efficacy of drugs. He walks into a room, and immediately orders fresh air. "Let the windows down, and let God's greatest tonic to mankind come in," is his mandate. "You never caught cold in the fresh air, for fresh air is a tonic, not a depressant. Vapors for croup? Why?" he asks. "Fresh air is more soothing than all the vapors ever invented. Stay in for a cold? No: not unless you have a fever with it. On the contrary, go out into the sunshine. Take a walk, or a sun-bath. Lie down there by the window and let the sun bathe your back. Heat? No: shut it off: warm yourself by the natural heat: the sun, more powerful, more life-giving than all the heat ever stoked by wood or coal. See that plenty of fresh air gets into the room," he says to the nurse, "and cut down the patient's diet. Give him practically nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and so give his overtaxed system a chance." And without a drug or a prescription the doctor leaves the room. That is the type of medical man who first treated tuberculosis by the open-air method because he realized that the Indians and all forest-dwellers rarely had tuberculosis while they lived in the open. This is the physician who at the first suggestion of pneumonia puts the patient out on the porch, balcony or roof, winter or summer, and lets him breathe the pure original oxygen into his lungs instead of administering canned oxygen to him later. But how many such broad-minded physicians are there? The education of the average practitioner certainly seems lacking in the fundamentals.

Meanwhile, Let the Public do some thinking on their own part and then do some experimenting. It is taking no risk to experiment with fresh air. Fresh air and clear water are God's greatest gifts to man. In these two elements, accessible to the poorest, lies the elixir of health for the human being, provided he will



make use of them and get away from the false notion that either of them properly used can be harmful.

Said a physician not long ago: "If we would all learn how to breathe properly, to live in the fresh air day and night, bathe daily, and drink eight glasses of clear water every day, two before breakfast, two during the morning, two during the afternoon and two before going to bed, the doctors would be out of business. In those two things lie health: only they are so cheap, so easy to be had, that we do not place the right value on their wonderful properties."

We must, first of all, then, believe that a person cannot take too much fresh air, by day or by night. That means that we must empty the lungs of foul air as many times a day as we can. Whenever we are in the clear open air we must pucker up the lips into a small hole as though we were going to whistle, blowing out the breath thoroughly and letting the intake look after itself. A rubber ball, when you squeeze it and then let it go, will fill up immediately with new air, so the lungs will immediately fill up again by simply blowing out the contained air.

Learn to Breathe Intelligently: to expand the chest and breathe deeply is the first rule. The next is to keep out in "the open" as much as circumstances will permit, and to allow, at any cost, the fresh air constantly in our rooms and houses, and in the places where we work, never entirely shutting it out of any room. And at night lower the windows generously: not an inch or two, but all the way down, letting in plenty of outdoor air, remembering always that you cannot let in too much fresh air!

All this will seem plausible and worth trying to many people during favorable weather. Unfortunately, to most of us rain or snow or any sort of inclement weather means dampness and consequent danger. This theory is absolutely fallacious. So strongly-rooted and deep-seated has it become, however, that it will take a long time to upset it. We forget that the air is always purer when it rains or snows: that the very moisture which we dread is beneficial because it absorbs any dust that may be floating in the air. If you doubt this fill a cup with rain-water sometime and look at it through a microscope, or melt a cupful of snow, and the truth will be revealed to you. It does us absolutely no harm to go out into the wet, provided we are well shod and well clothed. And if we happen to get wet we must keep in motion until we get a chance to change our clothes and shoes and stockings. This is the only precaution we need observe. As a proof of this, look at President Roosevelt, who invariably takes his longest walks in the wettest weather. I have seen the President return from one of these walks "soaked to the skin," but he never takes cold. As he himself has said: "The rain and I have been friends for forty years: we have lived together too long not to know each other." But some woman will say, "The President is a man. A woman cannot do that. She is more sensitive." What, then, can be said about Mrs. Roosevelt, or the President's daughter Ethel, who frequently accompany him on his horseback rides through rain and slush and on his walking trips in wet weather? Mrs. Roosevelt comes home with her clothes as wet as the President's. Has she ever "taken cold" from the exposure? She will smile if you ask her, and tell you that neither she "nor any one else has ever taken cold from getting wet." Yet thousands of intelligent people cannot shake off this old-fashioned, deep-rooted fallacy that fresh air and cold water are dangerous of themselves. The danger is in an improper mode of life which renders us oversusceptible to what does not hurt vigorous people like the President and his family.

Colds Come from Overeating: from allowing the pores of the skin to become clogged up, and the eliminative functions to be choked. If we eat moderately and use plenty of water inside and out we shall avoid nine-tenths of our "common colds." Wash inside and out: that is a rule to live by. Many of us wash outside all right enough, but the equally important rule to wash ourselves inside rarely occurs to us. Here is where pure, clear water comes in, and if your water supply is in doubt buy some pure, good water. It will be one of the best investments you ever made for your health. Directly upon rising drink at least two large goblets of water, cold or warm, as you prefer. Many people do this and stop there. But that is not enough. See to it that during the morning between the hours of ten and twelve you drink two more glasses, provided you lunch or dine at one: if you eat at twelve drink the two glasses between nine and eleven. Theoretically you should not drink for an hour before nor until an hour after eating. Never drink anything at all with your meals. Then, in the afternoon between two and four or five o'clock, drink two more goblets of water, and two more just before you retire. You will thus have consumed eight glasses of water during the day, which quantity every man, woman or child should drink—not less. Then the system will be well flushed out and kept clean.

Seize upon Every Chance to keep out in the open air. If you can do no more stick your head out of a window as many times a day as you can, if your work is confining, and give the lungs a good blowing out in the way I have indicated. Walk instead of riding whenever you can, whether you feel like it or not. Train yourself to it. Keep out of trolley-cars as much as possible; the air in them is frightfully poisonous. On all occasions, walk, exercise, play, do anything, in the open, if it is only to sit in the sun and take a sun-bath. There are few things better for you. Whenever you can, sleep in the open. This is not only for tuberculous patients: it is good for us all. But let us get one point correctly fixed in our minds: that the greatest tonic that God has given us is the fresh air: whether it be cold or warm, rainy or sunny, snowy or murky. It is always healthful: and the finest element that we can take into our systems.

"God sent his creatures light and air
And water open to the skies.
Man locks him in a stifling lair
And wonders why his brother dies."

Good Words from Good Housekeepers

In solving a puzzle in which a part of one of our advertisements figured in a recent number of one of the leading magazines, some of the readers of the magazine took occasion to say something in commendation of our cocoa and chocolate. From over 300 notes we quote a few expressions which fairly show the spirit of the whole.

"All the early years of my life were spent in the tropics of India, and in the many English and American homes with which I was familiar, Baker's Cocoa was almost universally used. Since coming to this Country I have experimented with other makes but have put them all aside for Baker's which seems so much more acceptable."

"Personally I can recommend Walter Baker's Cocoa, as it was given to me when I was a baby. I made fudge with it when at boarding school and college; used it as a substitute for tea when I became a housewife, and I am now in turn giving it to my own little ones, feeling, as I do, so sure of its purity and nutritive value."

"The Walter Baker Cocoa has been used in our family for years and I can say that it is the most reliable cocoa on the market. We would not use any other on our table and advise everyone to buy it."

"I have used numerous brands of cocoas and chocolates but never found any that could compare with Baker's for flavor, color and strength. Whenever I want perfect success I always obtain and use Baker's products."

A booklet containing all of the notes with names and residences of writers, will be sent free with a copy of "Choice Recipes."



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

50
Highest Awards
in Europe
and America

128
Years of Constantly
Increasing Sales

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

(Established 1780)

Dorchester, Mass.



DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY

Sleeping Outdoors in the House

The Rapidly-Spreading Idea of Sleeping in the Open Air

PEOPLE used to speak of certain other people as "fresh-air cranks." That is over now. Every sensible person knows that fresh air must be brought in the house in ample volume if the family is to be kept well; and the bugaboo of the "dangerous night air" does not cause the alarm it did formerly. On the contrary, the most thoughtful people are trying all the while to get just as much fresh air in the house at night as they can with safety. That

is why there are so many styles of window-tents on sale. Probably new and better designs will be brought out as the demand increases, but the tents already offered appear to serve quite well the needs of those—entirely outside the ranks of tubercular sufferers—who have learned or are learning that one of the surest ways to get well, and to keep well, is to provide plenty of pure air in their sleeping-rooms. The prices of these tents range from five dollars to fifteen.



The Tent Raised Out of the Way



When the Tent is in Use

ONE of the attractive inventions for "sleeping outdoors in the house" is that of Dr. S. A. Knopf. It is a sort of awning attached on the inside of the room, and so constructed that the air in the room cannot mix with the fresh air in the tent. The bed is placed parallel with the window, and after the sleeper has got into bed the awning is lowered. By means of a transparent celluloid window he can look into the room. As the lower part of the window of the room itself is opened wide the sleeper is virtually outdoors.

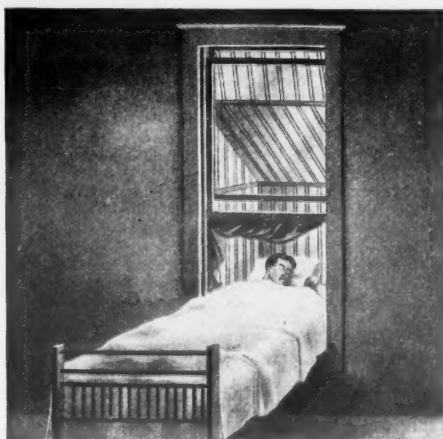
This tent is made by the Kuy Scheerer Company.

VERY different in one respect from many of the window-tents commonly used is the Aërarium. This tent provides for the projection of the upper part of a cot bed over the window-sill, so that the sleeper's head and shoulders are really outdoors. For protection from drafts, rain or snow there is an outside awning covering the whole window. From the lower edge of the sash, when it is raised, there is suspended a heavy curtain to prevent a rush of cold air into the room. Of course, the sleeper must wear a head covering in winter, as well as warm nightclothes.

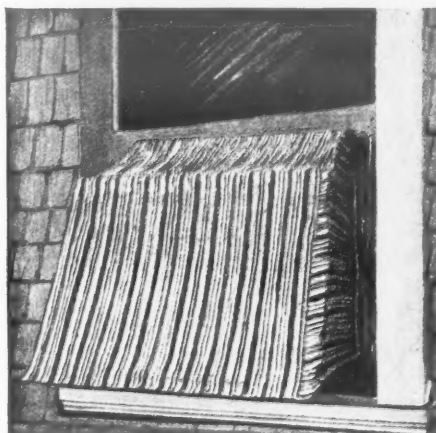
The Aërarium is made by the Denver Tent and Awning Company.



Section Cut in Tent to Show the Sleeper



As the Sleeper Appears from the Inside



Awning as Lowered in Bad Weather



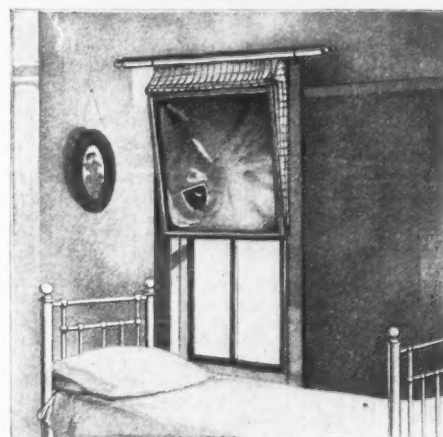
As the Sleeper Appears from the Outside

WHILE the first tent shown above, invented by Doctor Knopf, is placed wholly inside the house, that known as the Walsh tent is so made that it is both inside and outside. It is designed with a view to easy shifting from one window to another if that proves desirable. The tent comes in over one side of the bed and down over the pillow, covering the head of the sleeper, which is slipped through an elastic hole in a detachable skirt or curtain. Two persons may occupy the same bed while the head of only one is in the tent. The outside awning may be kept raised ordinarily, but lowered in stormy weather.

This tent is made by the Walsh Window Tent Company.

THERE is one tent which covers the whole window. It is called the Allen Health Tent. Naturally when such a tent is used the window may be opened at both top and bottom; and the tent is so adjusted that it does not interfere at all with the lowering of the window in case a storm comes up. The user of this tent is supposed to wear a hood and thrust his head through an opening in the bottom of the tent when he is ready to lie down and go to sleep.

This tent is made by the Indoor Window Tent Company.



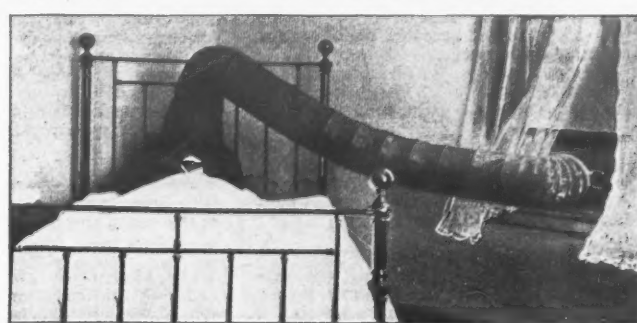
Tent Raised, Showing Opening for Head



Section Cut Out to Show Sleeper



Before You Get into Bed



When the Porte-Air is Adjusted

SOMETHING in the nature of a window-tent, but really only an air-carrier, bears the name of Porte-Air. Briefly described, it is a long, ten-inch, flexible tube, made of strong cloth supported by steel rings. One end of this tube goes out of the window and the other end comes down over the sleeper as he lies in bed. There is an appliance for regulating the quantity of air to be admitted through the tube, and the construction is simple, making it possible to set up the tube in any room in a few minutes.



Plan ideal heating

If you are newly building, don't discredit your property at the start by putting in old-fashioned heating apparatus. No other feature of the home will save you so much or give such uniform comfort as

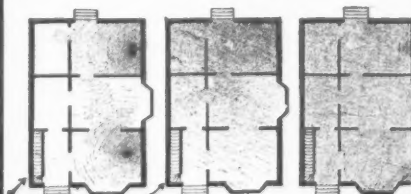
AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

These outfits for Low-Pressure Steam or Hot Water will soon repay their cost in coal savings, lessened labor, absence of repairs, and low insurance. All ash-dust, smoke, soot, and coal-gases are kept out of the living-rooms—reducing house-cleaning one-half and saving the wear on carpets, decorations, and furniture.

If property is sold, you get back their full value, or 10% to 15% higher rental. The saving of but one ton of coal in a year will meet the interest upon \$100, and this sum will nearly cover the difference in the cost of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators as compared with a hot-air furnace for a good-size cottage.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are annually replacing thousands of hot-air furnaces and stoves that have been found wasteful and wanting in OLD cottages, houses, stores, churches, schools, etc. Ever heard of any one going back to other forms of heating once they have tried our way? Any argument in that to you?

No tearing-up necessary—and in these less hurried months you get the services of the most skillful, quickest fitters! Please let us tell you the full why, how, and present attractive price. Ask for free valuable booklet.



Heated "in spots" by Stoves One-sided heating by Hot-Air Furnace Evenly warmed by Water or Steam

Showing inhabitable portion of house in zero weather and a northeaster blowing.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY DEPT. 25 CHICAGO





Dean Hodges Talks About the Sunday-School Lessons

An Attempt to Make Each Month's Sunday-School Lessons More Interesting
to Teacher and Scholar in a Popular, Modern Way

The King's Spear

FOR AUGUST 30:

From I Samuel xxvi

ALL this happened in the Dead Land, which lies beside the Dead Sea. It is called The Wilderness, or, in Hebrew, Jeshimon, which means devastation, and that describes it. It is a place of yellow sand, jagged hills and crags, and low bushes filled with thorns. This bleak desert borders the land of Judah on the east, coming close to the populated towns and lying next to the green farms and pastures. Here John the Baptist had his dwelling; here our Lord entered into His temptation, and to this place David fled from the anger of King Saul. Here he was in the hill of Hachilah which is beyond Jeshimon.

Should They Have Done It? This hiding-place of David's was revealed to Saul by the Ziphites. Should they have done it?

Yes. For to the Ziphites David was a brigand. They were the farmers and shepherds whose fields were beside the desert. Suddenly there would appear at the farmhouse of those honest people a crowd of rough men from the wilderness demanding something to eat. And the farmer's wife, like Abigail, must bring out bread and wine and meat and parched corn and figs and raisins. David was the leader of such a company. He was therefore regarded by the Ziphites as Robin Hood was regarded by the sober merchants of Nottingham. They wished to get rid of him, as quiet people wish to get rid of tramps. Thus they were right in reporting his hiding-place to the King.

No. For David and his men served as a guard to keep the shepherds from worse visitors. "The men were very good unto us," said the shepherds of Nabal. "We were not hurt, neither missed we anything, as long as we were conversant with them, when we were in the fields; they were a wall unto us both by night and day." Also David was different from the other brigands. The Ziphites with a little investigation might have discovered that. He looked like a brigand or a tramp, but he was in the desert because he had been driven unjustly from the Court, as he was destined to be a king of great renown. The Ziphites were as blind as the peasant woman who scolded King Alfred for letting the cakes burn.

It shows the wisdom of finding out about people before we side with their enemies. They may be kings in disguise.

The Weakness of Strength. David had six hundred men, but Saul took three thousand to pursue him. It is plain that he had a high opinion of the fighting qualities of David. But coming thus in great strength he was overconfident. When it was night he and his men went to sleep without setting a watch. The result came near being like that of the race between the tortoise and the hare. There is a certain strength in weakness, for the knowledge of weakness makes one take more care and pains. Thus invalids often outlive their more robust neighbors. Thus dull students, who find the lessons hard, often learn them better than the clever student. There is a certain weakness in strength. They who are aware of their own superior wisdom or might or goodness are tempted to neglect the essential precautions. The camp of their character is left unguarded and the enemy gets in.

For Gain or for Love? When David learned the situation the spirit of adventure came upon him. He proposed to visit the camp of Saul, as Gideon had visited the camp of the Midianites. He asked two men to go with him. One was Ahimelech, the Hittite. When the Israelites came into Palestine they found the Hittites living in the mountains. They appear on Egyptian monuments with black hair and yellow faces, wearing pigtail and snowshoes. The other man was Abishai, the son of David's sister, Zeruiah. The two men had joined David's company with very different motives. Ahimelech was led by gain; Abishai was led by love. To Abishai his uncle David was a splendid hero. The chance of danger brought out the difference, like that between the Good Shepherd and the hireling. The man who served for gain was silent. The man who served for love spoke up and said: "I will go down with thee."

The Test of the Wide Horizon. Coming into the camp and finding everybody asleep Abishai offered to kill the King. But David forbade him. David tested the deed by the test of the wide horizon—that is, he considered it in its relations with the world about him. He thought of it not as an isolated act, but as having large social consequences. He perceived the difference between dealing with an individual and dealing with society. He saw that no man liveth or dieth by himself alone. If he killed Saul, supposing that he had a right, he thereby struck a blow at law and order. His own reign would have been haunted by such a precedent.

Coals of Fire. The act of David in sparing Saul's life, and taking instead his spear and a jug of water, was immediately justified. Saul was profoundly affected. His old affection returned, and he confessed his folly and wrongdoing. He was honestly sorry, and thereby he was punished, and the proverb was proved which says: "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." Our proper wish, in the case of one who has injured us, is to make him sorry for it. And the Bible and the psychologists agree that this is the way to do it. Revenge by thrust of spear would have caused the death of many, the innocent with the guilty, and would have been the beginning rather than the end of trouble. Revenge by coals of fire ended the feud. David, indeed, did not trust himself to Saul, but the last words which he heard Saul speak were words of blessing.

The Death of Saul

FOR SEPTEMBER 6:

From I Samuel xxxi

THE Philistines had marched across the Great Plain to attack the valley of the Jordan. Between the plain and the valley was a pass. Saul had established himself on Mount Gilboa to defend the pass. The Israelites had the advantage of the high ground, but the Philistines outnumbered them.

Where was David? Saul might have gained the day if he had had the help of David. Where was David?

He seems to have intended to fall on the Philistines from the rear. He tried to get himself and his men enlisted in the Philistine army, but the Philistine generals were too wise for that. He might still have marched to the aid of Saul if it had not been for the Amalekites. Just at that moment the Amalekites made a raid and captured David's family and goods, and he had to go after them. Thus, as Samuel had predicted, the Amalekites, whom Saul should have destroyed, were the cause of his ruin. They were like faults which, not having been overcome, weaken men at critical moments.

The Two Accounts. Of the deaths of Saul and Jonathan there are two accounts. The first report said that Saul, being sore wounded, begged his armor-bearer to kill him lest the Philistines torture him, and that when the armor-bearer refused he killed himself. But another report was brought to David by an Amalekite, who came bringing the King's crown and bracelet, and claiming that he himself, at Saul's desire, had killed him. This he thought would be good news to David, but he was tragically mistaken. Nobody knows which of these accounts is true. As is often the case in the Bible the two are set down side by side and we may choose.

The Dead March. When Handel wrote the Dead March in the oratorio of "Saul" he had in mind the poem in which David lamented the fall of the heroes. This is copied into the history from the Book of Jasher, which contained also the ballad about Joshua's staying the sun. In this song of the dead there is no mention of the wrong Saul did to David.

The Gratitude of Jabesh-Gilead. The Philistines fastened Saul's body to the wall of Bethshan. That was the place where the pass which they now had won opened into the Jordan valley. But the men of Jabesh-gilead remembered how Saul had saved them from having their eyes put out, and they buried him.

David Made King

FOR SEPTEMBER 13: From II Samuel ii. 1-7; v. 15

THE death of King Saul, like the death of King Edward the Confessor, was followed at once by a War of the Succession. David claimed the throne, and was supported by the province of Judah in the south, and had his capital at Hebron. Saul's son, Ishbaal, claimed the throne and was supported by the other provinces north and east, and had his capital at Mahanaim, across the Jordan. David's captain was Joab, his nephew. Ishbaal's captain was Abner, his great-uncle. "Ish" means man, "baal" means Lord. "Bosheth" means shame. Saul named his son Ishbaal—"a man of the Lord"—but when this history was written the name *baal* had come to be used only of idols, and the historian so disliked it that he wrote "bosheth" instead. A famous name ending in "baal" is Hannibal.

The Tournament of the twenty-four champions. The chief battle of the war was fought beside the Pool of Gibeon. First they had a tournament with twelve knights on each side, but the result was a tie, for every man of the twenty-four was killed. Then they all fought and Abner's army got the worst of it.

The Chase of the Wild Roe. After the battle, when Joab and his men were pursuing Abner and his men, Joab's brother, Asahel, followed Abner himself. Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe, so that Abner could not get away. At last, as Asahel almost overtook him, Abner thrust back his spear at the young man and killed him. Then the pursuit was stopped, and Abner with his defeated army went to Mahanaim, and Joab and his victorious army went to Hebron.

The Treachery of Abner. But Ishbaal and Abner had a quarrel, and Abner, being very angry, and also seeing that Ishbaal had the losing side, went to David and offered to desert to him and bring his army. David accepted the offer, and Abner went away in peace.

The Revenge of Joab. Then Joab, when he heard that Abner had had a conference with David, and that he was still near by on his way back, started out after him and found him by the gate of Hebron and killed him in revenge for Asahel. David was not strong enough to punish Joab, but he disowned the act and showed publicly his grief for Abner, and attended the funeral.

The Assassination of Ishbaal. Finally, two men, seeing that with the death of Abner the cause of Ishbaal was lost, broke into Ishbaal's house, found the King taking his afternoon nap in his bedroom, and cut off his head. They took the head and went all night across the plain and brought the head to David. David had them served like the Amalekite who said that he had killed Saul. Then came all the chiefs of the north and east and submitted to David, and he became the King of all the land.

The Call of the Drums. The appeal of the battle is one of the everlasting facts. The sound of the drum calls to the soul of man in all lands and ages. The contention of the twenty-four champions and the chase of Abner stir our blood. To this appreciation of courage of the fist we need to add a like appreciation of the courage of the conscience. It is a mighty difficult kind of courage and highly deserves both our admiration and our imitation. When the opportunity comes for us to exercise it let us hear the call of the drums.

The Sons of Zeruiah. The important thing about David's sister, Zeruiah, is that she was the mother of three heroes. Nothing is said about their father. Probably he died when they were small, and she brought them up. They were her "works," as we say of authors, in three stout volumes. Joab was the first to scale the wall at the taking of Jerusalem. Asahel would contend with no less man than Abner. Abishai was one of the three who broke through the Philistine army to get a drink of water for David at the well at Bethlehem. There was something fine and unusual in the spirit of these heroes. That was their mother's contribution to her country.

The Strength of the Hills. The men of Judah gained the victory though they were opposed by all the north and east. They were greatly outnumbered. But it is quality that counts. Their quality came from the fact that they were poor and had to work hard. Their residence was among the rocks. The other tribes had more fertile fields, but their easy life enfeebled them. Judah had the strength of the hills.

The Bitterness of the Sword. Swords are like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus planted, each of which brought forth a man in full armor. Abner kills Asahel, Joab kills Abner. One deed of violence leads to another. And so it goes. Was there ever a war which did not do more harm than good? Could not the good have been gained by peace with patience?

Was David Right? Ishbaal was the legitimate king, was he not? He succeeded his father as King Edward succeeded his mother. David, who had been a brigand, became a rebel, did he not? What right had he to the throne? David was a rebel by divine command; he had been anointed King by Samuel. He was convinced in his soul that God wanted him in that place. And that was true. Commonly, God is on the side of the established order, but not always. David was a rebel by the grace of God; like Saint Paul against the Jewish church, like Washington against the English State.

NOTE—No lesson is given for September 20, as for that date a review of the quarter's lessons is assigned.

Drink and the Devil

FOR SEPTEMBER 27: From Isaiah v. 11-23

THE first five chapters of Isaiah begin with the great arraignment. God is the accuser, the nation is the prisoner at the bar, and the heavens and the earth sit on the judge's bench. Finally, in the fifth chapter, the goodness of God and the badness of man are set in contrast, and the case is concluded with the verdict of condemnation. Both the contrast and the condemnation are connected with the use of wine. In the parable of the vineyard the place is fenced and planted and provided with a winepress, and the master looks for grapes, but finds only wild grapes. Presently the woes of God are pronounced upon such as have changed the good wine into the worse by their excess.

Sin and Society. These offenders are considered in their relation to society. For the prophet is mainly concerned with the effect of sin, not on the individual, but on the people—that is, he is thinking not so much of the harm which sin does to the sinner as of the harm sin does to the community. He might have said: "Your sin will destroy your soul"; instead of that he said: "Your sin will bring defeat and disaster to the nation." Thus, in intemperance, the question is not simply, "Will this hurt me?" but "Will my example injure my neighbor?"

Between Earth and Heaven. The trouble about drinking, as Isaiah says, is that it comes in between earth and Heaven. It emphasizes the physical side of life. It persuades people that feasting and the pleasure of the senses are of chief importance. It dulls the sensitiveness of the soul. Finally, the strong drinker regards not the work of the Lord. He forgets God.

Between Good and Evil. Another evil consequence of a drinking habit is that it blurs the distinction between good and evil. It diminishes the fear of God, so that, while men are pulling sin and penalty toward them as with a cart-rope, they defy God, saying: "Let him make speed!" It makes it easy for men to take darkness for light and light for darkness, and to be wise in their own eyes. It makes the conscience deaf and dumb.

Against the Welfare of the People. They who by intemperance have lost the sensitiveness of their soul, and have deprived their conscience of speech and hearing, become enemies of society. It is bad enough that they should be the enemies of their own success and happiness, and that the mean man and the mighty man should be brought low together; but these offenders blight the joy of the general life. They break the hearts of those who care for them the most, and they prove false to their trusts. They take bribes to justify the wicked for reward. They forfeit the confidence of their friends. It seems impossible at the beginning, but Isaiah had seen it worked out within his own observation.

Old Dutch Cleanser

is now the **only** cleanser employed by modern housewives to keep their homes clean, bright and spick and span from cellar to attic. This **one**, handy, all-round cleanser does **all** the cleaning work formerly done by soap, soap-powders, scouring-bricks and metal-polishes—and does it with **half** the labor, time and expense necessary with these old-fashioned cleaners.

Old Dutch Cleanser **cleans, scrubs, scours and polishes**—wood floors, woodwork, painted walls, enamel and porcelain tubs, mosaics, tiling, marble, glassware, cutlery, pots, kettles, pans, boilers, sinks, flat-irons, facets, door-knobs, railings, brass, steel, etc. It is too fine and feathery to scratch, and keeps the hands soft and white.

Large, Sifting-Top Can **10c**
(At All Grocers')

The Cudahy Packing Co.
So. Omaha, Neb.
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We'll gladly pay 22c postage to send you this can of Old Dutch Cleanser, should your grocer not happen to keep it, if you'll send us his name and 10c in stamps. Also write for free booklet "Hints for Housewives." Dept. 106

Note
Sifting-
Top



The Minister's Social Helper

Speaks a Good Word for The Ladies' Aids and Gives Them Some Novel Suggestions for Raising Money

LAST spring there appeared in this magazine an article entitled "For the Good of the Church," which advocated the assessing of the women of the church a certain amount every year, instead of having them wear themselves out body and soul with fairs, suppers and whatnot. I heartily approve the saneness of that article, to say the least, not to mention its spiritual values. No one believes more heartily than I do in the great movement in the church today, especially among its young people, toward tithing one's income and giving systematically, avoiding all this effort of raising money under stress and provocation. But this page this month is "For the Good of The Ladies' Aid," and this is the reason why:

A woman who lives in South—oh, no! I'm not going to tell you where she lives; her husband might recognize himself—wrote to me because she had something to say on the other side of the question. I'll tell you a few of the things she said in her letter:

"In the little town where I live the church is small and the salary of a minister would be well-nigh impossible were it not for the work of the women. Our Ladies' Aid pledges itself to raise so much a year toward the pastor's salary. We have a cake and bread sale or a supper, then with an ice-cream sale and a sale of fancy articles we raise the money.

"Maybe we do wear ourselves nearly sick and pay for it in nerves. It would be nicer and easier to say: 'I am tired of all this, and I will give the money instead and be free.' But where shall we get the money to give? For the many who, like myself, have not even a nickel to put on the collection plate without asking for it, I see no other way. I can't go to the head of the house and demand the money, for he would say: 'I am giving now more than I can afford.' I have tried the asking way.

"We women want the pleasure of giving to our church, but until the money question is more equally settled between husband and wife I am afraid we shall have to 'work it out.'"
A WORKER.

I wonder if it ever did occur to the critics that all that thousands of women have to tithe are their time and the products of their hands! So until the brethren shoulder—no, no, I mean get down on their knees to laying carpet on the parsonage floor, and give to meet all needs, the sisters will have to keep at it.

This page aims to present in its church social and financial suggestions only honest methods of conducting these affairs. And, in case the good husbands don't "loosen up" on the purse-strings this autumn, we'll just plunge right in now and talk about some ways by which The Ladies' Aid can have a little bit of fun—truly, it's the only diversion some women have—and make a large bit of money.



For a Guessing Contest

A PENNY is the same size today as it was not so long ago when the ladies of the Aid were little girls, but somehow it seems to take more pennies to satisfy us. I have seen such wonderful things accomplished by simply the ingathering literally of the pennies that I want to point out some of these good ways.

To gather "A Mile of Pennies" is the stupendous task which is just now one of the most popular ways of raising money for benevolent purposes. The plan is worked in different ways as best suits local conditions. A mile of pennies means \$844.80, as sixteen pennies cover one foot. Some societies have distributed three-foot lengths of adhesive plaster one inch in width, on which the pennies have been stuck, starting the strip with a bright new penny. Other societies have used the sealed slips, or coin collectors, one foot long, in which the pennies are visible, which come for this purpose; while still others have used the ever-popular little bag. The prepared slips come in two colors, so that it is possible to carry out the contest plan which creates so much enthusiasm. Don't you need "A Mile of Pennies" in your society? Here is the plan explained in verse:

Fifty-two hundred eighty feet
Stretched out make just one mile,
And sixteen cents for every foot
Are enough to be worth while.

It won't take long to get the cents
To fill a foot or two.
Then if you've sense to work right on
And others help you, too,

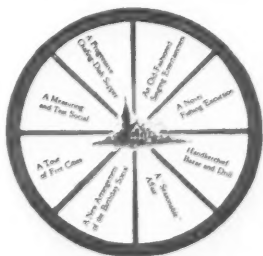
You'll be surprised to find ere long
The task that seemed so great
Is done with ease, for foot by foot
Pennies accumulate.



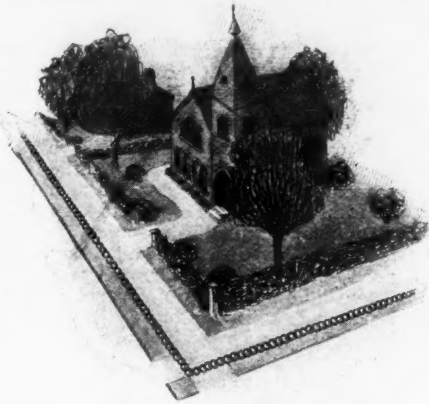
16 Pennies—1 Foot

I NSTEAD of trying to cover a mile a woman's society in a Pennsylvania church decided to cover a line drawn around the church property, including the adjoining parsonage. They announced through their church paper at what point the line would start, and reports were made from time to time in the paper how far the line had reached. Any one interested could cover as many inches or as many feet as desired. When I heard from them the women were busy planning for a "Sixteen Social"—because of the sixteen pennies in a foot—at which time the line would be declared completed and the total announced. They were going to charge sixteen cents admission, admit every sixteenth one free, have sixteen numbers on the program, etc.

One form of entertainment for such a social might be the guessing of the number of pennies on a disk, something like the picture. Make a double row around the edge—merely drawn circles will do—and make the initials L. A. in pennies. Give each one a certain number of seconds to guess, charging, if you like, one cent to have the guess recorded, and giving a penny of this year's coinage as a souvenir to the most successful guesser. Refreshments sold by the penny's worth would be an innovation



- An Old-Fashioned Singing Entertainment
- A Novel Fishing Excursion
- Handkerchief Bazar and Drill
- A "Seasonable" Affair
- A New Arrangement of the Birthday Social
- A Tour of Five Cities
- A Measuring and Test Social
- A Progressive Chafing-Dish Supper



How Many Pennies Would Go Around Your Church Property?

the social when the "paving" pennies are brought in; those who have not "paved" paying their admission in this way.

For every letter in your name
A penny take and cast the same
Within this little pocket;
And if you would be very nice
Go through this operation twice,
Then quickly shut and lock it.

Attend our Social on this date,
Where music fine and games of fate
Will entertain and please you;
Refreshments, too, will be on hand,
Served to you by our faithful band,
And that will surely cheer you.

BUT here's another way to make money, and this, too, will be popular because it has to do with something we see every day. In the West more than in the East, I think, the women of the church have been successful in disposing of newspapers and magazines by the carloads. When the plan was proposed in an Iowa society and the method outlined every one was eager to get to work. Every woman helped to solicit papers and magazines. They collected until they had enough to warrant their securing a car to ship to a paper pulp mill. They were paid eighty cents for every hundredweight of magazines, and seventy cents for every hundredweight of newspapers. They secured barn-room for storage and had the magazines tied in bundles separately from the papers for convenience in weighing. As they needed money they shipped before they had a carload and were delighted to receive a check for one hundred and two dollars. There were some expenses to pay for carting, etc., but the verdict was that the whole experience was like finding money. And now they are at it again. They expect to make one hundred and eighty dollars on their next car, which will contain a full load. They tell me the car is thirty feet long, six feet high and seven feet wide, and if you can fill a space of those dimensions you may be sure you have a carload which will weigh about thirty thousand pounds.



Turning Newspapers into Money

DID you ever give a potato supper? It is novel—and inexpensive. The reason why I am telling you about this is because of the catchy invitation. If you should have this invitation printed on brown paper I am sure the people would come out of curiosity, and to help along in the way the last line so aptly suggests.

A Sociable next Friday night!
Look down below, first left, then right,
And you will see the "Bill-of-Fare"
In English language written there:
POTATOES HOT, POTATOES OLD,
POTATOES NEW, POTATOES COLD.
Some we will boil and some we'll bake,
And some serve in a hot loaf-cake;
Potatoes also we'll prepare
In brown croquettes as light as air,
And some make up in griddle-cakes
As nice as any French cook makes.
And then dessert—for those who wish
We will prepare some dainty dish,
"Fit for the gods," you'll think, we know,
Though mostly made of potato.

This sociable is to be given
Between the hours of four and seven,
At ——— Hall next Friday night,
And one and all we here invite:
Be sure to come; don't be afraid.
Your presence will—"THE LADIES AID."

ANOTHER good plan is to regard the church and the community as being bounded by the rim of a huge imaginary wheel. Let the church building and its officials represent the Hub, and then divide into eight sections and let some responsible person in each section represent a Spoke and act as treasurer. Each Spoke confers with the Hub as to dates, so that socials and entertainments in different sections do not conflict. A California Aid Society tried this and each Spoke cleared on an average ninety-six dollars. You could arrange for as many Spokes as you wish. You will find suggestions for socials and entertainments for eight Spokes in the wheel pictured on the left, and you may have details of these affairs if you wish them by sending to me a self-addressed stamped envelope. Each section might work, say, for six months, giving as many money-making affairs as it chose, or just one evening's entertainment on a large scale might be given. A division of work makes labor light.

"There are earthly ways of doing Heavenly things," and let us not forget that it is largely due in many cases to the efforts of the Saint Marthas in the church that its individual societies are able to follow the advice of a certain tentmaker to "owe no man anything."

A WISCONSIN society used the little bag and sent out this advertisement on a dainty card to which a bag was fastened:

WANTED!
Workers to assist in paving a mile with pennies. For safekeeping each bag of paving pennies should be stored, when filled, with the Paving Manager, MRS. JOHN BLANK.

Here is a good form of invitation for a pleasant evening's entertainment when you plan to have music and games and refreshments, and here again is the reason for its success: it appeals to each guest individually, and Mr. John Johns can get in for nine cents, while Mr. William Williams will have to pay fifteen cents—for which he won't be to blame. It is really a good fault on his part. Or, a penny for each foot in height might be asked. This would also be a good form of invitation to use for

The Shoes this Fall

will surprise you.
Never were they so varied.
In every way conceivable new touches are given.

THIS shows the trend of fashion. Has the new blunt toe that will be worn so much this fall. No. 70 Red Cross button boot, made in tan, with suede or cloth top; and in patent leather or in dull calf, \$4.00.



"It bends with the foot"

These two models give you some idea of what to expect—the waved tops, the braiding, the colors and perforations. To get all the new ideas write for the Red Cross Style Book, illustrated in colors. It shows every style that will be worn. Thousands of women use it for a guide in choosing shoes. Write for it today. Have it sent you every season.

Get style and comfort get both

It is not the shape, not the style of the ordinary shoe, that makes it hurt. Ninety-five out of every 100 cases of foot suffering can be traced directly to stiff soles! Their constant rub, rub, rub is what brings hard, callous places, what makes your feet draw, burn, ache. In the Red Cross Shoe, there is none of this rubbing.

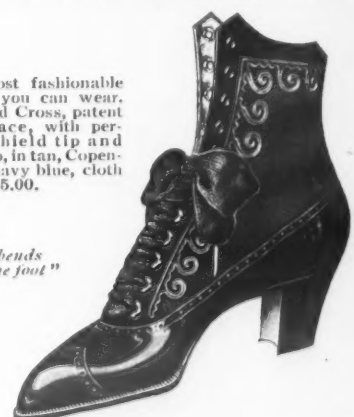


"It bends with the foot" (Trade-Mark)

Red Cross Shoe

Its sole is flexible. It is tanned by the special Red Cross process which preserves all its natural life and suppleness. It is of regular thickness, yet it bends with the foot, follows every movement, just as a glove moves with the hand. Don't think this an exaggeration. Go to your dealer's and see the Red Cross. Bend it. Walk in it. Know for yourself the feeling of ease, of freedom, the buoyant, springy sensation it gives! See what a wonderful difference its flexible sole does make!

THE most fashionable model you can wear. No. 89 Red Cross, patent leather lace, with perforated shield tip and braided top, in tan, Copenhagen or navy blue, cloth or suede, \$5.00.



"It bends with the foot"

The Red Cross is sold in New York and Brooklyn by I. Hlyn & Sons—9 stores; Newark, E. Heyman; Jersey City, Bernstein & Co.; Baltimore, I. Tweeter, I. Benesch & Sons; Washington, S. Kann Sons & Co.; Pittsburg, The Red Cross Shoe Store, 210 Sixth St.; Buffalo, The Wm. Hengeler Co.; Cleveland, The Wm. Taylor Son & Co., The May Co., G. W. Crouse; Detroit, Lavolette & Prudhomme, 49 Mich. Ave.; Cincinnati, The Potter Shoe Co., The Alms & Doecke Co.; Louisville, Herman Straus & Sons Co.; New Orleans, A. Shwartz & Son; St. Louis, The Mitchell Shoe Co., Swope Shoe Co., J. G. Brandt Shoe Co.; Chicago, Mandel Bros., The Boston Store, Robbinschild & Co., J. L. Temple; Minneapolis, A. Knoblach & Sons; St. Paul, Mannheimer Bros.; Kansas City, Robinson Shoe Co.; San Francisco, A. Goodman & Sons; and leading dealers in all cities.

Look for the trade-mark and the name Krohn, Fechheimer & Co. If your dealer hasn't the Red Cross, write us and we shall give you the name of one who has or supply you direct. Fit guaranteed. Oxfords, \$3.50. High shoes, \$4. Special styles de luxe: Oxfords \$4. High shoes, \$5. Write today for Style Book.

Krohn, Fechheimer & Co.
501-521 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati

NOTE—The Minister's Social Helper will be glad to aid church workers through personal correspondence if a stamped addressed envelope is inclosed, and will pay for any idea sent to her which she can use.

What Other Girls Tell Dolly

DEAR GIRLS:

I wonder if this month seems to you—as it does to me—to be the time for “getting ready,” as it were, for the autumn and winter, casting a few last lingering looks back upon the happy summer that is almost gone. This latter fact may be vividly recalled by some article of dress which you feel is not yet ready to be discarded. Possibly your blue linen dress has become much faded. Now is the time to have it dyed a good blue, for you can wear it in our mild climate for two months more. Your black hat is, I am sure, ready for a thorough shoe-polish bath, and to have the faded flowers replaced by a stylish quill or wing. Pumps and ties feel themselves going at the heels and need straightening, while new laces or bows and perhaps half-soleing will extend their lease of life for three months longer. And so one's whole wardrobe may be renovated just a little to effect a good appearance for this between-season. Then, too, it is a splendid time to plan a few little things for the house—some of the lighter draperies. Launder all the muslins and linens that may be useful for scarfs, pillows or doilies, and let them be your fancy-work for the next six or eight weeks, so when your house-cleaning is over in October all your pretties will be ready for their respective places.

The Neat Girls Tell How

“I DO dislike to use pins in dressing. Don't you?” asked Iris. “In making some new sets of collars, bows and jabots I sewed an invisible eye on the front of each collar and fastened a small hook pointing upward on the bows and jabots. This holds them secure without pinning.”

One of the first things to be done in another house was to ravel out some crocheted shawls that were soiled and to wind the yarn into balls, being careful to tie it if it broke. The balls were then wound off into skeins and carefully tied four or five times; these were thoroughly washed and dried in a warm place, but not hanging, as the yarn must not be stretched. This made tufts for a new comfortable.

“Last autumn,” Canada writes in a recent letter, “I searched in vain at our boot-stores for gaiters in the length I wanted. They cost a dollar, and the storekeepers assured me that the longer ones would be a dollar and a half, made to order. At home were remnants of two old black broadcloth jackets from which I had evolved one good-looking new coat for autumn wear. From the left-over pieces I cut the gaiter sections, using my old ones as patterns. The lower part of the back and the strap I strengthened with kid from an old pair of boots; the edges containing the buttons and buttonholes were reinforced with strong black sateen from the piece-bag. The top, bottom and seams were made neat with black tape inside and machine-stitching outside. I used the buttons and buckles from my old gaiters. All I had to buy was a bunch of black tape and a spool of black buttonhole twist for the buttonholes. A tan coat would have resulted in tan gaiters.”

The patent fasteners of discarded kid gloves make first-class fasteners for skirt plackets. In removing them from gloves leave enough of the kid to stitch the fastener on with.

“My Economy,” Says Anna, “took the form of making four curtains and an evening waist out of ten yards of net, and the cost was just four dollars. I was unwilling to endure a cheap, ready-made curtain. So I purchased a plain écu net, in the forty-cent quality. I divided it into parts for the windows, allowing a sufficient quantity for hem and some tucks. As I was folding my remaining strips of net it occurred to me that perhaps I had enough to make a net waist. I found that I could utilize a cast-off écu pongee waist for a foundation. Then I found some odds and ends of écu trimmings. After adding a finish of narrow lace at collar and cuffs I had a very dainty waist.”

“I longed so for pretty clothes for my trousseau,” writes a bride-to-be. “I was not able to afford a fine corset, so I got a plain one of good quality, then with a little beading and ribbon I followed all the lines or seams. I trimmed the top and bottom edges with a frill of lace and ribbon—and a daintier corset I have never seen.”

A charming letter from Betty: “From a trip to the Orient my uncle brought me a wonderful piece of heavy Chinese embroidery, but, unfortunately, it was done on a strip of satin of an impossible shade of green. With a pair of nail-scissors I carefully cut out the figures of the embroidery, flowers and leaves and butterflies in the natural colors. These I twisted and arranged on a black broadcloth coat which I had made, until I formed revers-shaped designs on the fronts, and a little decoration for the cuffs; I applied it all with fine silk and tiny stitches until the fastening was scarcely noticeable. I cut a pattern from my leather ‘Peggy-bag,’ and made a bag like it of black velvet, applied a little more of the embroidery and lined it with the same pale-gray satin that the coat is lined with. I bought a hat-frame, covered it with black silk braid, stuck on a white plume, and I have quite a striking outfit.”

It is an Evening Scarf about which Leila tells us. “It was ridiculously easy to make, being nothing but a piece of crepe de chine two yards and a half long and a yard and a half wide. Each end is gathered into a close knot with a silk tassel fastened to it. The scarf is thrown about the shoulders, with the ends hanging down in front. The right end is then brought around the throat and put over the hair. The tassel comes over the left temple and the gathered end of the silk forms a little hood for the head. If the hair is done high, so that the tassel comes well off the forehead, the effect is charmingly coquettish.”

Some Easy Helps—Educationally

MABEL is increasing her vocabulary each day by writing five or ten words from her dictionary and memorizing them with their meanings.

Alice loves to own books, but with her limited income she cannot manage to buy very many, so she buys bargains in a second-hand store, choosing those in the best condition. Among them one day were “The Lady of the Lake” and “Childe Harold,” each for a ten-cent piece; the text was in a perfectly good condition in each case, but the covers of white linen and a green-figured cloth were very soiled. A rubbing down with art gum made them beautifully clean,

and over the corners—which were badly worn—she fitted new little corners of white passepartout tape and added a tiny line of gold to keep them in touch with the decoration.

Mary is never seen without a tiny pocket-edition of some famous work. These little volumes can be tucked inside one's shirtwaist or in a hand-bag, and are such good friends with whom to while away a ten-minute wait in a railroad station or a dress-maker's parlor.

Vernan has such a charming idea for a book-plate, though she is afraid it dare not claim such a dignity—it is so tiny, with just a little individuality. She cut from a copy of THE JOURNAL the little heads of Minerva and pasted them in the middle of the flyleaves of her “best-beloved” books, with her name and the date of acquisition.

“A Few Years Ago,” Michigan writes to me, “I was a girl of fifteen years living on a farm five miles from a town of any size and three miles from a town of any kind. I had finished the country school of eight grades, and my longing was to attend a High School. At the town five miles distant was a twelve-grade school which my brother had attended, and which I desired to attend, but this was out of the question. My mother's health was poor, and I was needed at home

to assist her. So I looked about for the next best thing. My brother was teaching in a High School, and he suggested that I should take up the studies of the first year at home. He wrote out some outlines and acted as general adviser and counselor to me. My mother had been a school-teacher in her younger days and she aided me in every way possible.

“The next summer I raised poultry and secured sufficient money for all my personal expenses and had some left for school expenses, if I were fortunate enough to need any for that purpose. At the town three miles away there was a ten-grade school; here I resolved to go with my cousin, who lived near me and who was also anxious to attend school. We resolved to plan together. My father had an old horse which was not required in the work of the farm. My cousin could furnish a carriage and a harness. This was our outfit. To make a long story short, as the novelists say, we drove to school in the morning and returned at night during the entire year. A part of the time the weather and roads were terrible. In May we had the satisfaction of receiving the coveted diploma.

“My next summer was passed much as the previous two summers had been. I had by no means given up the idea of a complete High-School education. My brother again came to the rescue, and I continued to study by myself as before. I read good books of all kinds, including the works of Shakespeare. The second year of this work is now passing, and although my plan of study at the High School has not yet materialized, I feel that my time has been well spent.”

By Way of New Little Furnishings

A GOOD way to use up your brother's ties and your own old ribbons is to cut them into strips, sew them as you would sew carpet-rags, winding them on a ball. Make a frame about the size of a sofa-pillow out of one-inch strips of wood and put nails half an inch apart on opposite sides. Wind the rags around these nails across the frame, and thread a bodkin with the rags. Weave them back and forth as the kindergartners weave their mats. The result will be a stunning sofa-pillow top. Sateen makes a good back for it.

If you need some dainty small white pillows, Margaret says, you can possibly use the embroidered fronts of some waists of which the sleeves are worn out. Parts of the backs and sleeves may be converted into ruffles around the pillow.

Another idea is a way to use left-over pieces of voile. Martha got almost a yard too much of rather coarse cream-white voile, double width, but it all “came in handy” for curtains with stenciled borders. Of the smaller pieces were fashioned square pincushions worked in cross-stitch and lined with colored material; and also little hem-stitched square doilies with a conventional pattern done in satin and outline-stitch in dull lavender, gray-green, lemon and orange.

“How Do You Like my dressing-table?” asks Marie. “It had once been a long, drop-leaf, cherry side-table, but the poor thing had lost both leaves, and nothing was left but a narrow, battered top, supported by four graceful legs. I found an old sheet, folded it the desired size, laid it on the top and tacked it down over the sides, which were about five inches deep. Some of the plain white Swiss strips left from my curtains were sufficient for a ruffle. For the top I used a piece of white Swiss dotted with blue to match my blue-and-white room. A little blue-and-white jardinière made an artistic match-holder, and I evolved a fancy blue-and-white shade for my candlestick. You would have to see it to appreciate the dainty and unusual effect.”

Farewell, everybody! Many happy returns of all the birthdays of the months. With best love,
DOLLY.



THE Dainty Waist that a Pennsylvania Girl Made from an Old Braided Pillow-Sham



“How Do You Like My Dressing-Table?” Asks Marie



THE Gossard CORSETS

Style
—and
More

You, Madam, who would not wear a gown of last year's mode—

Are you wearing a corset eight years behind the times?

—Or, the Gossard—the front-lacing corset of to-day?

The Gossard Corset is not only “correct style,” but artistic, supremely comfortable, hygienic.

Because back-lacing corsets were inartistic, Mme. Consuello Foulde de Grasse, the famous Parisian painter, in 1900, conceived the idea of a front-lacing, habit-back corset. The idea was developed for her by Mme. Margaine La Croix, the noted French gown-maker.

The Gossard Corset is that creation, perfected and brought down to date.

It conforms to the teaching of that famous English Master Student of Beauty, Hogarth, who wrote that the spinal column of a perfectly formed woman is the most beautiful line in art.

The Gossard Corset does not disguise or deform that line—it develops and brings out its true effect in the shapely, habit-fitting back. It contributes to greater symmetry of waist and bodice.

The Gossard Corset is the modiste's choice, because it gives her a more perfect figure to fit.

Because the line of beauty is the line of health, the Gossard is endorsed by physicians; it gives splendid support and buoyancy—holds the spine—and gives free play to the vital organs.

Thinking women will realize that one Gossard Corset at \$5 is more economical than three ordinary corsets at \$2 each. Gossard Corsets are for sale throughout the country by the store which ranks first in class in each city—where an expert Gossard fitter will invariably be found—and by the best dressmakers.

Write for the name of the Gossard agent in the city nearest you, and a Free copy of our charming *Storie* by a well-known author.

The H. W. Gossard Company
Importers, Manufacturers, Retailers
Station A 9
Steinway Hall, Chicago

Factories:
BELVIDERE, ILL.
DIXON, ILL. ELKHART, IND.

For sale in New York by
James McCutcheon & Co.
345 Fifth Avenue
Olstead Corset Co.
44 W. 22nd St.

For sale in
Brooklyn by
Abrahams
& Straus

Bridal Showers for Autumn Brides

A Group of Bright Suggestions from Two Contributors

THE showers described here were given by a club of girls to various members who at happily-short intervals took unto themselves husbands, and as all the showers were economical ones and given at regular club-meetings so as to avoid extra expense, they will doubtless prove suggestive to other girls.

The first was a "Passepartout Picture Shower," and the gifts, prepared at a club-meeting, were made from good reproductions of masterpieces which one can buy for a penny apiece; some were taken from magazines, and some were camera pictures of familiar haunts. An artistic member of the club had evolved a beautiful illuminated motto, and another brought one of her own pen-and-ink sketches; both of these were framed in passepartout.

Then came a "Plant Shower," for the bride-to-be was a lover of flowers. A few had known of the plan long enough before to have some ferns and plants well started; others just started slips; all done with practically no expense beyond the pots.



oil silk, a bag for soiled collars and cuffs, another for milady's kerchiefs and turnovers, one of black sateen for rubbers, another to hold dust-cloth and sleeve-protectors, one for the clothespins, a shopping-bag, a fancy-work bag, one for opera glasses, one for mending, another for parties large enough to hold the sippers, with a lace-trimmed chamois-skin tucked in a little pocket.

At our last and most enjoyable shower we "showered" articles made of the not-to-be-despised flour-sack. Our bride was going into a humble little cottage, and what we made we knew would be in keeping with other things. We had bleached the sacks until they were of snowy whiteness, then starched and ironed them, and one would be surprised at the results. There was a pillow-cover with a conventional design outlined in different shades of blue mercerized floss, a pair of stenciled curtains for a small bathroom window, pads for dresser drawers made with one layer of sheet wadding, sachet powder, knotted with blue baby ribbon and caught together around the edges with blue floss. Covers for small tables were made by double-hemstitching the sack. Last of all, the busiest girls hemmed theirs to use for wiping dishes!

—JESSIE M. FORD.

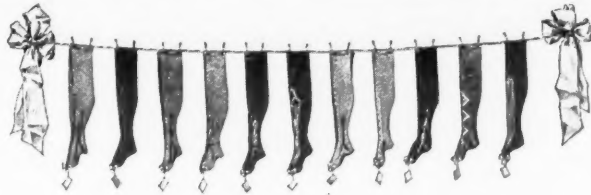
NEXT week the girls gave a "Recipe Shower." We bought a notebook with flexible cover, and the hostess made for it a cover of an old piece of tan linen and embroidered a simple design in brown. Each member took as many leaves as she could fill, and wrote some good recipe on it, giving specific directions. Some decorated their pages with pen work; others pasted especially good ideas cut from magazines, while others filled their pages with illustrations of handy shelves, table decorations, etc., so that when all were bound our little bride had a book to which she could turn in many an emergency.

Then we had a "Sachet Shower." We had sachets made of all kinds of materials scented with dried rose-petals and lavender. There were sachets for the linen-closet, for the dresser drawers, scented coat hangers, trunk pads, and tiny little ones to fasten in waists.

Our "Bag Shower" called forth not a little ingenuity, as it was agreed we would spend practically nothing on it. There was a sponge-bag lined with

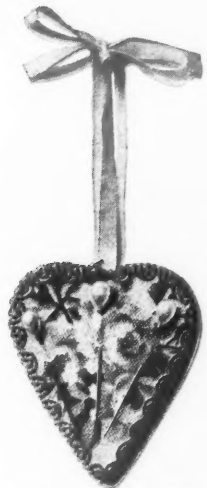
ONE little bride of last season was made happy by some friends who gave her a luncheon and "Hosiery Shower" combined. The table was decorated with smilax and asparagus ferns, and laid for twelve guests. The chair at the foot of the table was tied with a white satin bow and three "Bride" roses. A Cupid hung suspended by a white ribbon from the drop-light, above the bowl of ferns and "Bride" roses in the centre. Across the dining-room was stretched a rope, wound with white ribbon, from which hung eleven pairs of silk stockings, arranged so that they covered only the space across the table. These were clasped to the rope by tiny gilded clothespins. From the toes of each pair the giver's card dangled by a narrow white ribbon.

—ELSIE CLEAVER.



Novelties in Party Favors

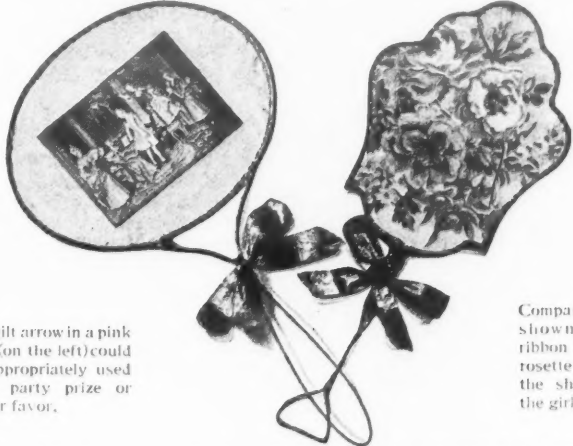
By Emma H. Heath



This cretonne-covered card pincushion is a pretty favor for a luncheon.



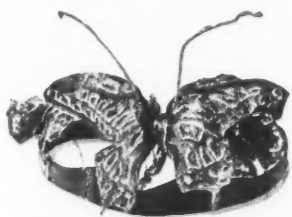
The gilt arrow in a pink rose (on the left) could be appropriately used as a party prize or dinner favor.



Hand fire-screens, like those shown above, make pleasing party favors. The frames are filled with cretonne or silk and bound with tinsel ribbon.



Companion favors are shown in these gift ribbon bows, the lapel rosette for the man and the shoulder bow for the girl.



Evening party favors in decorated paper butterflies—the gilt crowns to be worn by the girls, and penwipers by the men, pinned to their coats.



When the girls wear floral wreaths like the dainty one shown above, either in natural flowers or of fancy paper, the men wear boutonnières of the same kind of flowers.

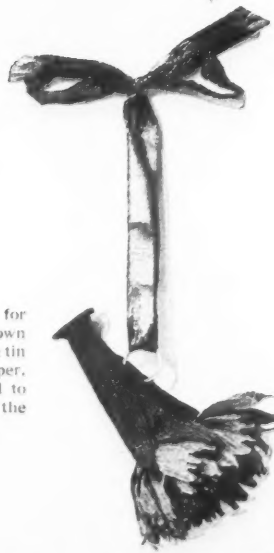


The ball pincushion above, made of cotton and covered with Japanese paper, is for the girls.

Our beloved "Teddy Bear" in fancy paper with a sandpaper back for a match scratcher goes to the men at a party.



One of the prettiest cotillion favors is the decorated hoop which should be slipped over the arm.



An amusing favor for a man is the one shown on the right—a little tin horn covered with paper. It should be pinned to the coat lapel by the bow of gilt ribbon.

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No. E 325: Silk Lisle, Black and Colors—None Better. Price 50c.

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Hawkes Cut Glass

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Helping Teachers in a Common Problem

A Practical Plan of "Seat Work" for the Youngest Children

By Aljean Edward Starr

OUR public schools being as crowded as they are today, it often happens that anywhere from forty-five to sixty-five First-Grade children, divided as a rule into two groups, one six months in advance of the other, and designated as Division A and Division B, are placed under the care of one teacher, and perhaps the greatest problem which this teacher has to solve is the arranging of suitable "seat work" for Division B, the little people who have entered school for the first time.

These little people come to us with minds that are almost blank; figures, letters, words are as yet undiscovered worlds, original work is impossible. The most they can do is to imitate, and that none too accurately at first. And so the teacher finds her ingenuity taxed to the uttermost to arrange feasible "seat work" with which to keep Division B busy while Division A is reciting.

The following plan is especially arranged for those children who enter school for the first time. As all teaching advances from the known to the unknown, little except copying can be done with either words or figures for the first month and a half at least. Always picture your words—when you tell the children to draw or cut a certain figure draw it on the blackboard; if they are told to write, write on the blackboard; keep the object or word constantly before the children, requiring memory work only when repetition has sufficiently impressed it. The following plan of daily "seat work" allows twenty days to the school month:

SEPTEMBER:

1. Distribute the boxes of cardboard squares. (Boxes containing small cardboard squares of all colors, such as are found in almost all schoolrooms.) Put all the blue squares in one pile, and all the red ones in another. (This work may seem too puerile, but many children do not accurately distinguish colors.)
2. Give each child a piece of white cardboard, the thinnest obtainable, on which are the figures 1, 2, 3, very large, a darning-needle, some colored zephyr. Outline the figures with the zephyr in small stitches.
3. Draw a square, cut a square, fold a square. (Draw a square on the board, but suggest no dimensions; the children are too young.)
4. Distribute the boxes of cardboard squares. Build a big blue square out of all the small ones.
5. Write 1, 2, 3 on the board. Supply the children with "unmarked" cardboard, needle and zephyr. Form the figures 1, 2, 3. (On the second day they merely "outlined" the figures; here, as the cardboard is unmarked, they are supposed to form them for themselves, merely looking toward the board for their model. "Outline" means with the figures already drawn upon the cardboard. "Form" means blank cardboard, with the example upon the board.)
6. Draw an oblong, fold an oblong, cut an oblong. (Always illustrate at the board except when the directions say: "From memory.")
7. Build the letters A, E, F, H, I out of paste-sticks—the thin, flat sticks used by the children when pasting.
8. Make the flag of the United States. Give each child a sheet each of red, of blue and of white paper (the small four-by-four colored squares used in kindergartens will answer nicely), a pair of scissors, paste and paste-sticks. Place a flag, or the picture of one, in full view. Have the children cut the red and the white paper into oblong strips, and cut a small square out of the blue paper. Paste the oblongs and square on a sheet of tablet paper so as to form the flag, cut out, paste the paste-stick to one end to be used as a staff. (Of course, the stars in the flag are omitted as too difficult.)
9. Distribute the boxes of colored squares. Put all the yellow in one pile and all the green in another.
10. Outline the word "Cat" with zephyr. (See directions for the second day of the month.)
11. Distribute the boxes of colored squares. Build a big green oblong.
12. Outline 1=I, 2=II, 3=III.
13. Cut two squares; color one red and one blue. (This is the first time that the children have been asked to cut two, so be sure to see that they recognize the number.) Use colored crayons.
14. Write the word "Cat" on the board. Form on cardboard with zephyr.
15. Make the flag of France. (See the directions for the United States flag, eighth day. The flags suggested in this outline are those that require the cutting of oblongs and squares only, and so come within the child's scope.)
16. Give each child a sheet of white paper, a pencil, scissors, a yellow, a red and a green crayon. Place in full view an orange, a banana and an apple; draw, cut and color the three fruits. (Endeavor to have perfectly-shaped specimens.)
17. Write and sew 1, 2, 3 from memory.
18. Draw a triangle, cut a triangle.
19. Outline the word "The" with zephyr.
20. Cut three triangles; color yellow.

OCTOBER:

1. Make the flag of Belgium. (See the directions for the United States flag, September, eighth day.)
2. Outline on cardboard 4=IV, 5=V, 6=VI.
3. Draw, cut and color fruits. Place in full view a lemon, a pear and a blue plum. (See directions for September, sixteenth day.)
4. Distribute fifteen paste-sticks to each child; build a square, a triangle, an oblong.
5. Make a cabin. Draw a triangle, cut a door half-way between the ends of the base, slightly turn back the ends of the base, place upright upon the desk. (It would be well for the teacher to make one first in view of the children.)
6. Outline 3, 4, 5 with zephyr.
7. Build from memory the letters A, E, F, H, I. Build with paste-sticks.
8. Write and outline "The" from memory.
9. Distribute the boxes of colored squares. Put all of each color in a separate pile.
10. Build the letters L, M, N, T with paste-sticks.
11. Make a stable. Draw and cut an oblong, cut out a door from each of the four long sides, slightly fold back the two ends, place upright upon the desk.
12. Outline "Where." (It is well to use abstract words, for they are the most difficult for the child to achieve and it helps to impress them.)
13. Write and outline the word "Cat" from memory.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE DULLEY

14. Outline 4, 5, 6 with zephyr.
15. Form "Where" with zephyr.
16. Build the letters W, X, Y, Z with paste-sticks.
17. Write and sew 3, 4, 5 from memory.
18. Draw a circle, a square, a triangle, an oblong.
19. Cut a square, fold into halves, then into fourths, cut into four equal parts.
20. Build all the figures that you know. Build from memory.

NOVEMBER:

1. Cut three squares; color one green, one purple and one brown.
2. Cut oblong strips of paper; paste them so as to form the letters W, X, Y, Z from memory.
3. Cut three triangles, then cut twice as many.
4. Make the flag of Spain.
5. Outline "I see." (Outline meaning, as before, on cardboard with zephyr. It is supposed that "I" and "see" have been previously learned.)
6. Draw five lines, make four dots, and draw two squares. (Do not specify dimensions, as this is meant merely for the recognition of the numbers 5, 4 and 2.)
7. Copy from the board the words, "Cat," "Dog," "The." Copy each word four times. (Use pencil and paper, not slates.)
8. Outline 8, 9, 10.
9. Cut twelve one-inch squares and color red; cut twelve one-inch squares and color black. (Use red crayon and charcoal.) Save the squares.
10. Copy from the board the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Copy each figure seven times. (Use pencil and paper.)
11. Outline the sentence: "I see the cat."
12. Break five paste-sticks into halves, lay in piles of two each. How many piles? How many pieces in all?
13. Make the Rob Roy Clan Tartan. Give each child a piece of white cardboard four inches by six inches, paste, paste-sticks, and the colored squares saved from the ninth. Cover the cardboard with the squares, alternating the red and the black.
14. Copy from the board the words "See," "Is," "When," "To." Copy each word eight times.
15. Draw four oblongs, three squares, two triangles and seven lines.
16. Copy from the board the sentences: "See the dog!" "I see the dog." "Can you see the dog?" Copy each sentence three times. (Impress the idea of punctuation. Call the exclamation-point a "Mark of Surprise"—it is easier.)
17. Give each child four paste-sticks, break each one into three parts, lay in piles of two each. How many piles?
18. Supply the children with the pattern of a pumpkin which has a stem. Trace a pumpkin on white cardboard, cut out and color the stem green and the pumpkin yellow. Use colored crayons. (As it is near Thanksgiving Day pictures of pumpkins can be found in most of the newspapers; use these as original patterns, cutting the others out of manila paper.)
19. Write from memory: "I see the bird. Where is the bird?" (This presupposes that all these words have been used frequently.)
20. Outline $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.

DECEMBER:

1. Draw three squares, cut out. Cut one into halves, one into thirds and one into fourths. (In the schoolroom of today the children are taught the fractional parts right along with the units, so that one-half, one-third, etc., are as familiar terms as one, two, three.)
2. Distribute the boxes of "Anagrams." (Boxes of small cardboard squares with printed letters on each.) Pick out all the letters "t," "h" and "e." See how many times you can make the word "the."
3. Outline 7=VII, 8=VIII, 9=IX.
4. Plait cord. Give each child three pieces of cord, each one yard long.
5. Make blotters. Give each child a piece of blotting-paper twelve inches by eight, cut in halves lengthwise; cut each half into three equal parts. Cut a four-inch square out of green cardboard, punch a hole through all the squares with the green cardboard on top. Tie together with gilt cord. Print "Merry Christmas" across the card. (Have the words "Merry Christmas" printed on the board.)
6. String cranberries. Use to decorate the room.
7. Make the flag of Ecuador.
8. Distribute the boxes of "Anagrams." See how many times you can build the word "Where." (See December, second day.)
9. Trace and cut gilt stars. Give each child a piece of gilt paper and the pattern of a star, about half an inch from point to point. Trace and cut. Save the stars.
10. Form $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.
11. Write a sentence using the word "Cat." Write a question using the words "Dog" and "Run."
12. Make picture-frames. Give each child a piece of white cardboard eight inches by six on which the teacher has drawn an oblong six inches by four, paste, paste-sticks, scissors, and the stars saved from December, ninth day. Cut out the oblong and decorate the frame with the gilt stars.
13. Distribute the "Anagram" boxes. Make a sentence using the word "Boy." Make a question using the word "Ball."
14. Trace and cut holly leaves, color green with water-color paint. (As it is nearing Christmas the pictures of holly leaves can be found in almost any newspaper. Use these as patterns, and select the largest ones.)
15. Trace and cut two small stockings from a pattern; color black, use paintbrush and ink for coloring. Save. (The daily papers usually contain pictures of stockings among the advertisements; the teacher can use these for original patterns, cutting the others from them.)
16. Make bricks. Give each child a piece of white paper, a red crayon, and a paper oblong an inch by half an inch. Trace and cut bricks, color red. Save the bricks.
17. Build open fireplace. (The teacher should draw on the board the picture of an open fireplace with two stockings hanging from the mantelshelf. Two vertical oblongs three feet by half a foot drawn two feet apart and connected across the top by a line will answer. Fill in the vertical oblongs with bricks, use red chalk. Draw the stockings with charcoal. Give each child a piece of white cardboard, paste, paste-sticks, and the bricks saved from the previous day. Build an open fireplace like the one on the board. Paste the stockings saved from December, fifteenth day, to the mantelshelf.
18. Write a sentence using the "Surprise Mark." Write one using the "Question Mark."
19. Outline $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$.
20. Write a complete list of all the words you know, putting them in rows of five.



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How Boys Can Give a Vaudeville Show

By A. Neely Hall, Author of "The Boy Craftsman"

Illustrated by the Author and Norman P. Hall

ABOUT the best kind of show for a neighborhood of boys to give is one in which each boy can do a special act or stunt. It may be an exhibition of magic-lantern views, a sleight-of-hand performance, panorama or puppet show, boxing match, or one of an endless variety of entertaining acts. The strong man, magical mortar, boy with a wonderful voice, crack-shot and ventriloquist acts described on this page are easy to prepare.

Sam Dow, the strong man (Figure 1), should wear a long-sleeved shirt with the shoulders and sleeves padded out to form large muscles; also build out the calves of the legs.

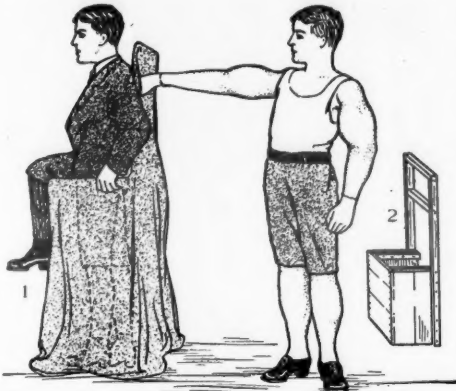


Figure 1. "Sam Dow, the Strong Man," Holding a Seated Boy at Arm's Length
Figure 2. The Framework in Which the Boy Stands

Next get a pair of short trousers, stuff out the legs, and fasten a pair of stuffed stockings to the knees; fit the feet into a pair of shoes. The boy who is to appear to be seated upon the chair stands in the opening in the seat with the waist of the false trousers fastened and concealed under his coat (Figure 1). While the chair sets upon the floor the boy rests on his knees, but when the strong man grasps the back of the chair and begins to lift, the boy slowly arises to his feet, taking the position shown by the dotted lines in Figure 1.

THE famous dumb-bell-lifting feat must not be overlooked. Make the thousand-pound dumb-bell as shown in Figure 3, cutting the handle from a four-foot piece of a curtain-pole and making the ends out of barrel-hoops. Cover the hoop ends with black cloth and paint the handle black. A couple of boys should drag the dumb-bell on to the stage, then the strong man should demonstrate his strength by lifting it with each hand, holding it upon his chin, and lifting it with his teeth by means of a piece of string tied around the handle. The strong man may also demonstrate his ability to juggle with heavy balls—croquet or bowling balls covered with silver or black paper.

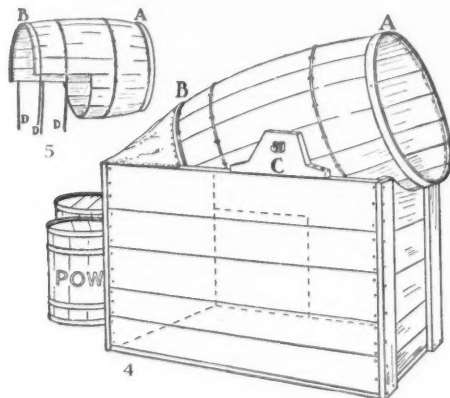


Figure 4. The Construction of the Magical Mortar
Figure 5. The Barrel as Cut to Fit the Box

little of one end of the box for end A of the barrel to fit in; set end B inside of the box (Figure 4) and fasten its hoops (D, Figure 5) to the box sides. Make the bearing blocks as shown at C (Figure 4), and tack a piece of cloth over end B and to the edges of the box. Cut a twenty-inch opening in one side of the box for a door (see dotted lines, Figure 4).

The "Professor" exhibiting the mortar must have two assistants, Number 1 to wait upon him, and Number 2 to operate the mortar from within the box. For the wonderful hat trick the professor should take an old derby, fedora or straw hat, a duplicate of which has been placed inside of the box, and tear it into bits, then put the pieces into a paper bag, throw the bag into the mortar, and shoot the hat from the mortar in a whole condition. Of course as the mortar is discharged assistant Number 2 throws out the duplicate hat. Other objects may be transformed similarly by the mortar.

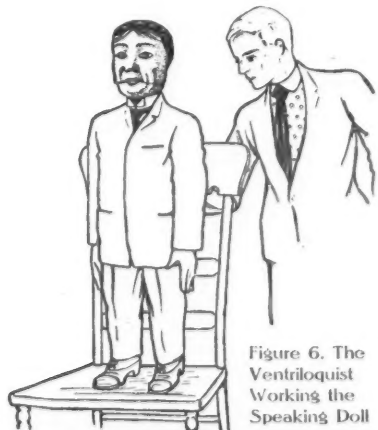


Figure 6. The Ventriloquist Working the Speaking Doll

ASSISTANT Number 1 should wear a false-face in order to be prepared for his special act. In this act the "Professor" first places the mortar to one side of the stage, where assistant Number 2 can get out of the box through the door in the side, then sends assistant Number 1 for more powder. There is a terrific explosion (strike a piece of sheet iron with a hammer) and what appears to be the assistant's body is thrown upon the stage, with its head, arms and legs dismembered. Assistant Number 1 then crawls into the box, unseen by the audience, the "Professor" moves the mortar to the centre of the stage, gathers up the body and puts it into the mortar; the mortar is discharged and the assistant jumps forth whole and alive. Make the dummy out of old clothes, ripping off the sleeves and legs of a coat and pair of trousers, and stuffing them with newspapers. Make a stuffed head and fasten upon it a false-face.

FALSETTE, the boy with a wonderful voice, proved a great success in an amateur vaudeville. He stands in front of a curtain stretched across the stage, and back of the curtain are four assistants, two boys—one with a bass, the other with a tenor voice, and two girls—one with an alto, the other with a soprano voice. At the left of the stage the young vocalist sings the first verse of a song in pantomime, while the assistant with the tenor voice stands directly behind him on the other side of the curtain and does the actual singing. Responding to the applause, Falsette bows, walks over nearer the centre of the stage and goes through with the second verse in a soprano voice; for the third verse he moves a little farther over to the right and here his voice changes to bass; and in an alto voice he sings the fourth verse at the extreme right of the stage.

THE ventriloquist who throws his voice into the mouth of a doll in such a way that it sounds to the audience as though the doll were actually speaking is always a good entertainer. It is a simple matter to make a ventriloquist's doll (Figure 6), and if you haven't the power of throwing your voice and talking without moving your lips you can obtain just about as good results by having an assistant behind a curtain back of the doll do the talking, while you operate the doll's head and mouth. Make the head framework (Figure 7) out of seven-eighths-inch strips and buy a false-face for the face. Cut strip A four inches long, B and C nine inches and a half long, E five inches long, and F sixteen inches long. Fasten the end of A between B and C, and centre E upon B and C (Figure 7). Cut the false-face as shown in Figure 8, tack the upper portion to strips A and E at 1, 2 and 3 (Figures 7 and 8) and the chin to strip D at 4; with a nail pivot the end of D between strips B and C (Figure 7). Fasten a rubber band between A and D and a piece of string with a small ring tied to its end to the under side of D (Figure 7). Set strip F between the lower end of B and C, and after fastening it in place whittle it round as shown. Cut the body strips H and I (Figure 9) thirty inches in length, the foot blocks J and K six inches long, and the shoulder crosspiece G fifteen inches long. Nail the pieces together as shown and fasten a barrel-hoop to strips H and I at L; bore a hole in the centre of G large enough for the neck strip F to turn in. With the framework prepared it is a simple matter to put a suit of clothes upon it and stuff it out with rags and newspapers. Paste paper across the eye openings and paint the pupils with water-colors; build out the back of the head with paper and cover it with cloth. Fasten a collar and necktie around the doll's neck and a pair of stuffed gloves in the ends of the sleeves for hands. Pin up the tails of the coat so that you can reach the end of stick F and slip your finger through the cord jaw-manipulator. Prepare a conversation to carry on with your doll, select several songs for him to sing, and request your audience to talk with him.

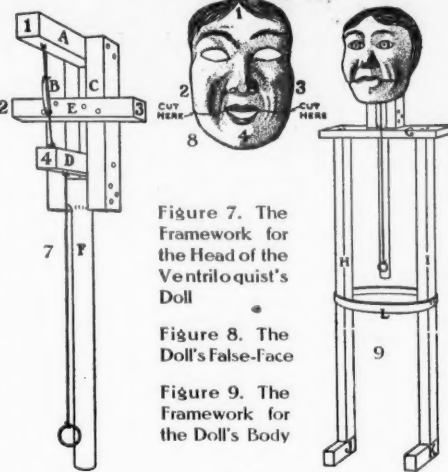


Figure 7. The Framework for the Head of the Ventriloquist's Doll
Figure 8. The Doll's False-Face
Figure 9. The Framework for the Doll's Body

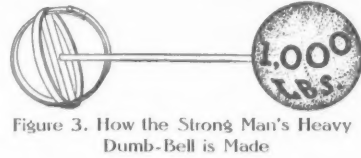


Figure 3. How the Strong Man's Heavy Dumb-Bell is Made

BILL SHUTE, the crack-shot of the world, shoots portraits upon targets. Get some fresh pieces of heavy manila wrapping-paper at the grocery store for your targets. Sketch a simple outline of a head (Figure 10) upon one sheet, then get a piece of small brass tubing (an old gas-burner will do) and file one end to a sharp cutting edge. Lay the sheet upon a piece of linoleum and, with the tubing as a

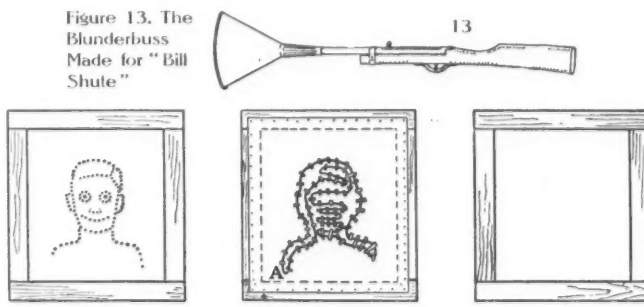
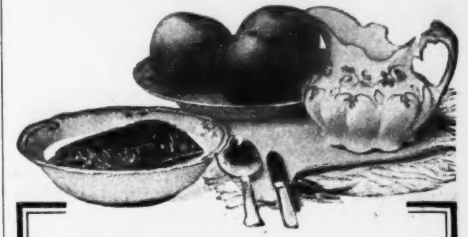


Figure 10. The Outline of the "Portrait" Shot Out by "Bill Shute"
Figure 11. The Reverse of the "Portrait," Showing the Paper Backing
Figure 12. The Blank Paper Which the Audience First Sees

punch and a hammer to strike it, punch out holes along the sketched outline (Figure 10). Lay this punched sheet upon another sheet of the same kind of paper and mark the location of each hole, then cut away all except enough to cover the holes. Tack the punched sheet upon a wooden frame, stretching the paper as tight as possible, then fasten the cut-out portion of the second sheet over the back of the holes with small paper strips (Figure 11). You can make several portraits, also write out the names of a few of the audience.

THE frames should be set in a row upon a table and be surrounded by draperies to conceal the assistant behind them. The light should be thrown upon the targets from in front to prevent the holes from showing. Bill Shute announces that he will shoot the portrait of a boy upon the first target, then with a small toy gun he aims at the target and commences to cock and pull the trigger. As fast as the trigger snaps the assistant tears off the paper backing beginning at A (Figure 11). The audience will see nothing but a blank piece of paper at first (Figure 12), but as each hole is uncovered it will show up black (Figure 10). With a blunderbuss (made by fastening a tin funnel upon the end of a toy gun (Figure 13) an entire portrait can be made in one shot.

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Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Which Novels are Wise for the Young?

PEOPLE forget the great change which has come, especially in the United States, in the supervision of the habits, manners and associations of children. A generation ago the education of the home was still one of the articles of faith in this country, and the elective system had not then begun at the cradle. It was the belief and practice of the great majority of Americans that some preparation of body and mind was necessary before the child could be turned loose in the confusion of ideals, tastes and habits which prevails in society. So far as the old system of home education was rigid and harsh it was bad; but the reaction has gone too far, and many children are suffering irreparable loss because the best and most effective schooling in the world has gone out of their lives. Moreover, a generation ago there was far more reticence concerning the physical facts of life in popular writing than today. There was, indeed, a kind of conspiracy to keep certain great experiences from the knowledge of children.



Today all this is changed; the discussion of morbid physiological and psychological conditions which was once confined to the laboratory and the medical lecture-room now goes on in the daily newspapers; and the stories of vice, once told to the ears of the police justice, are now told to the reporters and repeated in every household in which certain newspapers are taken. It is sickening to see young girls on ferry-boats and in street-cars reading detailed reports of divorce cases in the sensational newspapers and even in journals which claim to be respectable. The publication of the evidence in the Thaw case was a national defilement, and some of our newspapers have become surface sewers, through which the moral pollution of the world pours into our homes without any protest on our part. It ought to be the first rule in every home that no newspaper which prints scandalous matter shall be allowed to pass the doors, no matter how able or reputable it may be. It ought to be a second rule that no book of questionable taste and morality shall lie on the table or rest on the shelves of such a home. Books which deal in a flippant spirit with the sex relation have no excuse for being: they are mere bids for purchasers—cheap manufactured stories, made out of hand to meet a prurient taste or to stimulate an impure one. It is reported that a certain novel has reached the sale of over two hundred thousand copies in this country. It has no quality of art; it is written in the most flamboyant and inflated style; it deals with a fundamental relation with a luxury of detail and with a flippancy of spirit which make it an indecent book. Against all novels of this kind the doors of decent homes and libraries ought to be shut.

How to Protect Young Readers

YOUNG people ought to be protected from evil books and the premature reading of certain good books: first, by excluding all immoral books from the home and the library; second, by such intimacy with the child as will keep the older and responsible person in constant touch with reading habits and reading material, so as to give direction by suggestion and influence, by furnishing the child with such a variety of interests and such opportunities for the putting forth of energy of mind and body and by developing such sound taste that it will be kept by instinct from things which do not belong to it. A thoroughly-trained boy will be protected by his own tastes from the contamination of vulgar boys. A child who has learned what good books are by reading good books will be safeguarded by that knowledge and by the taste which comes with it. Greater intimacy between parents and children would mean, among other things, an end of the ignorance in which many children are kept of the mysteries of life, so that knowledge of these things comes to them at wrong moments and from illicit sources. They hear sacred things defiled before they know of their existence, and they are often brought face to face with real crises in their own lives before they understand what is happening to them. What society needs is not a prudish—that is, an unwholesome, self-conscious—silence about either moral or immoral relations between men and women, and the happiness or miseries and tragedy which grow out of them, but clear, sane, normal knowledge of these things. Children ought not to be excluded from this great world, but they ought to be led into it gradually by wisely-timed and carefully-imparted knowledge, of the kind which takes the edge off curiosity and starts the child with a normal instead of an abnormal idea of functions and relations. For innocence, which is ignorance, ought to be substituted virtue, which is knowledge organized into character. A very large part of the education of life comes through this very knowledge.

Things to be Guarded Against

IT IS for this reason that there are stories and passages in the Old Testament, in the greatest literature of the world, and notably in Shakespeare's plays, which deal very frankly with the physical facts of life and the tragedies which grow out of them. Are these books to be shut out of libraries because of this frankness? Decidedly not. Nobody but a prude, a person of unwholesome self-consciousness, would exclude serious treatment of sex relations from shelves and tables in homes. Many of these books are the greatest textbooks which the world possesses; and they hold this rank by virtue of the fundamental way in which they treat fundamental things. It is not a question of keeping Shakespeare out of the hands of young people; it is a question of preparing young people to read Shakespeare. And frankness must not be confounded with immorality; and, for that matter, a sharp line must be drawn between coarseness and immorality. There are some very coarse books which are in no sense immoral. A child who is well-founded will not be harmed by coarseness and surface vulgarities. These are not the things to be dreaded; the things to be dreaded are the premature awakening of the passions, the confusion of moral ideas, and the separation of consequences from actions. Some of the most immoral books are absolutely above reproach so far as language is concerned; but they destroy the very foundations on which the moral life of society rests. On the other hand, there are coarse books which are full of moral vitality and wholesome activity. Do not be afraid to give well-trained children the freedom of a good library. Rabelais ought to be on an upper shelf; but Shakespeare may be left within their reach.

A Great Moral Novel

IT IS impossible to frame a schedule of ages at which all children ought to read certain books, because there are such differences between children in the matter of maturity. Certain boys and girls of a strong literary bent can read with impunity books which other boys and girls, who are led by a strong human curiosity, or mere love of narrative, cannot read without loss. In the end it must always be a question of somebody's judgment. No exact set of rules can be framed to cover all books and all children; but a few novels may

be taken as representative of large classes. Let "Anna Karénina" stand, for instance, as a type of a really great story, in which the moral law is illustrated with the impressiveness, dignity and certainty of a Greek tragedy, but in which sex relations are treated with the greatest frankness. What is to be done with books which combine high literary quality and genuine seriousness of spirit with entire frankness concerning the passionate side of life? As a rule, "Anna Karénina" and books of its type ought not to be read by the majority of boys and girls under twenty, for the reason that novels of this order assume for their right understanding a knowledge of life which young readers do not possess, and the danger of putting them into the hands of such readers is that these readers shall miss the tremendous moral significance of the story, and, through the

awakening of curiosity and the impartation of knowledge in advance of their own development, suffer loss. An ideal scale of reading would adjust a book exactly to the knowledge of life of the reader, because on that knowledge depends the ability to understand and appreciate the book, and to set whatever experience it describes in normal relation to the totality of experience. The danger in putting books of the type of "Anna Karénina" in young hands is that they bring the experience before life has brought it, and that they present it with such power that it assumes abnormal proportions in the general view of life.

Stories Like "The Scarlet Letter" and "Adam Bede"

IN THE case of "The Scarlet Letter" the passionate experience is already a thing of the past when the story opens, and its consequences are set forth with such restraint, through such carefully-wrought symbolism, with an art at once so delicate and true, that the interest is transferred from the deed to its consequences; and, aside from the startling apparition of the scarlet letter itself, most children would probably read the story, if they read it at all, without much curiosity or interest in what had already happened. Of all books of its kind, "The Scarlet Letter" can probably be read with profit by a great number of young readers.

"Adam Bede" is a story of an entirely different type. Its central incident is the seduction of a light-hearted, light-headed country girl. Like all of George Eliot's stories, it is a very careful study of character, and a thorough working out of moral acts and moral consequences. George Eliot's strength lies for the most part in her wide and close observation of life and in the maturity and compass of her generalizations. With the exception of "Silas Marner" she has written very little which would attract young readers. The study of character and the humor even in a novel of so much movement as "The Mill on the Floss" do not, as a rule, catch the attention of older children. The central theme could hardly be touched with more reserve and reverence than in "The Mill on the Floss." It is closer to the reader than "The Scarlet Letter," but it has an elevation and a certain breadth of movement as an interpretation of experience, which, without sacrificing its vitality, take it out of the realm of passionate novels. Stories written in this spirit, and with this sanity of setting, while they may bring the sex question prematurely to the minds of readers, are not likely to awaken their curiosity; certainly not likely to arouse their passions prematurely. "Adam Bede" may safely be put in the hands of most boys and girls over sixteen.

A Recent Story that Can Usually be Read with Profit

STILL another type of story dealing with the sex relation with clear-cut moral discernment is represented by "The Awakening of Helena Richie": a novel of singular freshness, veracity, and full of moral insight. There is nothing in American fiction more profoundly true than the final scene between Doctor Lavendar and the unhappy woman whom, though his heart aches for her, he will not allow to get off her knees until she has cleansed herself by full confession. This story is so contemporaneous, and touches life under present conditions so intimately, that it is quite impossible for any child to read it without understanding it, and the question whether a particular person should read it, or leave it unread, can be decided only by one who knows the stage of development which the particular person has reached. The question in regard to the novels of this class is simply whether the individual reader has enough knowledge of life to appreciate both the problem and the spirit in which it is treated. Some young people ought not to read this story, but the great majority over sixteen or seventeen can read it with safety and profit.

Where the Danger Lies in Reading Some Novels

THE danger in stories which deal with sex questions with the vividness and intensity of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Mr. Phillpotts's "The Secret Woman," or even with the reserve of Mr. Galsworthy's "The Country House," lies in their power to stir the imagination and to precipitate prematurely an agitation of emotion. These books, with various degrees of frankness, present illicit relations in such a way as to set the imagination at work by suggesting an experience, unknown and mysterious, in which a young reader is not slow to discern one of the deepest mysteries of life. It cannot be said too often that there is no more fatal mistake than the attempt to hide or taboo an element which enters into the deepest experiences, is closely related to the awakening of the imagination and of the emotions, is coincident in its birth with the poetic impulse, with the highest dreams of men, with the most splendid energies and impulses of youth; something mysterious, sacred and beautiful, but susceptible of tragic misuse and abuse. The word "Caution" is to be written over stories of this kind, not because they touch this great fundamental subject, but because, for certain readers, they touch it too closely and with too much emotion.

In this matter it behooves those whose standards of literature are of the highest to lead the way to a sane and rational position. It is noticeable that men and women who argue vehemently for perfectly free discussion of these matters in fiction, and point to the work of representative novelists, are not aware of the fact that there are many European novelists of rank who would be horrified if they found their own stories in the hands of their daughters. This is preeminently true of the French writers: Daudet directed "Sapho," a powerful study of the moral complications of an illicit relation, to his sons when they should be twenty years of age. That life should be uncompromisingly reflected in art does not touch the question of the kind of fiction which ought to be placed in the hands of young readers. This is fundamentally a question of preparation for reading. On the other hand, the prudish view, sometimes honored by the adjective "Puritanical," ought not to be taken into account. It is the view of ignorance, and of a fundamentally false conception of the sex-element in life.

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Where There is Little Room for Books

By Lilian Barton Wilson

Drawings by Sara B. Hill



A Serviceable Book-Rack for the Table

ONCE upon a time, when furniture was literally portable property, when kings and princes on their journeys from one palace to another took with them their furniture, bookcases were indeed cases or caskets. Manuscripts were precious, and instead of the decorative rows of books the walls were, in not a few instances, lined with secret panels where books could be concealed. Even in our day one may walk the length of seven hundred feet in one of the world's great libraries without seeing a single book; this corridor of the Vatican library is lined on each side by the most exquisite caskets which entomb books. In the present day of permanent homes, where more than one generation may live out a lifetime, the covers of books have become one of the chief features in decorative schemes. The value of the decorative quality of books is appreciated in large and elegant houses more often, possibly, than in the modest home where the restful influence of rows of books might be so readily utilized.

If you have a corner in your cottage into which various pieces of furniture you possess refuse to fit themselves, be sure that you can arrange bookshelves there, like those shown above, with a space for a little vase or a bit of bric-à-brac you prize. A thoughtful combination of this kind is full of interest. There is a wonderful amount of expression in a row of bindings, a world of suggestion and an unlimited opportunity for the imagination. Of course, I am considering books from the decorative standpoint only—and since books need not be works of art as to their bindings in order to be beautiful—but just every-day, workaday books—this fact proves that imagination

—that quality of the mind which is picture-loving and picture-making—has something to do with it.

A GOOD seat which is both convenient and comfortable, with a few volumes near, will serve as an opportunity for a few hours' reading which would otherwise, but for this inviting little nook, be quite wasted. This is the special advantage of a pretty writing table or



Students Will Find This Sort of Desk Convenient

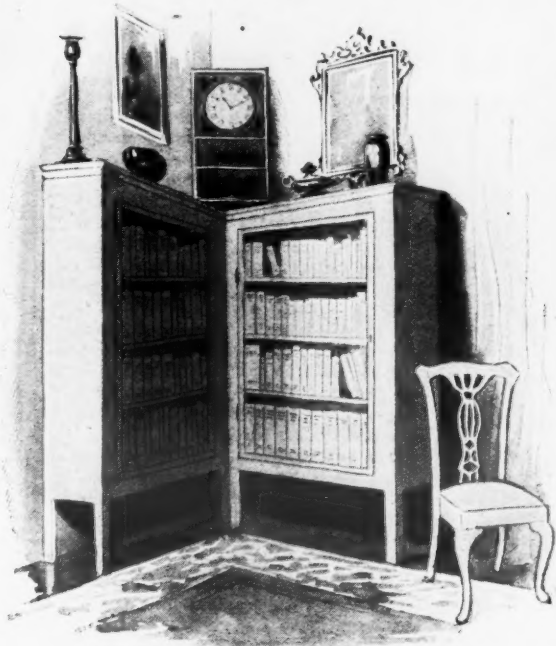
desk placed perhaps on a stair-landing. There is very much in convenience which is inviting. Such a scheme as this is shown on the right.

Those of you who are students will readily acknowledge how often good work has been interrupted by the inconvenience of searching for a book or crossing the room to find one. Let me suggest to you how a book-desk may be made quite easily by a carpenter. You will not need a skilled and expensive cabinet-maker. Arrange the drawer spaces as bookshelves and have the boxed back pigeonholed below, with a bookshelf above. A desk and bookcase combined, like the one I have described, is shown above.

OFTEN you can utilize a window recess, and convert it into a book corner. Illustrated below is the corner of a sunny room with a common-sense sort of bookcase built in. This may be made a whole reference library corner in itself by distributing the large books below and using these magazine pockets to classify the periodicals. A little detachable bookcase may be set upon this shelf to break the severity, and this will hold small books.

This corner-bookcase is so simply built that you can readily copy it with the help of a cabinet-maker. Do it in light wood if the room is dark, and you will have a bright corner, especially if you put a little mirror above it and a burnished candlestick.

I know of a cottage in which a large closet, fortunate in having a window in it, has been converted into the most charming little library. The shelves were put close along one side wall and one end, and the nook formed by the attic stairway was filled in with broad shelves for magazines and papers. The only furnishings of this little library are a few framed prints and a clever step-ladder which answers as both a ladder and a seat. A great many volumes can be placed in



Utilize Your Odd Corners for Artistic Bookcases

especially in a small room where, if the classification of its contents is understood, it will save the family much searching. Such a rack is shown at the top of the first column.

NOW, in a small house which you have planned yourself, or in a large one which has been made for you, or in that most difficult class of all, in a house which somebody else has made without regard to your taste, let me make this suggestion: Whatever space or corner you find impossible for anything else, use it for books. You can devise some way of laying it under tribute as useful space, and as an ornamental feature by some arrangement of or for books.

As a general principle, let the placing of books seem permanent. In laying this down as a rule we have come a very long way from the portable bookcases to the almost essential effect of permanence. The "built-in" part-of-the-whole impression is a restful feature in a home.

I KNOW a woman who lived for several years in the expectation that she might at any time be called upon to move from an old home. She said to me: "I do not want to change. I feel rooted, and I feel as though the furniture were screwed to the floor." This is not necessarily the appeal of either art or architecture—it is the home appeal, but without it we should have neither "marble halls" nor cottages. We do not live in tents, and when we are hurried or under the excitement of expected change we are not likely to read. Books imply, therefore, very much of that spirit of tranquillity which we need to cultivate, and if we are in fact hurried and burdened we will unconsciously enjoy the reposeful effect of even the outside of books which are thoughtfully and worthily placed. Every book-lover knows that as the first element in the enjoyment of a book is its literary quality, or its human appeal, so the second element is that it shall be available—conveniently at hand.



The Useful Standing Desk

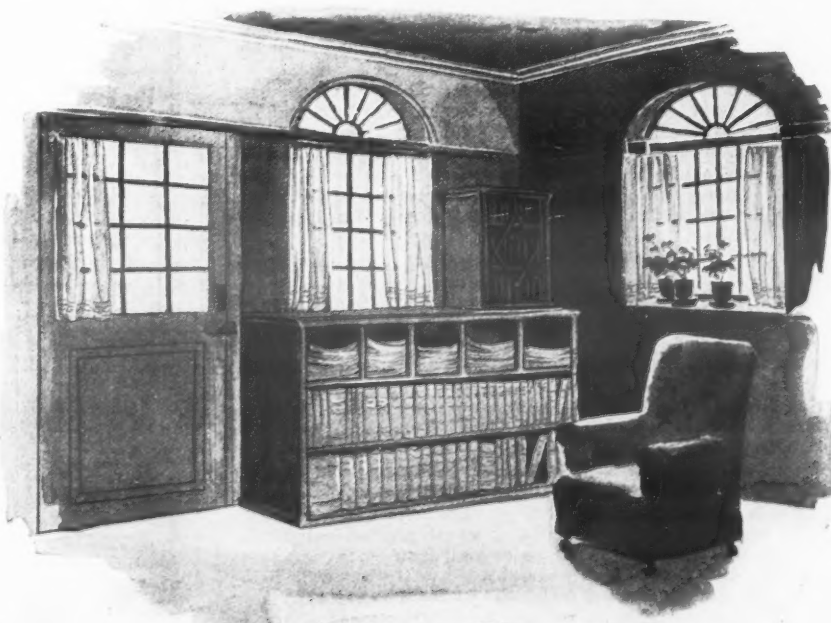
a very small space, if the shelves are thus thoughtfully built in. The uprights and shelf edges of this surprising library corner are furnished with an ornamental scroll which was made by the son of the home with a little hand-saw.

A standing desk, like the one shown above, is often most restful to the student. The suggestions in this one are for utilizing the space to the best advantage. You will notice that the partition board runs through the lower shelves, so that the books may be distributed in two rows, one front and one back, and are saved from slipping through. Reference books may be kept at the side, and portfolios on the upper shelves.

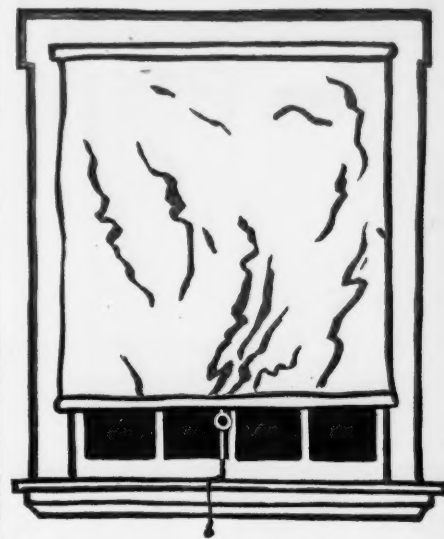
A table rack is always serviceable, if the classification of its contents is understood, it will save the family much searching. Such a rack is shown at the top of the first column.



For a Quiet Hour of Reading



Common-Sense and Simplicity are Combined in This Reference-Library Corner



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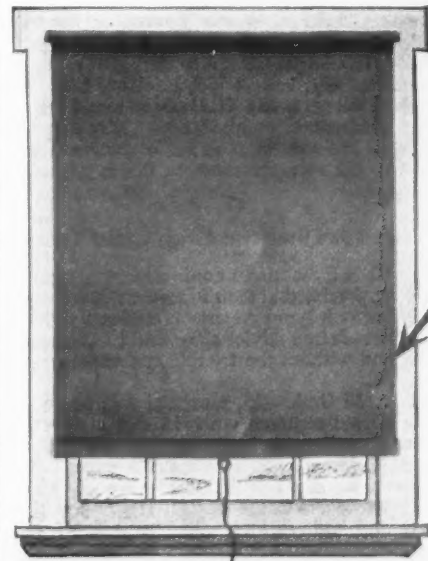
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A Brenlin Shade

WHETHER or not you mean to stay in a certain house for the rest of your life you ought to make it look as though you meant to remain there. In other words, all house decoration should be in its effect architectural. Detached ornament is a superfluity, and the nearer we get to the perfection of beauty in home decoration, the more architectural this beauty is sure to be. The great underlying principles of proportion and symmetry are here concerned. So in using the decorative value of books consider the reposeful effect, the idea of leisure, and the impression of permanence.

The Fallacy of Studying Music Abroad

Why the American Girl Can Train Better at Home

By Constantin von Sternberg

TRAVELING, whether for pleasure or for study, is likely to broaden the mind, enlarge the point of view and develop the sense of the aesthetic. But, in order to reap the benefits of travel, it is essential for us to comply with two important conditions: we must mentally prepare ourselves for the appreciation of the things we are to see, and we must exercise good judgment in choosing our route and our destination. All this is particularly true of a trip to Europe. We must not go to the Netherlands for mountains, nor to Switzerland for the sea. And in gathering souvenirs by the way we must select something that is typical of the place of purchase. We could not very well buy an American sewing-machine in Venice, or an American typewriter in Madrid, without provoking an amused and not very complimentary smile from our friends.

And yet just such an error of judgment as this last is committed every year by great numbers of music students who cross land and sea to Europe in search of something which they can most easily obtain within their own country—as good here, if not better, with far less expenditure of time and money, much less moral risk and fewer domestic heart-breaks.

This Country Offers Splendid Musical Opportunities

IGNORANCE of parents on this question undoubtedly accounts for this over-frequent error of judgment. For how else could we explain the fact that so many of our people who desire to give their children a musical education persist in a practice which may have done well enough thirty and more years ago (and might then have been necessary), but which we have today absolutely outgrown? These parents do not seem to be aware of the fact that there are today no finer opera companies and no finer symphony orchestras to be found anywhere in the world than in America, and that their number is growing larger year by year. This, in itself, is a potent proof of the development of our taste for the highest types of music. Is any one so stupid as to assume that these orchestras and opera companies are flowers grown in some inexplicable, miraculous way out of a desert? It is our expanding appreciation of good music that has called these organizations into being, and this appreciation is but the accumulated result of the faithful work done by American music-teachers in the quarter of a century just elapsed.

When Napoleon III as a prisoner, after the Franco-Prussian War, asked William I to what he ascribed the unprecedented victories of his German soldiers, William I answered: "To our German school-teachers." Analogously speaking, if we have outlived the anti-musical legacy of our Puritan and Quaker ancestors, and are today becoming a full-fledged "musical nation," whom but our native and resident music-teachers have we to thank for it?

Our Best American Musicians Today Studied at Home

THERE are two questions always asked when the superstitious belief in the necessity of "studying music in Europe" is contested. First: Have not all our prominent musicians studied in Europe? Second: Have not all the really successful pianists who concertize here come from Europe? This retort is supposed to stop all further argument, but it does not; for both questions may be answered by an emphatic "No." The best native American composers of the present day have never studied in Europe. The best native American pianist—a woman of the highest type—has been in Europe only to earn well-merited praise as a concertist. She has, incidentally, taken some lessons while there, but this speaks loudly for her modesty, for it is generally admitted that she played fully as well before she took them. Many of our young pianists who went to Europe, allegedly for study, returned a good deal the worse for wear, in spite of the excellent teachers they had there. These students found themselves far away from home and friends. The distracting sights and life of foreign cities; the novel, alluring pleasures; the ever-present temptation to indulge in liberties they would not think of at home: such considerations must be taken into account when we think of sending a boy or girl to Europe for an education.

Just consider for a moment—or let me tell you, if it happens that the knowledge has not come to you—how our American appliances and methods for the acquisition of piano technique are today being used in many of the progressive conservatories of Europe. Just consider, further, how a number of American music-teachers hold today enviable positions in Germany, France and other countries. Take Mr. Charles Clarke, in Paris, for example: he is considered to be one of the best voice-builders. Until home affairs recently called him back to America Mr. O. B. Boise stood high in Berlin as a teacher of composition and orchestration. Mr. Hugo Kaun, from Milwaukee, enjoys a fine reputation in Berlin, both as a teacher and as a composer. Among the vocal teachers in Berlin no one ranks higher than Mr. Ferguson.

The Idea that the Only Good Teachers are in Europe

WHEN these men were in America, right among us, they were not appreciated at their full worth; but now that they are thousands of miles away it is our American students who crowd their studios, eager for the selfsame advice they could have had here, from the selfsame men and without the trouble and expense inseparable from a trip to Europe.

Leopold Godowski, recognized as one of the great masters of the piano, lived eighteen years—I say, eighteen years—in Chicago, and more than a year in Philadelphia, without attracting any particular attention, except from his colleagues. He left us—a little piqued, I dare say. And now? Now he is one of the highest-priced and most-sought teachers in the world. He lives in Berlin, and if the Berliners have any fault to find with him it is only that he allows American pupils to engage too much of his time.

These things are well worth pondering over. They remind me of something that happened of my own knowledge not so very long ago.



DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY

since, if it signified merely a certain trust in Europe's older civilization it could not in reason be carried to such an absurd extent.

An American artist painted a landscape which found great favor in the eyes of a well-known American merchant. The price of the picture was put at eight hundred dollars. The merchant offered the artist two hundred dollars for it, and came alarmingly close to being thrown downstairs for his pains. Three years

later the painter had moved to Paris, and there our American merchant bought that same picture and paid five thousand dollars for it!

Are we not amply justified in calling this a superstition? Or is it, worse yet, a mere fawning upon the foreign importation stamp? The alternative is very unpleasant, for the custom must have either one origin or the other, since, if it signified merely a certain trust in Europe's older civilization it could not in reason be carried to such an absurd extent.

Not All the Best Concert Pianists are European

NOW as to the second question: "Are not all the really successful pianists who concertize here from Europe?" I can safely say: No, not all. But, I may add, the most of them are. Take Josef Hofmann, as an example. He is one of those exceptional men in whom we recognize genius. Let us remember, however, that it is no less true of him than of others that he was not born with a ready-made reputation, but that he acquired it only with the assistance of two never neglectable forces. First of all was innate talent. But then came serious, unremitting work. These integers alone would, however, in many cases not suffice to pull men out of obscurity. There must be another agency employed—an agency in which we, in America, are as yet lacking. We are too prone to apply the principles of the race-track to the field of art. The champion horse gets everything; the second, no matter how close a second, gets nothing. We demand "the finished article," not caring where it comes from. It is different in Europe. The people there, too, seize upon every chance of seeing and hearing their great artists; but they also see to it that the supply does not run out. They providently interest themselves in the young, rising artists; they give unknown students opportunities to be heard; they keep the whole field in sight. Innumerable clubs and societies over there make it a point to serve young artists as stepping-stones by which they may secure greater publicity. They do not engage these budding artists through agents or lyceum bureaus, but are constantly inquiring of eminent teachers if they have not a "nearly-finished" pupil, ripe for a hearing. This saves them (as well as the young artist) the agent's commission and gives them the gratifying consciousness of having fulfilled a mission far nobler than that which panders to the social prestige of those who gush over some European mediocrity whose reputation is press-made and whose appearance is a freak.

Great artists, wherever they are born, belong to no particular country; they belong to the world, and, hence, also to America. But we give well-booked seasons to many European pianists who are anything but intrinsically great and whom we can outmatch by large odds with native and resident artists. This comes from the fact that we seem unable to cut loose from the superstition that whatever is done in Europe in art is necessarily better than what is done here.

The Relations Between Teacher and Pupil in America

AT THE risk of being misunderstood, I must refer to one difference between the youngsters of Europe and America. If the comparison appears to be in favor of European boys or girls the credit belongs not so much to them as to their parents. The European pupil is a pupil. He is not a "customer," not a "client," much less a "patron"; he is a "pupil," with all that this beautiful word implies—with confidence in and obedience and personal attachment to his teacher, who, after all, is the man to develop the finest, noblest traits of his pupil, and must, therefore, have free access to his affections. Furthermore, the European pupil, while having his full share of frolic, does work. He does not say of a piece that he has not yet studied: "I think this piece is horrid." He does not bring excuses to three out of four lessons.

Justice compels me to say, however, that this particular difference between the European and American pupils has of late greatly diminished. The relations between teacher and pupil in America have greatly improved and are now in some cases what they should be, though the number of these cases might be larger. This improvement, however, is but one more point to the credit of our teachers, for it shows how far beyond purely musical matters they have extended their influence.

Our teachers cannot, and do not, complain of the monetary returns of their work. They have usually more applicants than time and are reasonably well paid. But—as General Wood said—there are other things besides money. Every true workman loves his work and he loves to finish what he began. The American music-teacher very seldom has a chance to finish his job; for as soon as his pupils can worry through half a dozen Cramer études, off they go "to Europe."

The Only Real Benefit to be Gained from European Study

ONE of the fondest hopes of the American teacher is that he may be allowed to develop his pupil to that point where he can say to her: "Now, my dear girl, go to Europe. Live a year or so in a different atmosphere. Learn the views of life held by an older civilization. You will find some of these views broader and some narrower than ours. Gather experience. You do not so much need teachers there as associations, influences, inspirations. Go to one of the great artists in Berlin, St. Petersburg or Paris. Obtain his criticism, his advice, and weigh well what he says. Study! Get acquainted with yourself, and when you have found yourself—ah, then you need not worry about a career. For the world always has need of capable people."

Until that highest form of study—self-study—is reached our pupils should stay in America, where they understand their teacher and the teacher understands them. It is truly pathetic to see our little half-baked amateurs rush to Europe under the pitiful delusion that they may learn music there by some miraculous dispensation which will save them the trouble of hard work. They go there by the thousands. How many are ever heard from after their return?

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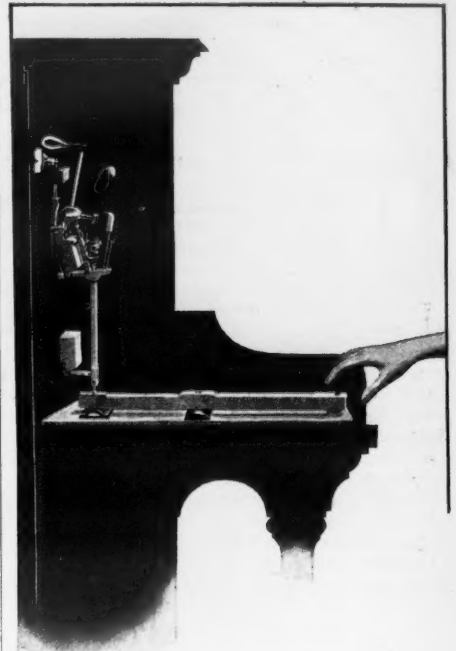
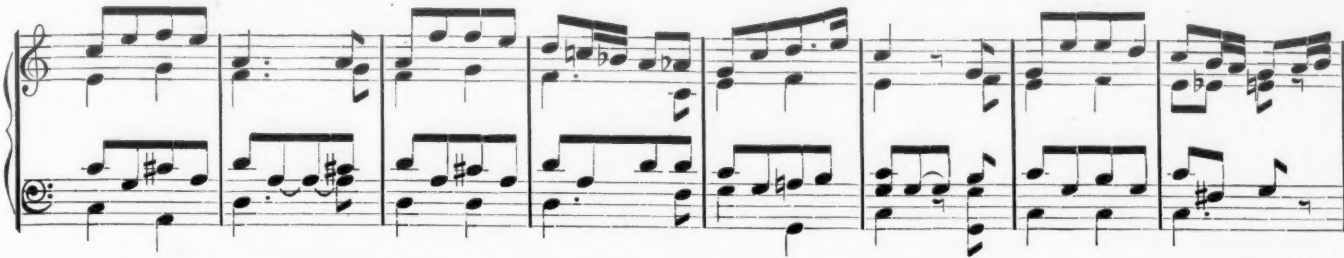


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The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman

I GET a great many letters, and some of them quite scolding ones, from woman suffragists raking me over the coals for my position on the woman question. It seems there is a great furor just now, particularly in England, over equal rights for women. I have several times in these columns repeated the statement that I am not an anti-suffragist. While not wholly convinced of the good of women's having the ballot, I should not like to stand against any movement that will make the world better or happier. I have been peculiarly situated for seeing all sides of politics, and I believe that politics would not be purified by the accession of women's votes.

The idea which women seem anxious to impress is that they are good and that their votes would necessarily go toward purifying the muddy pool of politics. I think a lot of my sex. A good and bright woman is a creature a little lower than the angels, but women are not all good, not all honest, not all kind, and their sense of justice is notoriously fallible.

I Can Only Judge Other Women by Myself. I can conceive getting interested in a political campaign. I might want some man to win an office for a certain reason. I know as well as I know anything that toward the end of the campaign the idea of winning would have taken such hold upon me that I wouldn't stop at anything that would elect him. I would argue that nothing succeeds like success. I would perceive that the balance of power lies in the vote of a class of people who are like dumb driven cattle, and I just know I would go after those votes exactly as the men do. This may seem a damaging admission, but I am truthful. I believe the woman in politics would be quite like the man in politics. I suppose good women might go to the polls without actual loss of dignity, but if they mixed in "practical politics" they would have to learn a lot about discarding their best ideals. And they would learn it—women are quick at intrigue, and an unscrupulous woman is ever more merciless than any man.

In my mind the great barrier to woman in politics is the natural physical one. There are so many times when home is the only proper place for a woman. This fact is inexorable. It seems to me that the only proper time for a woman to mix with men at the polls is after she is fifty years of age. I do not say this flippantly. I believe it. I think that sex is the real barrier to woman's rights.

I am convinced that the whole secret of woman's clamoring for her rights lies in the pocketbook. It is said that the love of money is the root of all evil. There is no doubting the fact that woman's unrest, her discontent, her desire to get into business and politics arise directly from her sense of injustice over money. Men want to give women "what money they need"—they propose to be the judges of this, and women, year by year, have grown more weary of it, more desirous of having things more equitably arranged. Now on this one point I am a suffragist. If by voting we could settle this unlovely dispute, remove from women's lives this cloud of unhappiness, I would say, let us vote. Let us go to the polls with the babies in our arms and the little ones tagging after. But I cannot see how suffrage would make this matter any better. If the law should name a certain percentage of a man's salary as the just portion for a woman's services as his partner in life there would still be room for dispute. She might spend it foolishly and have to fall back on him for a further portion, or she might keep up a continual fussing over the inadequacy of the amount; it would resolve itself, after all, into a domestic problem to be worked out according to the common-sense of the parties involved.

So Long as Marriage Remains an Institution, so long as men and women mate together with the idea of keeping to each other for a lifetime, these questions of domestic equity will come up and they will have to be settled by the couple themselves. No law can intervene here. Sentiment and custom can change, are changing, but the actual condition of woman in the married state, if she is living according to Nature, will remain about the same. There is that in the old, old story of life and love which cannot be changed, and which, after all, we do not want changed when it comes to the point. For this reason I think most women would vote with their husbands—I know all unmarried women would vote with their sweethearts—I never saw a girl who wouldn't change her politics to suit her lover.

It is this idea of the actual immutability of the history of human life that makes me feel how little change the ballot would actually bring, and also makes me doubt that much good would come of it. I believe there is no more destroying force than the idea that very soon—next year or the year after—there is going to be a change, and that meanwhile what offers isn't worth doing.

You remember the history of Richard Carstone in "Bleak House"? His life was ruined by the prospect of a fortune. It unsettled him for all steady application. I think woman stands just now in somewhat the same attitude: she is on the lookout for something new—for a liberation, a reward, a release from a world-old slavery and wrong. We are especially prone to feel this premonition when we are young. We feel it about other things besides our civic rights. It seems to us that there is a promise somewhere. Life surely did mean to offer us something a little more satisfactory.

The Sooner We Learn About Mirages the Better. Life is full of them. It seems a pity, but it is true, that we are always seeing, somewhere on the edge of the desert, the city of peace with its fountains and its palms. But even in the city of peace there would be rooms to keep clean and dishes to wash. You wouldn't want to go to it without John and the children, and when you all got there you would find that your dispositions hadn't changed. He would still have his irritating ways, and the children their traits that you can plainly trace to his side of the house. The road to contentment does not lead "over the mountains of the moon, down in the valley of shadow"; it merely follows the path to the milk-house and the garden, and the plain, beaten track of the day's routine. We are peculiarly blessed and favored when we find this out early in life.

The women who write me about my shortcomings on the suffrage question invariably say to me: "You are too bright a woman—you have too good a mind to remain dense on the suffrage question." I insist that I am not dense about it. I declare that suffrage would cut very little figure in my life, and I am not ashamed nor afraid to say so. I am a woman. I like my home. I like to see the rooms straightened up and to have three meals a day and a general air of domestic life around me.

I have a great many friends, men and women. I like them for various reasons. The men are a set of rather indifferent fellows, but, taking everything into consideration, they do fairly well. I wish that their ideals of success and spiritual development were a bit higher, but I do not think I have any special mission to reform them. Whenever I get a chance I tell them what I think about the plain duty



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. SMITH

of a human life: how I believe we ought all to live for the best that is in us, and cherish every beauty and joy of simple living and loving. In their midst I try to live somewhat as I would like to have them live, seeking the interesting, the satisfying, in common daily existence. In order to do this I need every safeguard of quiet domestic life. I need every little allegiance, and point of honor, and duty of parentage, and vow of wifehood, and love of home, and sanctity of every domestic relation.

I say I need these things, and if I, a woman, need them to hold me to the proper ideals, how much more does man with his fuller natural liberty need them? I say natural liberty, and I mean it when I say it. It may be a galling thing to women to admit it, but Nature provided man with wider liberty than woman. No legislation nor change of custom can ever alter this fact. There is not, and never can be, any natural equality between man and woman. Whenever you find a woman who can go among men as one of them, making herself a mere automaton, a thinking-box, a business machine, you find a creature who is not a woman at all. Men can be natural in business with each other. Between men and men and between women and women there is a natural sex understanding that need not be curbed nor guarded. But between men and women sex is the danger point. I have nothing against the business woman. I admire her courage and her self-control; nevertheless I say her position is unnatural if it takes her, all day long, into a world of men. If we have a generation of girls who would rather support themselves than to marry, and wives who would rather be breadwinners than mothers, Nature must have made a dreadful mistake, or else man has been a notorious failure as a "houseband."

I am So Devoted to the Old-Fashioned Idea of Home that I take fright at anything that threatens to disturb it further. Do you remember when you were a child how dreadfully you felt if you ever returned from a visit or a journey and found that mother had been called away from home? What a lack there was in life then—how limp every joy seemed to hang! Yet you didn't want any very special thing of mother—you just wanted her to be there. I feel just in this way about the simple home woman—I want her to be there when the heart returns—and so often, these days, she isn't there! The suffragists insist that the ballot would not take her further away, but would only make our homes more intelligent. I doubt this. Woman has at present unlimited opportunities for intelligence. I look at the average voter and I do not see in him a creature of much enlightenment. Why do we suppose that the franchise would improve women when it certainly does not improve men?

To be sure, I believe in the rights of citizenship, and, as I have said, I am not actively opposed to woman's rights, but I do profess my own inability to vote intelligently. I know how political parties fish up issues and catchwords. I know how elections are carried on and how impossible it is for the citizen to express himself by vote. Shall I ever have a chance to vote for the equalization of wealth and the proper distribution of labor? If so, let me vote for a law that will force every living soul to do a certain amount of real work every day. Let me vote that every living woman must cook her own dinner or render in actual labor an equivalent for that cooking. Let me vote that no man or woman shall have a body servant. Let me vote to reduce the salaries of all officials and the cost of living to suit more moderate and moral ways of life. You see, the things I want to vote for are not "on the cards." I suppose every woman should wish to vote against whisky—I do.

While I am the prophet of contentment I loathe stupid contentment. I object to the feminine air of a cow in a clover-field. When you have married a man who can "keep you" and are settled down to home-making you should have only properly begun a mental and bodily development that discounts education and polish. All that you need to do is to recognize your opportunity and appreciate your privilege. The harder the conditions the greater the chance. Remember the self-contained business woman—the restless suffrage agitator is often the woman who has been denied your great opportunity.

One Great Mistake of Women is the idea that marriage is the end of all things, and that having achieved it one is not expected to accomplish anything else. When we speak of accomplishing things we are too likely to think of success as a tangible thing. It is an American idea that nothing counts unless we can turn it to a money advantage. This idea has chased thousands of young folk away from home and sent many a woman to the lunatic asylum. Through it we take up the distressing notion that our work is work that "doesn't count." I verily believe that my best mental development took place during dish-washing. I just vowed I wouldn't allow it to be stupid. I used to preach and exhort and recite poems and review books. I called my reveries dish-water philosophy. I really did turn some of them into money—but that was a trifling gain compared with my personal development and the tangible results in the minds of my children.

Perhaps one reason I have cared so little about suffrage is because I have been so busy making the most of everything that came in my way. Perhaps, too, I care little about it because, personally, I have my liberty. I have it because I took it. Any woman can do the same. She can successfully cultivate a soul liberty that man can scarcely cope with save by like intelligence and understanding. My conception of liberty may not be the proper one and may seem amazing to some women. I am married. We are poor. We probably always will be so, because we are built for it—we lack the quality of making a money success. We have a talent for poverty and can never get away from it, yet I am free, a free moral agent, a free human soul. I can be what I choose to be, think what I choose to think.

I may not be able to govern circumstances, but circumstances shall not govern me. I am an entity, and as such the Universe must recognize me. We do not arrive at this state of liberty by doing things which, at the moment, people call great. We are more likely to find it by sticking to those simple duties that misguided folk call common, and by recognizing limitations we cannot change.

I Think I am All Right on the Suffrage Proposition. I am not very strong on reform. The mills of the gods grind slowly and we must be patient. Meanwhile I am learning to knit. A grandmother who does not knit is an incomplete being. My mother left me a knitted bedspread and lace enough for pillows for myself and the girls. I think more of these visible tokens of her sweet, old-fashioned life than of any documentary evidence of her greatness she could have left me. Mother would have voted if she had had the chance. She lived a widow for over thirty years and she always said she was opposed to taxation without representation. But she never fretted over it, and I think her memory lacks nothing it would have gained by her having had the ballot.

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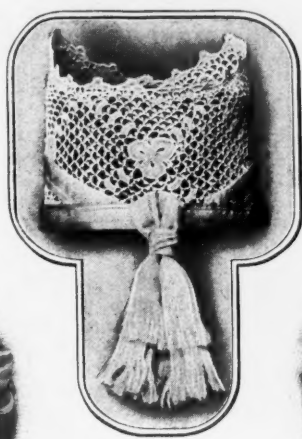
A jaunty silk tie with additional ends to form a double bow.



New-style party-slipper bow of white satin trimmed with opalescent beads. There are three loops of graded sizes on each side.



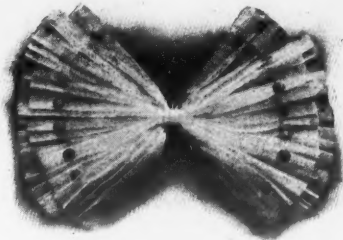
One of the most attractive slipper bows of the season, especially for a bride, having satin ribbon roses in a chiffon rosette.



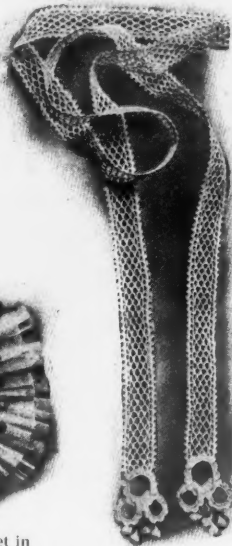
A new accessory to the handsome collar of Irish lace is a satin stock. This one is in pale pink and fastens in the front with a small hook and eye. The band is tucked across the back.



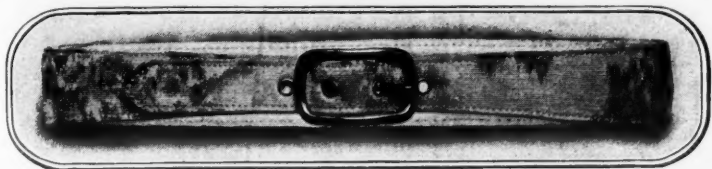
A chic little bow of tan leather for russet pumps. These bows are serviceable and easily cleaned with the shoe.



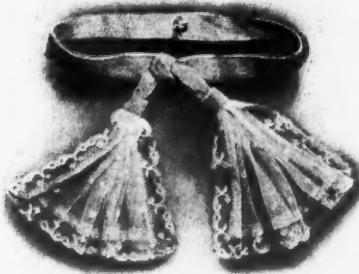
New collar frill of fine cotton net in plaits with an inch-deep hem. The polka dots in Copenhagen blue are appliquéd only on the top piece. They are easily embroidered on fine batiste, then cut out and applied to the net. They may vary in color.



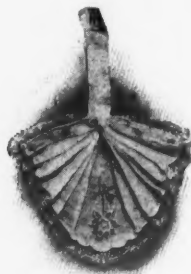
Irish lace insertion one yard in length forms this simple tie. Crocheted rings and balls trim the ends.



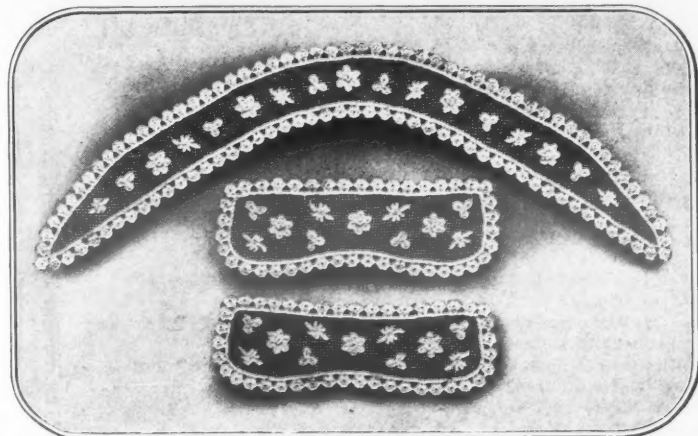
A smart new-style belt made of shadow cretonne in pastel shades. The lining is of white moiré silk. The buckle is dull gilt.



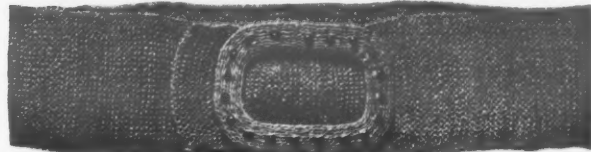
A strip of ribbon velvet with plaited lace ends, designed to wear at the base of the stock.



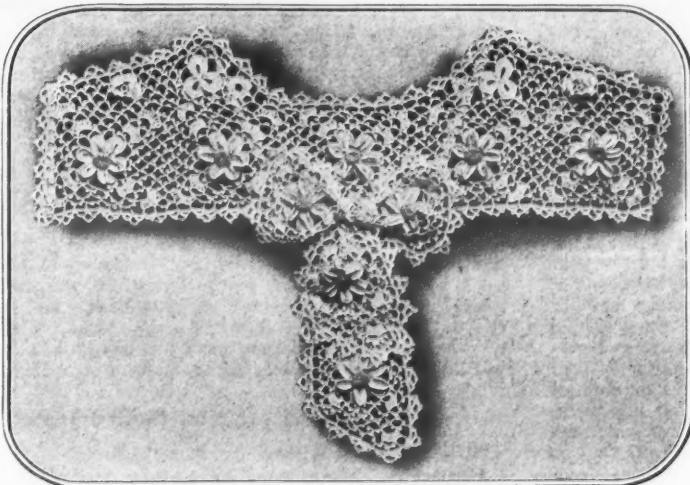
Dainty collar tab of fine linen, the flower being worked in pink and green.



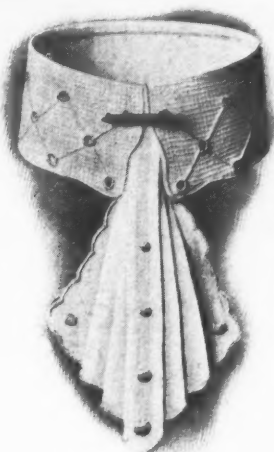
Coat set of handsome quality and unusual design. The simple lace pattern is of Irish crochet applied to hand-made filet net.



Knitted belt of natural-colored raffia to wear with a pongee dress. The buckle is studded with green jewels, though coral-red, dark blue or robin's-egg blue are appropriate.

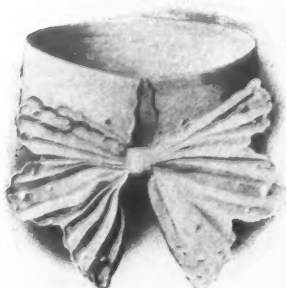


The new idea in Irish lace is shown in this collar which has the raised flowers with colored centres. It may be a touch of dainty yellow, forget-me-not blue or rose pink. Not only is this color combination pretty in this style of collar, but in applying it to a coat set of plain white, to a small tab, a collar and cuff set, or to dress lace trimming, the effect would be striking and unusual.

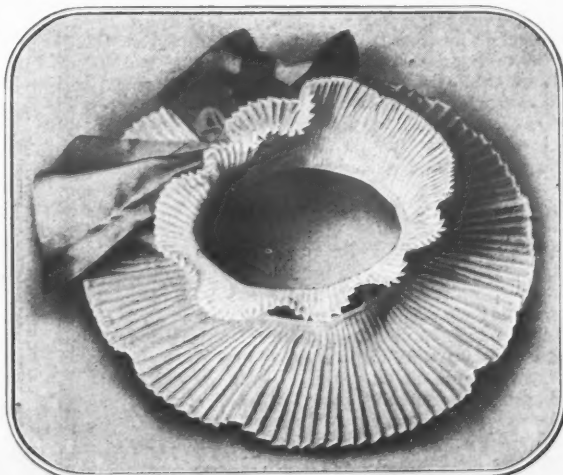


A charming combination of pink embroidery and white linen in collar and tab.

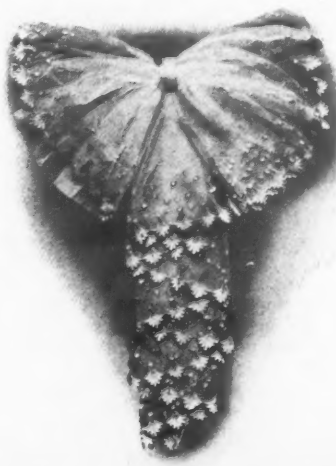
Collar of Irish lace and embroidery with tie of pale-blue silk. These ties may also be worn becomingly around the collar of a lingerie waist.



Dainty and simple collar and tab in all-white linen—embroidery in polka dots and scallops. One of the most popular and becoming styles for general wear.



A new collar design for a very young girl. It is made of sheer lawn, beading and blue ribbon.



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What Nature Really Intended Us to Eat

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

ONE of the greatest curses with which we have to contend is the urging of people to eat when they are not hungry. Hunger means to the average person a faint feeling and a sort of gnawing at the pit of the stomach—really a mark of disease. True hunger is known by a sort of restlessness and an unusual flow of saliva in the mouth—the mouth then becomes very moist. Whenever the mouth is dry do not eat. Frequently, if a person is not hungry, some kindly friend orders a tonic, which is a deathblow to the invalid, weakens the strong, and creates diseases for which there is no recovery. Centuries of abuse have imposed false standards and created many incurable diseases.

I have before me many letters telling me that my diet would not sustain a "small bird," and still, when I consider the amount of labor, mental and physical, that I at my age do in twenty-four hours on one good meal a day I wonder that they can for a moment suspect that I am ill fed.

I learned a long while ago that a small amount of well-cooked food, slowly and carefully masticated before swallowing, would give entire satisfaction, and a sustaining power far greater than three hurried meals a day. Headaches and the various bilious conditions to which so many are subject are always the result of bad eating.

Our Vegetable Diet Should be Far in Excess of Meats

JUDGING from the variety and number of teeth, the amount and nature of the digestive secretions, man is omnivorous. We must not fail to observe, however, that, to be natural and consistent with Nature's plans, our vegetable diet should be far in excess of meats. Even a meat-eater will not be so irrational, I think, as to uphold a meat diet in warm weather. In the first place, it is difficult to keep meat in warm weather, and decomposing flesh, that usually known as "well-hung meat," is dangerous. Second, meat produces heat, without a corresponding amount of energy. Nature intended that our food should be not only well blended but also taken in small quantities. Violation of this law creates odd and objectionable conditions in the body at once. The stomach and intestines, constantly overcrowded, soon lose their elasticity and fall heavily on the wall of the abdomen. Nine times out of ten a distended abdomen foretells an early breakdown and frequently a sudden death. In short, the overfed have never a strong hold on life. The majority of gluttons—and all who overeat are certainly gluttons—are heavy meat-eaters. Meat well and simply cooked is appetizing and digests quickly, but it leaves one in condition to get hungry in a few hours, so that three to four meals a day are absolutely necessary to satisfy the hunger of a meat-eater. Such persons have no conservation of force. They are nervous rather than active. Who has not seen the youth who prided himself on his muscle, his vigor, and his ability to withstand cold weather without an overcoat, break down at forty, and spend the remainder of his life seeking health at the mouth of a drug-bottle?

What to Eat at This Season of the Year

ANATURAL diet is composed at this season of the year of such light animal foods as eggs and milk, and of such nitrogenous, muscle-making foods as nuts, gluten macaroni, whole-wheat bread, lentils, peas and beans, with a bulk of succulent vegetable materials and fruits. Such foods satisfy hunger and give ease with a corresponding amount of energy.

I think I am in diet a naturalist, and by this I mean that I fully believe in eating foods in season in the locality in which I live. For example, in Alaska I should take animal fats in large quantities, to support the heat of the body and keep up the vital power; while in Southern Italy I should live on fruits, nuts and succulent vegetables, with good macaroni, skimmed milk cheese (Parmesan), and such vegetable fats as olive oil. In the temperate zone we are really in Alaska in winter and in Southern Italy in the summer. Hence, we must change our diet twice a year. Use, if you like, sparingly, in the winter, bacon and meats, and in the summer fruits, fresh vegetables and salads.

The summer dishes are attractive and easy to serve—a great recommendation to a woman doing her own work. Nuts, being rich in oil, grow rancid quickly; during the summer they must be kept in your refrigerator, just as you would keep meat. A portion may be ground at once, made into butter, packed into tumblers and covered. Another quantity may be put through the meat-chopper to use for such dishes as nut roll, nut soufflé, for stuffing green vegetables such as tomatoes, summer squash and cucumbers. Another portion may be kept whole to use in scalloped dishes. I should have the greatest amount in pecans. If you have hickory-nuts or English walnuts use them. Pine or piñon nuts are cheap, tasty and easily kept. English walnuts may be used occasionally. They are rather dense, compared with pecans.

I have in mind almost a hundred dishes that can be made from eggs, milk and nuts, which are distinctly different, palatable and slightly. An easily-prepared nut dish is made by covering the bottom of a baking-dish with squares of toasted bread. Over this put peeled tomatoes cut into blocks, then a layer of pecan nuts, then a layer of carefully-boiled rice, another layer of nuts, tomatoes and bread. Bake this for half an hour; dust the top with grated cheese, and it is ready to serve. With a salad or a dish of fruit you have a very complete meal.

If you have boiled rice today save that which is left over for tomorrow. Mix with it an equal quantity of chopped nuts, a hard-boiled egg chopped fine, and a very little seasoning, salt and onion juice. Mix thoroughly, put it into a baking-dish, cover with half a pint of cream sauce. Dust the top with grated cheese and bake until brown.

Another attractive dish is made by boiling beans until they are soft and pressing them through a colander. Put this pulp in layers, using nuts between the layers. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. This is highly nitrogenous, having a far greater sustaining power than meat. With this you will serve either potatoes or rice, and a green salad—tomatoes, lettuce, string-beans or peas.

Avoid All Heavy, Starchy Foods in Hot Weather

SUCH light meats as Hamburg roast, broiled lamb chops or pan-fried chicken should take the place of the heavy joints in hot weather. Pork, of all things, should be avoided. Veal requires five hours for perfect digestion; if it is used at all have it very carefully and thoroughly cooked. During the heated term avoid all heavy, starchy foods—such as hot puddings, hot breads, pastries, cakes and candies—as they are heat producers. Sugar is no doubt a good food, but is not good when mixed with such complicated dishes as pies, cakes or candies. Two tablespoonfuls of sugar taken alone will be easily digested and assimilated, but when taken with other foods, especially in drinks, as tea and coffee, will create fermentation and produce sour stomach, which in turn causes indigestion.



I fully believe the cause of much intemperance—the desire for stimulants—is a lack of vital force, caused by indigestion, with heavy tasks to perform.

I do not for a moment wish to induce people to live on raw foods, or on restricted diets, for these are not natural in our present conditions. But I would like them to substitute fruits and bread and butter for pies as well as cakes; to cook simply; to bake, boil or stew their potatoes, instead of wasting time and fire on croquettes or fries; to boil, broil or roast meats, instead of frying and ragoûting them; to serve nice green vegetables, simply boiled in salt water, instead of stewing them for hours with fat meats. I should like to see them use dainty green salads, instead of pickles and condiments; use fruit in season, instead of preserves and sweet jellies; use the vegetables in season, instead of those prepared; have good

bread and butter in the place of cake; pay more attention to the fresher vegetables and light meats, and less to the complicated methods of cooking; not to hunt up all the new recipes for "devil's food" and "angel's hash" (a vile combination), but to use these same materials served daintily and in an appetizing manner.

Let the Housewife Personally Select All Her Food

ISHOULD like to see the housewife select all food, rather than to order that which she does not see; to write her bills-of-fare a week in advance, which will enable her to have a change each day without great variety at each meal and without hurried cooking. Select the simplest and best methods of preparing the foods accessible in your own neighborhood. Make use of all left-overs, but do it in the simplest way. The housewife, if she is the mother of the family, has a thousand and one things besides cooking to do. There is the sewing, the care of the house, and she must be agreeable to the family when they come home at night. She must have a pleasant smile for the children when they come from school, and she cannot do these things if she spends her valuable time in making artificial compounds and fancy cooking.

The beauty of simple living lies in this: one's appetite becomes keener, one's taste more acute, and foods not doctored are more acceptable than the old foods of a year ago. There is a taste of the mouth and an after taste of the stomach. Food must be kept in the mouth until every particle of the mouth taste is satisfied, then swallowed. In this way a small amount of food will satisfy hunger.

Simple living means a better table, higher thoughts and better health. A ten months' trial of really good, well-cooked food, masticated carefully before it is swallowed, will prove to any family that health depends upon the manner in which they live.

I doubt sometimes whether it is possible to restore a degenerate palate. When one has lived wrong for many years he cannot think correctly. He feels that his case is a special one, and he must have condiments—he must take tonics; and so he goes from bad to worse.

Have Foods Tasty and Well Selected for a Bill-of-Fare

WHEN arranging a simple bill-of-fare, first have all foods tasty and well selected. Have them cooked quickly, in an easy manner, and served the best you know how. Garnish every plate. Have the dining-room light and cheerful, and have every dish in its proper place, on a snow-white cloth. Vary the bills-of-fare each day, but do not have a great variety at each meal. If you are fond of cereals have a different cereal every morning during the week. Serve it differently: one day with milk, another with cream, then with fruit juice, then with sliced fruit; sliced peaches with farina, and chopped dates with hot oatmeal, are appetizing. Eggs may be served in a hundred simple ways. If you have toast for breakfast have it hot and crisp. Do not put butter on it before toasting. Whole-wheat bread, well buttered, with a dish of fruit, is quite enough to sustain one through a severe morning's task. If you have dinner in the middle of the day have a light soup, one meat, one starchy vegetable, potato or rice or macaroni or hominy or grits, or a nice dish of corn bread, a green vegetable and the salad; or the salad may serve in the place of the green vegetable. If you have fresh fruit use it as dessert, or in the place of one green vegetable. This will give you a fairly balanced ration.

One advantage of a vegetable diet is that rice, peas, beans, lentils and nuts are easily transported and kept in any climate. They are as easily got by the housewife on the desert as by the one in the city. On the desert the bulk of green foods must be canned goods, while in the city we have fresh vegetables the year around. The woman on the farm has her kitchen-garden, and if she has attended to it properly she will have all the vegetables necessary for a good-sized family.

A Good Recipe for Stuffed Tomatoes

SELECT solid tomatoes, and cut a slice from the stem end. Remove the seeds. Mix together half a pint of dry breadcrumbs, half a pint of chopped nuts, a little parsley if you have it, salt, and a dash of pepper. Break in one raw egg. Stuff this into the tomatoes, replace the slice that you cut off, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve plain or with a tomato sauce.

Stuffed Cucumbers

PARE and cut good-sized cucumbers into halves. With a spoon scrape out the seeds. Fill the space with the same mixture as for the tomatoes. Put the two halves together, tie them carefully, brush the outside with olive oil, put them in the oven and bake them until brown. Then pour in the pan a pint of strained tomatoes or three or four raw tomatoes chopped. Cook slowly for one hour. When done remove the strings, dish the cucumbers carefully, add a little water to the pan, and strain the contents over the cucumbers.

Long-necked summer squash may be cooked in the same way.

How to Prepare Macaroni with Cheese

THIS is one of the nicest of dinner dishes. Break the macaroni into pieces two inches long. Throw them into a large kettle of boiling water. Boil rapidly for thirty minutes; drain and throw into cold water. Change the water until the macaroni is perfectly cooked. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter or olive oil. Add one chopped onion. Shake over the fire until the onion is soft, not brown. Add a pint of strained tomatoes and the macaroni. When the macaroni is thoroughly heated add half a pound of grated American cheese, and half a cupful of milk or cream, and a palatable seasoning of salt. Stir and serve at once. A good accompaniment to this would be rice or baked potatoes, followed by a lettuce salad or fruit.

NOTE—In the next issue of The Journal (for October) Mrs. Rorer will tell of "Easier and Better Ways in the Kitchen"—how the housewife may, by labor-saving schemes and careful planning, make her kitchen-work lighter and pleasanter.



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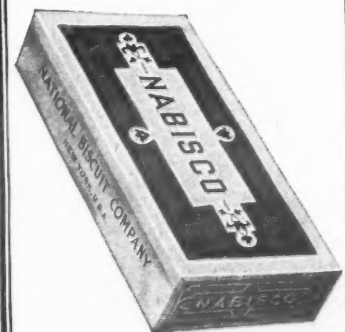
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Window-Gardens for Practically Nothing

By Frances Duncan

ANY one for whom plants will grow can have a good window-garden. In expense window-gardens differ one from another as widely as clothes. While one woman will spend money a-plenty on costly plants only to kill them speedily and unintentionally, another by the exercise of ingenuity and garden sense will contrive a vastly prettier little garden at extraordinarily little cost.

Suppose you cannot afford to spend much on your window-garden. First look over your yard and see what you have to make one with. There are the house-plants which have been summering in the garden; these can be taken up soon and repotted. But geraniums which have been blooming all summer can't be expected to do winter duty also without a period of rest and recreation; so take cuttings, shake the soil from the roots of the parent plants, then repot and let them rest for the winter. Cuttings or slips can be taken now from all kinds of bedding plants—heliotrope, ageratum, begonia, coleus, alternanthera and the like: it is very easy to root these in sand; besides, it is a pity for the plants to depart this life and leave no families behind them! Begonias may be rooted by merely laying down a leaf on the sand, pegging it down at various places, and at every break the roots will start for a new plant; or else a leaf may be torn and set up on edge in the sand, the torn edge inserted, and many little plants will result.

Annuals for Winter Blooming

FOR immediate effect and extreme inexpensiveness there is nothing like the annuals which are already growing in the garden. Many of them will respond cheerfully to an encore and give a pleasing repetition of their summer performance: verbenas, stocks, snapdragon, China asters, Drummond's phlox, petunia, salvia, coreopsis, cornflower or bachelor's buttons (*centaurea*), tobacco plant, marigolds (both the French and the African), pansies (if you choose the smaller plants); scabiosa and salpiglossis will bloom if taken up very carefully. Of the vines, *Cobaea scandens*—the "cup-and-saucer vine"—can be dug for window-gardening uses. Plants of the little perennial English daisy can be taken up too. Dig and pot carefully. Don't take up a plant from the garden when the soil is wet; if you water about five hours before potting the earth will be in the right condition. Cut down the tops, put the plants in the shade for a few days that they may recover from the shock and the surprise, and they will speedily take to blooming again.

If you have no outdoor garden, or no annuals growing in the one you have, then sow some now in boxes. Plants from these will not be so certain of abundant bloom as plants already growing, but the five-cent seed packets are no very large risk. The best annuals to try are nasturtium, sweet alyssum (variety "Carpet of Snow" or "Little Gem" for an edging), coreopsis, cornflower, marigolds, forget-me-not, tobacco plant, mignonette, and the butterfly flower—schizanthus. Put six or eight nasturtium seeds in a seven-inch pot with a piece of brush in the middle for them to climb on.

The Best Way to Plant in Boxes or Pots

FOR starting the seeds boxes are usually more convenient than pots. Probably the handiest ones are "flats"—shallow wooden boxes about twelve inches by fifteen by two and a half—like ordinary soap-boxes. Nail bottoms on, leaving cracks or else boring holes in the bottom for drainage. First put in a layer of potsherds, then a layer of coarse screenings, next the fine soil. Press this well down into sides and corners. Sow the seed in lines, sift a little sand over for covering—four times the depth of the seed is the rule. Water carefully—a bulb sprayer is a good thing to use; some gardeners lay a piece of fine muslin or cheesecloth on the sand and water through this so as not to dislodge the seeds. When the seedlings are up thin them or they will amount to nothing.

Mignonette and schizanthus are best sown in pots. For the mignonette make ready as many two-inch pots as you want plants. Make a little depression in the middle of the pot with your finger, drop in two or three seeds, cover with soil. In about two weeks the seed will have germinated, then give only the strongest seedling the pot to itself, pulling out the others. Mignonette should not be checked; as the pots become filled with roots, shift first to four-inch pots, then to eight-inch, when they should have two inches of drainage. In repotting disturb the roots as little as possible. Don't let the plants become pot-bound, keep them cool, and don't let them dry out at the roots, but at the same time do not keep them wet or the soil may sour. The plant likes to be kept rather cool.

Some Ready-at-Hand House Plants for Country Folk

SOME inexpensive and decorative plants can be secured by taking up and potting seedling pines or hemlocks or junipers. Price as well as distance can lend enchantment; yet a beautifully-shaped baby hemlock tree with its delicate feathery foliage is quite as good to look at as an araucaria and is infinitely less expensive. A four-foot plant of common white pine makes an excellent plant for a hall-way, and one does not worry over its health as if it were a bay tree or an aged Japanese cypress—besides, it can be clipped bay-tree fashion if one likes. A squat, spreading juniper in a Japanese jar will look quite Japanese. Take these infant evergreens from places where so many brothers and sisters are left that one you take will not be missed.

Dig the plants carefully, and, until you can pot them, mud the roots or wrap them in wet moss. Before being planted the roots of evergreens must never be allowed to become dry nor should they be exposed to the air. If you are careful about this you can do almost anything with an evergreen. I have potted a tiny spruce in a strawberry-basket and carried it home in a trunk and it lived happily for years afterward and died from other causes. I have also had small hemlocks living in small terra-cotta Japanese pots with no drainage whatever—not ideal conditions certainly, but the plants bore them nobly.

When you go out into the highways and byways in this fashion to find your plants the simplest way is to take note first of the pots or jardinières you have and select the plants to fit the pots. Fern-dishes can be filled with small plants of the hard, shining, little polypody fern; a tiny spruce shaped like a miniature Christmas tree is very pretty in a fern-dish.

These plants like light, but not direct sunlight—they live best in a cool room and at a north or west window, though they do not need to be in the window.



A Bay-Window Utilized for an Indoor Flower-Bed

The Kitchen Conservatory

A VALUABLE aid to a home window-garden is a "kitchen conservatory." Both the well-being of the plants and the pride of the window-gardener will be increased if there is a place where they can be comfortably lodged and well taken care of during those weeks when they are not at their prettiest; for this purpose the kitchen is ideal with its uniform heat and the moisture from steaming pots and kettles.

The "conservatory" described here laid no claim to beauty—unless measured by the ancient adage of "handsome is as handsome does." It was but an easily-arranged device that made for the comfort both of the plants and of their owner.

Fastened to the window-frame were strong brackets, and laid on these were the shelves, each being an inch or two narrower than its supporting bracket, but extending at each side to a safe distance beyond the brackets. The shelves were not nailed in position—a screw-eye on the bracket prevented the shelf from slipping forward. On any extremely cold night the shelves were lifted down bodily, plants and all, and moved to a position of greater safety.

A convenient though not necessary modification of this arrangement is to have the brackets slope slightly forward and to have one a trifle higher than its mate, so that the surplus water will run off at one corner—after the manner in which a shelf at a kitchen sink is sometimes arranged. At this lowest corner is a hook on which some receptacle may be hung to catch the dripping after watering.

The shelves may be as near together as one pleases, but the second shelf should be high enough above the first to clear the heads of the plants below. The simplest form of shelf for an affair of this sort is a board grooved at the lower edge to catch the water; or one may make a raised edge by nailing thin two-inch-wide strips at the edge of the shelf and filling in the crevices with putty.

At one kitchen window blest with a conservatory of this order there is an interesting protecting device. Instead of the usual window-shade is an old-fashioned shade roller (of the ancient type which is worked up and down by a cord at the side), and on this instead of a shade has been tacked a two-yard piece of thirty-inch burlap, and on cold nights the burlap is pulled down behind the window-garden, between the window and the shelves, as insurance against possible disaster.

Such a kitchen window-garden is an excellent place for starting seeds and cuttings, for invalid plants, for those which have been cut back and must look stumpy for some weeks, and for the young potted slips for next summer's garden.

Some Points About Making a Window-Garden

FIRST consider where it had best be put. A southeast window is the exposure most plants prefer. If you have only a west window at your disposal then don't choose sun-loving plants. Next consider the probable temperature: if you haven't even heat, and there is danger some night of the plants' coming perilously near freezing, then it is a great saving of mental strain if you have no plants to which such an accident would be fatal. Azaleas, narcissuses and tulips can stand a great deal of cold; white callas and hyacinths cannot.

A convenient form of window-garden is the ordinary deep window-box, set on a bench so that its top is level with the windowsill. In this the plants are set, the smaller or shallower ones propped underneath with blocks of wood to bring the tops of the pots to a level, and within a box of this sort individual plants may be growing in anything—even tin cans, and your window-garden will look none the worse for it. Paper pots will be found very convenient, and plants in them can be squeezed into places where otherwise there would be no room for them. But don't try growing bulbs in paper pots! Pack the spaces about the pots with moss and keep this damp.

The window-garden of the illustration at the top of this page is of a more permanent order. It is really an indoor flower-bed and made to fit into the bay-window. This "flower-bed" is two feet and a half wide and eight inches deep; the box is at such a height that the soil is level with the windowsill. The first box is lined with zinc and a pipe takes off the superfluous water after the manner of a refrigerator drainage-system; this box is merely for drainage. The garden proper is in a second box which fits inside and holds the soil; this is only six inches deep and it fits tightly at the sides, but between its bottom and the zinc-lined box beneath is a space of two inches. The owner of this ingenious garden has utilized the space underneath her flower-beds for cupboards. In a window-garden of this order plants may be set out as if in the ground, and potted plants may be "plunged" as in a garden-bed. The English ivy growing around the windows is a permanent feature, but this also was most inexpensive, having been grown from cuttings rooted in water. An amusing feature of this little garden is its pool. All gardeners know that house plants are the better for the neighborhood of a basin of water to counteract the excessive dryness of the living-room; here a large shell bought at a bargain is the pool, and above it—secured to the wall—is a smaller one. The water is led into it through a slender pipe attached by rubber tubing to the nearest faucet, which is turned on whenever the fountain is in action. It would be quite possible, however, if this seems ambitious, to sink in the "garden" any sort of basin and have in it easily-grown aquatics.

For Bloom at Thanksgiving and Christmas

AZALEAS. If you want your azaleas for Easter then there is no need of taking them up until the end of October; they can stand an outdoor life until the weather is quite cold; but if you want them in bloom at Christmas they should be taken up in September.

EASTER LILY. The Bermuda or Easter lily should be potted at once if wanted for Christmas. Plant in a deep pot.

FREESIA. Pot at once for bloom at Christmastime. The best variety is *Freesia refracta alba*. Plant seven bulbs in a five-inch pot, setting the bulbs two inches below the surface of the soil. These bulbs do not need darkness. Set the pots in a cool place, but bring indoors before frost.

ROMAN HYACINTH AND PAPER WHITE NARCISSUS if potted now will bloom easily by Thanksgiving Day. They should have four weeks in a dark, cool place to make root-growth. The narcissus will grow in stones and water, like a Chinese lily, and with two weeks in the dark will bloom in six weeks from the time of planting.

NOTE—Miss Duncan is always glad to hear from readers of The Journal, and will answer by mail any questions about gardening. Only be sure to inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Frances Duncan, in care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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What Other Women Have Found Out

This department is an "Exchange" of ideas: of any helpful hint, whether it concerns the family, the kitchen, the nursery, sewing-room, or any other part of the house—to which any Journal reader is cordially invited to contribute. A crisp, new dollar bill is paid for any idea accepted. But no manuscripts can be returned; unused ones will be destroyed. Write very briefly: just the hint itself, to The Editor of "The Journal's Exchange," The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.



An Emergency Shelf will prove a blessing to those who do not live near the stores; and even those who do may find it better than sending for necessary articles at the eleventh hour. The best emergency shelf is a closet, made with a door of heavy netting, which the "handy man" will put up in the cellar or pantry, and fit with lock and key. Instead of stocking it at once, if that is too expensive, plan to add one thing a week to it until it is filled to suit you. Be sure that as soon as a can or jar is taken from the closet it is replaced as soon as possible. A good beginning for such a closet would be canned soups, fruits and vegetables, two cans of each; marmalade, cheese in jars, potted meats, olives, pickles, sardines, anchovies and a home-made fruitcake. When the unexpected guest arrives the home table may be embellished and the housekeeper will never be found unprepared. M. M. K.

Unique Ninepins for Children

may be made of pine cones with a small square of cardboard tacked to the lower end of each cone to make it stand firm. Instead of ordinary balls use horse chestnuts. This is an easy way to provide a good time for the little folk. E. H. K.

When Picking Up Pieces After Dressmaking

pin all of one kind together with a large safety-pin; then lay them away in a drawer or in boxes, or else hang up on a hook in the sewing-room closet. They are easier to find when needed, and are not so much mused up as when rolled. E. F. H.

Before Using Bottled Milk

wash and wipe carefully the top and neck of the bottle. The milkman usually carries the bottles by the necks, and while the bottles themselves may be sterilized in the most approved manner, there may be dangerous germs on the outside by the time you are ready to pour out the milk. A. C. F.

For Kitchen Windows of Apartment Houses

neat boards painted the same color as the window frames, fitting the ledges of the windows, and standing high enough in front to conceal the inevitable milk bottles, will make a great improvement. The idea also could be adopted by those keeping lodging-houses who wish to have the exterior of their houses looking neat. CLEVELAND.

To Stain Stairs that are in Use

stain every other step the first day, requiring all members of the family to go upstairs two steps at a time, skipping the varnished stair. The next day stain the steps that were passed over, and use the dry ones. A block placed on each step which may be used will be an effective reminder. MRS. R. L. T.

A Preserve-Closet for a Flat-Dweller

may be made in the following way, if the flat contains a hall window that is not conspicuous: Half a dozen shelves, each two feet and a half long by a foot and a half wide, boarded up at the sides and across the top, form the closet. One of the broad sides only is covered, forming the door, which is fitted tight and has a lock. The other open side is fastened securely to the lower half of a hall window on the inside. The degree of heat and cold needed is regulated by opening and shutting the window at the back of the closet. A. W.

To Exterminate Ants

that are such a pest when they enter a house the following suggestions may prove of value: Get a large sponge, wash it and squeeze it dry. This will leave the cells open. Sprinkle the sponge with some white sugar and place it where the ants are troublesome. When it seems filled with insects drop it into a basin of hot water. Wash the sponge, and set the trap again. The ants will soon be exterminated. Another way to catch the very small ants that are so troublesome in some houses is to have a piece of bacon rind in a saucer. The ants will be attracted to it. Scald the rind often, and soon the ants will disappear. MASSACHUSETTS.

To Keep Ice in a Sick-Room

put a square of coarse flannel—the more loosely woven the better—over a wide-mouthed preserve-jar in such a way as to make a bag that does not quite touch the bottom of the jar inside. The flannel may be kept in place by a rubber band stretched around the neck of the jar. Put in the flannel bag the crushed ice that the patient is allowed to have, and screw on the top of the jar. As the ice melts the water is drained into the jar. This preserves the ice longer, and the ice is also easy to get at when needed. NURSE.

A Way to Save Money for Children

is to put aside all the coins coming into your possession bearing the date of the children's birth-years. If the coins are put into little banks, one for each child, and these banks are opened once a year, and the contents deposited in savings-bank, quite a little sum may accumulate while the children are small. H. P.

To Amuse an Invalid

or to while away the time of a friend who is going on a long journey, send a box of "Limerick Powders," with instructions to take one as often as needed. Prepare them as follows: Write the most amusing limericks you can, or copy some that are appropriate, on small slips of paper, and fold these just as a doctor folds powders. Put them in a small pasteboard box, getting a suitable one at a drug store, and write on the outside the directions as above, signing your name. M. D. M.

To Clean Fruit-Jars Easily

a dish-mop and a long-handled clean paint-brush will be found useful. With these simple aids the work may be done thoroughly and quickly, without the usual danger of scratching one's hands on the rough edges of the jars. MRS. H. C. G.

Using Clothespins to Fasten Cloth Strainers

whenever a large quantity of fruit juice is to be strained will lighten the work somewhat. Just fasten the cheesecloth bag over a granite pail by clothespins, and it may be left until all the juice has gone through. Where rain-water is used for washing purposes it often requires straining. Cover the top of the wash-boiler with a piece of cheesecloth, pinning it to the edges with clothespins; then pour into the water. IOWA.

Keep a Long Crochet Needle in the Bathroom

to draw from the waste pipes any threads or hairs that tend to stop the outflow of the water. G. W.

Use a Coffee-Pot When Warming Thin Soups

and see how much easier it is to pour out the soup into the cups or plates. None need be spilled, and just the right amount of soup can be put in. But if this plan is followed a coffee-pot should be reserved for this special purpose. M.

Save as Receptacles for "Left-Overs"

those tumblers which have originally contained sliced bacon or dried beef. They can be covered tightly, take up little space in the refrigerator, and you can see at a glance what is in them. MRS. E. P. G.

To Remove Paint from Clothing

mix in a cup equal parts of turpentine and ammonia and apply the solution to the paint with a piece of cloth the same color as the garment. Rub gently the way of the nap until the paint is removed, then sponge with warm water and a little white soap. This will not injure any fabric which will stand water. J. C. J.

What Young Mothers Ask Me

By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M. D.

Former House Physician of The Babies' Hospital, New York

Doctor Coolidge is always glad to answer the questions of Journal mothers about their children. When an answer is desired by mail a stamped addressed envelope must be inclosed.



When Cutting Teeth

Is there any remedy that will relieve pain while a child is cutting teeth? My baby is ten months old and has two lower teeth through, but his upper gum is terribly swollen—the teeth seem just at the point of coming through but do not appear, and he is often in great pain. MRS. M. B.

A cooling mouth-wash diluted with a little water and then rubbed on the swollen gum might help the child somewhat. If the teeth are so nearly through perhaps you could rub them through altogether. Take a perfectly clean piece of gauze or cheesecloth or a clean towel, place it over your finger and rub the gum very hard. This will often break the mucous membrane over the teeth; it will at least let out some of the blood and relieve the tension. After doing this use a boric-acid mouth-wash every two or three hours, so that there will be no chance of the gum's becoming infected.

Unsafe for a Mother to Give Chloroform

My little girl, who is four years old, has had several convulsions lately and my doctor told me to use chloroform to bring her out of them. Is there any danger of my giving her too much? MRS. H.

In such a case I think you will have to be guided by your own physician. He must have had some very good reason for allowing you yourself to give the chloroform to the baby. It is an exceedingly dangerous thing for an inexperienced person to handle. I have never allowed a mother to handle it herself.

Kindergarten for the Three-Year-Old

Do you think it would be advisable to send my little three-year-old daughter to the kindergarten this autumn? She has no one to play with at home. She has always taken a nap from eleven to one, and in case I let her go to school I should not know what to do about this, for she seems to need the sleep still. PERPLEXED.

I think it would be wiser for you to wait one more year before letting the little girl regularly attend the kindergarten. If you live near the school you might be able to arrange with the teacher to have her run in for one hour in the morning and then go home in time to take her nap. In this way she would have a little companionship without missing her needed sleep.

If the Baby is Tongue-Tied

My month-old baby does not seem to nurse well and often makes a little clucking sound with his tongue. Do you think anything could be wrong with his mouth? INEXPERIENCED.

Perhaps the baby is tongue-tied. Take him to your doctor and have an examination made. If the tongue is tied have the little web clipped at once.

The Proportion of Lime-Water in the Food

How much lime-water shall I put in my baby's food? He is four months old and is fed on modified milk. MRS. F. G.

Use one ounce of lime-water to each twenty ounces of the food; if the baby is inclined to vomit and is not constipated you may double this amount.

Raw Apples Not So Good as Cooked Ones

Is it all right to give raw apples to my little two-year-old boy? He is very fond of them and the new apples will soon be ripe. MRS. T. L.

It would be wiser to cook the apples, especially the early ones. Occasionally you might try to scrape a little of a raw apple and give him a few teaspoonfuls of this.

The Reason for Weaning a Year-Old Baby

Why is it best to wean a child when he is a year old? So many people say a baby should be nursed through his second summer. MRS. F. T. B.

After a baby has reached his first birthday the mother's milk is not strong enough in the bone-making material and other ingredients. The child then needs more of a variety of food and will do much better on a mixed diet.

When the Baby's Legs are Not Straight

I wish to know what I can do for my ten-months-old baby whose legs are so very bent. Would it be well for her to wear braces now or later? MRS. T. A.

The baby is too young for braces. At present you can only use massage. When she begins to walk get her a pair of "bowleg shoes," then, if these do not correct the difficulty, take her to a good physician and have him prescribe the proper kind of brace.

Advice Will be Given to Prospective Mothers

By Marianna Wheeler

Graduate of the Sloane Maternity Hospital of New York, and Formerly, for Fifteen Years, Superintendent of The Babies' Hospital of that City.

In acceding to the requests of hundreds of readers The Journal has arranged to have the letters of prospective mothers answered by mail. No questions of this character will be answered in the magazine. Readers are welcome to write letters to Marianna Wheeler, in care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, and she will take pleasure in giving any advice or answering any questions about the mothers themselves, but not about children. All such letters must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

How to Make Barley-Water Properly

My five-months-old baby has had a severe attack of summer diarrhea and I am making barley-water for him, but I fear I do not make it just right. Will you give me a recipe? MRS. L. K.

Take one full teaspoonful of barley flour, mix it into a smooth paste with a little cold water, then stir it into one pint of boiling water, add a pinch of salt and boil for twenty minutes, add enough water to make up the pint, and strain if at all lumpy.

Girls and Boarding-School

It will soon be time for school and we are considering the advisability of sending our twelve-year-old daughter to boarding-school. Do you approve of boarding-schools for girls? MRS. K.

It all depends on the individual girl. If your daughter is in need of regular discipline and companionship of other girls I should send her to a good boarding-school by all means, but if she is the sort of girl who needs home influence then sending her away would do more harm than good.

Long Garters, Not Round Ones

Which kind of garter do you like best for a child four years old? MRS. K. J.

The kind that buttons on to the waist by all means. The garter that is worn around the leg is very bad for the circulation.

Discipline for the Disobedient

Please tell me through THE JOURNAL what means I can adopt to make my little one (a year and a half old) know that she must obey. She is very bright, but dreadfully mischievous. She will snatch things off the table, pull at the curtains, turn chairs upside down, and she scratches and mars everything available. I spank her, but feel it is wrong to do so, especially as it has no effect on her. AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

When the child does anything especially naughty try putting her in her crib by herself, or place her in a large chair and tie her in for a while. Get her some blocks or kindergarten gifts and let her have one thing at a time, and when she grows tired of it take it away and give her something else. If you teach her to amuse herself with suitable things she will not have so much time for mischief. Never spank her when you yourself are angry; it may relieve your feelings but it rarely helps the baby.

Best for Babies

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Simple Knitting and Crocheting

By Lilian Barton Wilson

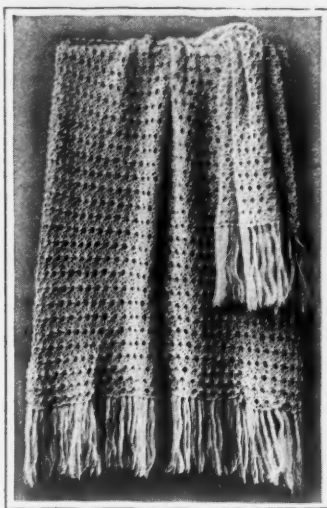


Gauntlets Combining Knitting and Crochet

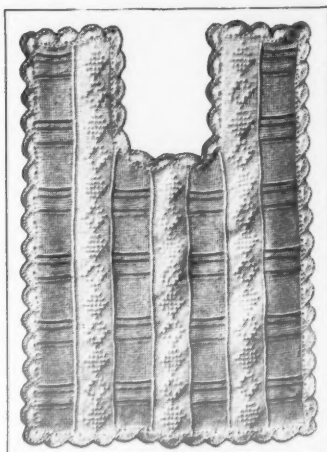
THERE is sufficient variety in the stitches and methods of the articles shown here to attract both the experienced knitter and the amateur. The gauntlet gloves are in close knitting up to the wrists, and the gauntlets added in firm crochet. This is a simple shell stitch, and the widening is done as one proceeds, row after row, at the sides of the gauntlets.

The light, pretty shawl scarf is knitted, and the stitches are dropped to form the rows of openwork; take up four and slip two. It should be done in twofold Saxony. The fringe is afterward knotted in.

The afghan is made in bands of "tricot" work joined together with bands of "tufting." The mother will appreciate the special advantage of this afghan's shape at the top. It is a very good plan to tack



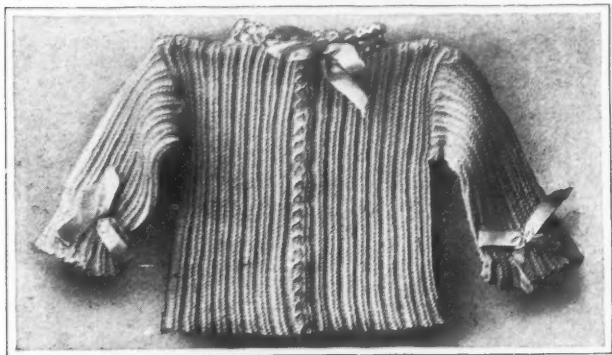
A Light Shawl Scarf of Saxony Wool with Fringed Ends



An Afghan of Convenient Shape for the Baby's Carriage

The little bonnet is a charming bit of crochet—a combination of star stitch and shell stitch. The shell stitch about the edge, pulled on in a ruffle, is very becoming to the baby's face. The little bonnet is interlined with plain crocheting. It is a new and exceedingly pretty pattern.

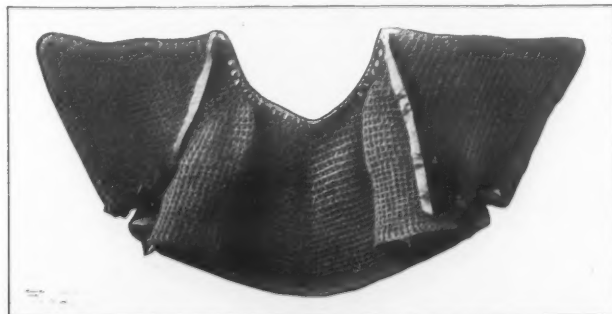
The baby's sweater is plain ribbed knitting done in fine Shetland. The shaping is simple and easy to follow from the illustration. These close-fitting sweaters are the nicest possible little garments for



This Sweater for an Infant is Done in Plain Knitting

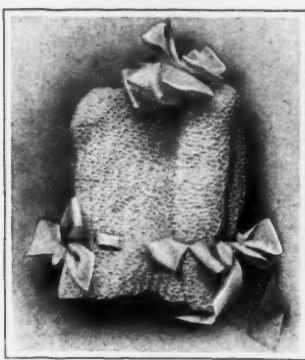
the wee baby in winter, either under the coat outdoors, or as an extra comfort in the house.

The jacket illustrated below is exactly right for the little sister. It is loose-fitting and comes just to the waist-line, with kimono sleeve effect. It is done in rows of crocheting and you can see from the illustration how it is shaped. Under the arms it is tied together with dainty little bows. It is a good idea to crochet this in one of the pearl-grays, so that it will not soil so readily as white. A little wrap of this kind constantly at hand will save many a "taking cold," and if you do not make the garment too delicate in color it will be very serviceable.

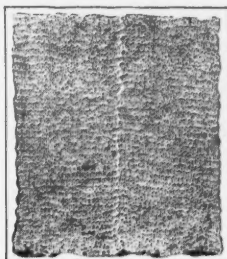


A Serviceable Extra Wrap for the Little Sister

By Marion Wire



A Comfortable and Pretty Cap for Baby, Knit of Shetland Floss



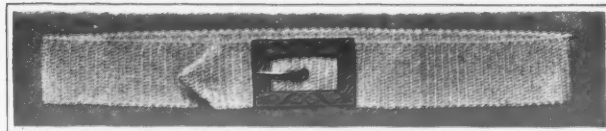
The Baby's Knitted Cap Before Folding

The little white bow speaks for itself, claiming at sight a place among the new and becoming styles in collar bows. It requires but two small pieces of lawn and some crocheted lace of which any pattern may be used. The one shown is very pretty and easy to do, and suggests a good use for wheels and edgings.

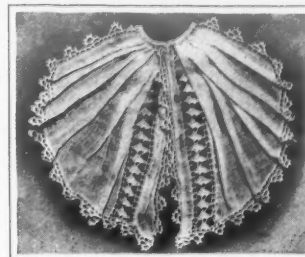
The baby's cap, made of Shetland floss, is plain knitting. Use large wooden needles and knit loosely. Cast on 120 stitches and knit plain for 84 rows. The strip when finished should measure about twenty-one inches wide and not quite a yard long. Join the ends and let this seam be the centre of the strip.

In folding as described keep this seam under. Fold strip in half, bringing the four open edges together. Fold again and join the eight open edges you now have with a loose chain. Turn cap to make this joining on under side. Fold back about two inches of the knitting around the front. Thread ribbon through the four thicknesses of knitting about two inches or more from the edges.

The very stylish crocheted belt is done in slipper stitch in mercerized cotton. It measures about an inch and a half in width. Its simplicity suggests that it was designed for morning wear, made in white with a white linen suit; in écaré with a pongee dress, or in blue, violet or brown, harmoniously with different gowns.



A White Crocheted Belt with Dull Gilt Buckle



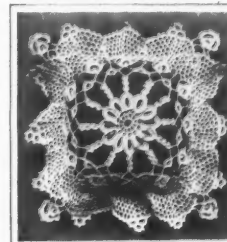
A Stylish Collar Tab Made of Sheer Linen and Crocheted Lace

This way of making collar tabs will appeal to the girl who may have some odd pieces of lace and insertion, if she does not care to make new crocheted trimmings. The plaited top should be hidden by the collar and the folds held in modish fashion by a pin. Plaited net or dotted Swiss could be adapted to this pattern.

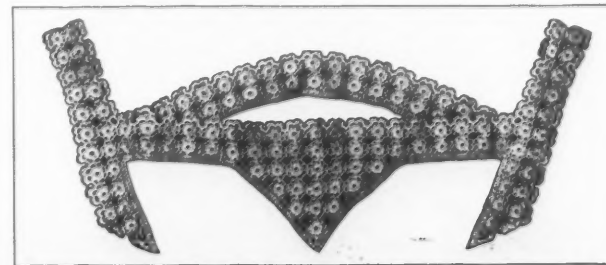
The plain crocheted sandals show a design possible for any one to make. The directions for making them are as follows: Chain 16, work back on ch, making 15 s c, ch 1 and turn 1 s c in each of first seven stitches, 3 singles in 8th, 1 each next 7 stitches, always taking stitch from back to form slipper rib. 2d row: 1 single in each stitch, making 17. 3d row: 1 single in each except centre; put 3 in that. Every other row plain: every other widen in centre stitch. Continue until you have 19 ribs, then work back 20 stitches, turn and decrease 2 stitches each row until but 2 remain. Work other side the same. Finish with shell across the top. These directions are for No. 5 or No. 6 soles. Half a skein of No. 3 cotton will be required.

The crocheted pincushion is charming in its quaintness, and would be especially pretty for an old mahogany bureau. The under side of it is a square of plain crocheting, forming a pocket for the cushion.

For the chemise yoke, or corset-cover trimming, very fine cotton should be used so as to obtain a lacelike effect.



Crocheted Pincushion Cover of Unusual Design



A New Pattern for the Ever-Popular Chemise Yoke

New Fitted Petticoat The "ANNA HELD"



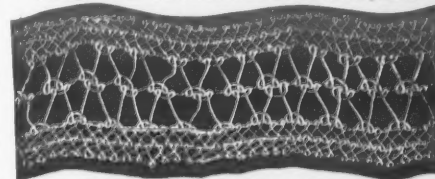
The sensation of the Fashion World. Clinging closely to the form from the waist over the hips and down to the deep flounce without a pucker, it presents an ideally smooth surface upon which the closest fitting gown of to-day's Fashion will hang without a wrinkle. And yet,—and here's the genius of it—*it positively does not bind*, all through a clever trick in the making.

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This pattern "Art-Stitch" 35c a dozen yards



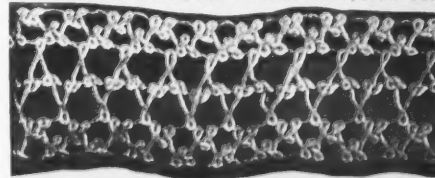
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"Art-Stitch" copies so accurately the patterns used in real hand-made laces that if you use it beside a fine bit of real lace, "Art-Stitch" will look as genuine as the hand-made. "Art-Stitch" is the only inexpensive lace made in which you can get the same fashionable patterns that are used in real crocheted, hand-made lagoting, Irish Raccord, Renaissance and fine French laces. It is much used in combination with costly materials for beautiful lingerie dresses, for smart shirtwaists and all women's wear. It has all the possibilities of real lace at a very meager outlay—35 cents to \$1.50 dozen yards.

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THE AMERICAN AND HER CHILD

THESE pictures are the last installment of the series of American mothers and child photographs obtained in our recent issue. The pages given here and in the preceding issues constitute a gallery of American mothers and children which will at once be recognized as one of the most beautiful presentations of American motherhood ever attempted. In accordance with the promise we made when the series was first published, no names of mothers or children are published.



CAN MOTHER ER CHILD

installment of the collection of mother
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Pretty Girl Questions

By Emma E. Walker, M. D.

Questions about health which are of interest to girls will be answered by Doctor Walker, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. A correspondent wishing an answer by mail should inclose a stamped addressed envelope.

What to Do for Insomnia

CITY WORKER. Plain diet, regular exercise, abundance of fresh air, a cool head, comfortable body temperature are to be sought after by the sleepless girl. In order to keep the head cool, the plump, ordinary feather pillow is well banished for a flat one made of hair. Probably the celebrated hop pillow owed its reputation more to its coolness plus "suggestion" than to any direct influence of the flowers of this vine. "It is said to have been first used to woo sleep for a merry monarch now departed." Darkness in the sleeping-room being a most desirable factor in courting sleep, sombre-colored shades, especially green, are preferable to the many tints of lighter hue.

September Outing

BETTY. Indeed September is not too late for an outdoor picnic. Keep up the Saturday outings just as long as you can. But be most careful never to sit on the ground. Doubtless you have had this advice preached to you from your pinafore days. But if this word prevents even one girl from doing such a dangerous thing it will be worth while.

Night Blindness

RAY. Night blindness is often hereditary. The sight is defective, especially at night. Sometimes the person is able to read while he cannot walk about by himself. This condition affects both eyes. A person so afflicted should never overstrain the eyes. The general health ought also to be kept up.

Colorless Brows and Lashes

JILL. There is no doubt about the trial of possessing colorless brows and lashes so often found with tow or taffy-colored hair. In a large number of cases the hair darkens with age. Rubbing the brows with sweet-oil is said to darken them in time.

Sweet-Water Bath

CLAIRE. In a bag sew a quart of pine needles. Throw the bag into a tub and cover with boiling water. After standing about five minutes add cool water and the bath is ready.

Superfluous Hair on the Arms

EVELYN. As the hair on your arms is too thick and too fine for treatment by electrolysis you can bleach it by the use of hydrogen peroxide.

Consult a Physician About Moles

S. T. P. Very risky it is for girls to tamper with moles. Even if you do succeed in removing them without injurious results there is always danger of scarring. A competent physician is the person fitted to remove these blemishes.

How to Treat Ivy Poisoning

COUNTRY VISITOR. If taken in the beginning a very strong solution of bicarbonate of soda (the ordinary baking-soda) applied to the blotches often checks the trouble. Plain vaseline is soothing to the irritated skin. If neither remedy is at hand lather the spots with a soft shaving brush. This decreases the burning and itching of the poison.

Talking with the Deaf

CORNELIA. It is a mistake to scream at deaf people. When you wish to make yourself heard at a distance use your chest tones for talking. In conversing with a deaf person always speak as slowly and distinctly as you possibly can. Look directly at the one to whom you are talking and you will generally succeed in making yourself understood.

Soap a Skin Tonic

DELLA. Soap is really an important tonic for the skin. The moderate use of pure, mild soap is very beneficial to the skin. Have a care at the same time that the washcloth is kept perfectly cleansed by boiling water, air and sun. These measures guard against pimples.

Bedrooms Plainly Furnished

SERENA. Do away with all unnecessary furniture and bric-à-brac in your bedroom. This is the room where you spend one-third of your life. See to it that you have there plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

For Sunburn

O. T. U. When you come home burned from an outing avoid cold water. Gently rub on the skin good cold cream, leaving it for an hour or so. You may then wipe it off and use warm water if you choose.

Bath Pruritus

L. P. D. You are one of many girls who suffer from itching or burning directly after a bath. The discomfort may last only a few minutes or it may continue for fully half an hour. This trouble is generally increased by too long a bath or by extremes in temperature. Sometimes strong soap is the cause. Scratching only increases the itching. In susceptible persons very little rubbing should follow bathing. Dry the skin gently with a soft towel and then powder with a mixture of starch and zinc oxide, four parts to one. Sweet-oil patted on the skin is often found to be soothing.

To Avoid Dyspepsia

A. B. N. Sometimes outdoor life for a time will overcome disorders of digestion. Avoid chilliness; keep the feet warm; keep the bowels in good order; never nibble between meals; eat at regular intervals; do not eat any food that you know disagrees with you.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE DUGLEY

Advantage of Self-Control

URSULA. Noise—never-ending, ceaseless city noise—has much to answer for in the rasped nerves of the daily toiler. But although you are not able to get away from noise long at a time you do have a certain control over the way that you bear it. Not long ago a girl who was matron's assistant in a large building was awakened early every morning by the grinding and pumping of machinery in the laundry just beneath her room. When her nerves had almost reached the breaking point she decided to get the better of the situation. So she determined to "make believe"—when the noise began—that it was the pumping and thumping of an ocean liner. The ruse worked so well that sleep instead of insomnia became the rule.

Home Treatment for Tuberculosis

MADGE. Send me a stamped and addressed envelope and I will give you the reference to an excellent article on this subject.

For Aching Feet

ADA. After bathing the feet in hot water you may rub them with the following mixture: Spirits of camphor, 2 ounces; ammonia water, 2 ounces; sea salt, 6 ounces; boiling water, 6 ounces; alcohol, 8 ounces. This should be put into a bottle and mixed thoroughly.

To Remove Blackheads

NANNY. Never use the uncovered nails to press out a blackhead. Cover the nails with several folds of soft cloth and gently with firm pressure express the "worm." Before trying this treatment put cold cream on the face, covering it for a few seconds with a towel wrung out of hot water. This softens the skin, making the tiny plug yield readily to slight pressure.

Cheerfulness an Antidote to Ill Health

JANIE. Just give cheerfulness one week's trial. Make up your mind not to fret or worry about anything. Keep yourself in first-class physical condition and absolutely refuse to worry. Improvement in both health and looks will result.

For Perspiring Hands

MABEL. As you are annoyed by perspiring hands when you sew, wash them in hot water, dry, and dust them with powdered oatmeal.

Danger in Impure Ice

CITY GIRL. If you must use ice in drinking water make sure that it is pure. Artificial ice is the safest to employ. By placing bottles of water on ice the water is cooled sufficiently for comfort, and you run no risk from the ice.

Hot Water for Flatulence

SUFFERER. Fermentation of food in the stomach, giving rise to the formation of gas, may produce considerable distress, such as palpitation and breathlessness. The diet should be properly modified and relief will often be gained by sipping a tumblerful of very hot water half an hour before meals.

Cucumber Cream

ALICE. Here is the formula of a cucumber cream: Almond oil, 4 ounces; spermaceti, 1 ounce; white wax, 1 ounce; cucumber juice, 2 ounces. Select cucumbers ripe enough for the table, cut and chop them fine, pound to a paste and squeeze them through a jelly-bag. Perfume with half a drachm of violet extract.

Oatmeal a Substitute for Soap

CORNELIA. It is not too early to begin your campaign against chapping. Keep a box of powdered oatmeal on the washstand. It is superior to many soaps for whitening and smoothing the skin, especially if you are obliged to use hard water.

The Coin of Beauty and Health

FRANCES. Aptly is it said that when a girl sleeps she is in the shop for repairs. Her entire machinery is being made ready for the demands of the following day. As a rule, a girl requires more sleep than her brother. Those who have the most brain-work to do need the most sleep. Worry and overstudy are two giant enemies of sleep. If you fondly believe that you can cheat yourself of rest and sleep by crowding extra work into night hours the later you discover your error the harder will it be to recover lost ground. Nature is a most expert accountant. The price she demands for broken rules is paid for in the coin of beauty and health.

Bran Bath

ESTELLE. For this bath boil about two pounds and a half of wheat bran for an hour in three quarts of water. Pour off the liquid part, adding it to the bath. Such a bath may be used in cases of eczema.

Formula for Dandruff

MARIANNA. For dry dandruff the following formula suggested by a French physician may be used: Sublimed sulphur, 1 drachm; vaseline, ½ ounce; balsam of Peru, ¼ ounce.

What to Do for Obesity

JULIA. The best diet for a girl with a tendency to obesity consists of lean meat, green vegetables and fruit. Potatoes or coarse brown bread—on account of great waste—are advised in place of white bread. Food cooked with fat or flour is to be avoided. The appetite will tend to decrease if one drinks between instead of during meals. The most efficient exercise for fat reduction is mountain climbing. But this must never disturb deep and regular breathing.

Crane's Linen Lawn

FOR five generations the Cranes of Dalton have made the best writing papers. The styles have changed with changing seasons, but the quality, never. The secret of the excellence of the Crane papers is the painstaking care exercised in their manufacture. The purest water in the world is used, the most skilled and careful workmen obtainable are employed and the highest degree of cleanliness is maintained.

Foremost in popularity among the Crane Writing Papers is Crane's Linen Lawn, a paper well deserving of the position it has attained on account of its splendid quality, perfect finish and inimitable style.

Highland Linen

MORE Highland Linen paper has been sold than of any other writing paper. Seven attractive shades, all the correct sizes of sheets and envelopes, and a surface that is a luxury to write upon, together with its popular price, are some of the qualifications that have made it so much in demand.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



Wayne Knit HOSIERY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

WAYNE KNIT full fashioned hosiery—that means full value—long wear, fit, comfort and shapeliness. Shaped in the making to the contour of the natural foot and leg.

WAYNE KNIT Stockings for women. Full length—beautiful finish—elastic. We suggest our Flare Top for stout women. 25 cents, 35 cents and 50 cents grades.

WAYNE KNIT Socks for men are durable, generous in length and comfortable. 25c, 35c and 50c grades.

WAYNE KNIT Pony stockings for youngsters are marvels of wear for school and play days. 25 cts. the pr.

Colors, all that are popular, finest dye and tested blacks. Soles plain or white. Ticket or name stamped on every pair. A good dealer in every town stands behind our product. If you cannot buy **WAYNE KNIT** hosiery at your dealer's—write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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Best for 17 years.

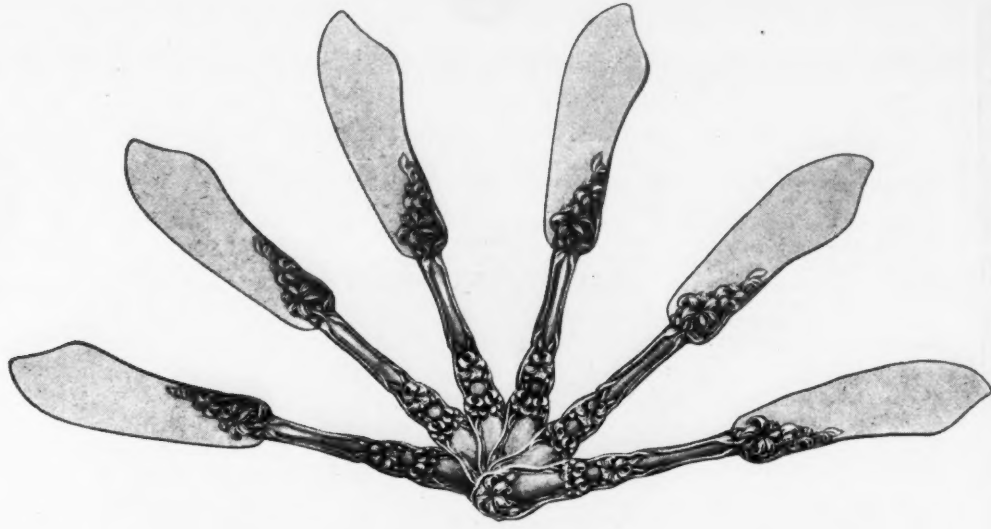
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Is a New Kind of UMBRELLA

Your borrowing friend simply has to bring it back. It has your name and address woven in any color silk right in the fabric—see picture. This is free umbrella insurance.

NAME-ON umbrellas are covered with a pure dye, water-proof, gloria silk that won't crack or split. The steel ribs are strong, but light, won't rust or come loose, and are extra close rolling. For 80 years we have manufactured umbrellas. By buying direct from us, you save dealers' profits, and get new, fresh goods with style and character. **NAME-ON** umbrellas are such good value and so novel that they make splendid gifts. For \$2.00 we will send you, express prepaid in the U. S., an umbrella that would cost more at your dealer's—and we embroider any name in it free. Money back if not satisfied.

Founded 1828.
WILLIAM H. BEEHLER, 206 W. Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.
Patents Pending.



These Six Silver Butter-Spreaders Almost Free to You

They are marked Wm. Rogers & Sons AA. That means their famous Extra Plate, with a base of highest grade of Nickel Silver.

The design is new and original, known as the Armour Lily Pattern.

You will find individual spreaders in the best jewelry stores, and the price will be \$3, or more, for the six.

They are worth it. One can't find a design, even in solid silver, more chastely artistic. And no better plate is obtainable.

Here is a way to get them:

We want you to use a little Armour's Extract of Beef—just enough to know it. We don't want to give you a jar—that would cheapen it. It is good enough to buy, and we ask you to buy it.

But we are going to give you, for a little time, a present worth more than you pay. That is this individual butter spreader—the most popular silver table article sold in the stores today.

Our offer is this: Send us the metal cap from the jar that you buy. Or send us the paper certificate under the cap.

Send with it ten cents to pay cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter spreaders.

You will want a whole set when you see it. So we are going to supply you enough for your table—all on the same terms.

Send us one cap or certificate for each spreader you want. Send them any time—just as you buy the Extract. Send with each cap the packing and mailing cost—ten cents—and we will send you one spreader for each.

Our usual limit is six to a family, but we will send up to twelve if you need them.

That means you can get \$3 worth of standard silver for 60 cents, simply by proving, for your good and ours, the merits of Armour's Extract of Beef.

The spreaders, of course, have no advertisement on them. They bear only the name of Rogers, the maker, as you find them in jewelry stores.

One object is this: There are numerous extracts of beef on the market not nearly so good as ours.

Perhaps they cost a little less. You may buy them on that account. But, even with the best of them, you are obliged to use four times as much as you do of Armour's.

We want you to prove that—in your own home. Prove that one jar of Armour's Extract of Beef goes as far as four jars of other kinds.

Then judge for yourself if you want an extract four times as good as the common.

Another object is this: American cooks have not yet learned the hundred uses of Armour's Extract of Beef. German cooks use fifty times as much.

The making of beef tea is one of the least of its uses. Any meat dish that needs more flavor calls for extract of beef.

You need it in gravies—in soups—to reinforce sauces. You need it to utilize left-overs. It makes left-overs appetizing and gives them a savor. You can save in this way a vast amount of waste.

There are directions with every jar. Please follow them. You'll wonder how you ever got along without its daily use.

This is why we offer these individual butter spreaders. We are willing to give back more than you spend—for a little time—to show you what Armour's Extract of Beef means to you. Then you will use it forever, and use it in a hundred ways.

Please order one jar—now before you forget it. Then send the cap with ten cents to Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. A.

Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

Armour's Extract of Beef

Always Ask for *Armour's*

When you buy Extract of Beef, or any packing house product, be sure that you get Armour's.

We have told you that Armour's Extract of Beef goes four times as far as the common. This is because this Extract is real extract of beef, concentrated to give you the utmost of value.

So with every product we make. Without regard to time or expense, we give to every article bearing the Armour name the utmost of possible value.

That is why this is the largest house of its kind. That is why our sales exceed any competitor's.

With this vast trade at stake, you may be certain that nothing bearing the Armour name will be less than the best of its kind.

A small army of Government inspectors, constantly in our plant, protect you on essential points.

They insure healthfulness and cleanliness. They see that the labels tell the truth. There can be no misrepresentation.

But the name Armour is your insurance of quality. Back of that name is our vast trade—our long-established reputation. You may be sure that we are going to protect it.

Use one of our products and you will use the others. One is as good as another.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Wunderhose
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

Warranted to Wear-Wear-Wear

PER BOX \$1.00

Mother Knows that:

Wunderhose are the only stockings for boys and girls with a definite warrant that they will wear for 3 months without holes.

Wunderhose mean freedom forever from annoying daily darning.

Wunderhose are made of the finest double twisted yarn and reinforced at knees, heels and toes with linen thread.

Wunderhose are made to wear.

Wunderhose special sanitary dyeing process leaves the fabric soft, elastic, wonderfully absorbent (solid comfort for perspiring feet) and absolutely fast color.

Wunderhose for the children, her husband or herself never vary in quality or durability.

Wunderhose are warranted to wear without darning or mending in heel, toe or sole for 3 months from date of purchase.

Wunderhose cost no more than ordinary hose but wear longer.

Children's Black and Tan
\$1.00 Per Box of Four Pairs

Women's Black and Tan
\$1.00 Per Box of Three Pairs

Men's Black, Tan, Navy, Grey and Black with white feet. \$1.00 Per Box of Four Pairs

These are only a few of the reasons why Wunderhose is the popular hose for your whole family.

"Mother"

If your dealer hasn't Wunderhose a box will be sent you on receipt of \$1.00.

Write for our free booklet "The Story of Wunderhose from Field to Feet." It tells all about the best wearing hosiery in the world.

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FREE A Paper Transfer Pattern of this 22-Inch Beautiful Centerpiece

The design is easily transferred to linen by passing a hot iron over the pattern. GIVEN until Feb'y 1, 1909, to every embroiderer sending 16 cents for our **New Embroidery Book for 1909**

This book is entirely new and just off the press. Full of new ideas and designs. Invaluable to embroiderers as showing what and how to embroider. Contains instructions for working above design; over 100 pages of other designs; hundreds of illustrations; complete instructions for them all; diagrams for beginners.

Colored Plates showing how to embroider popular flowers; Centerpieces, Pillows, Sofa Cushions, etc., in Wallachian, Lazy Daisy, Eyelet and Mountmellick; Goral Work Designs; Centers and Dollies on Ruck; Centers and Dollies with Net Insertion; Honey Designs; Dainty Christmas Novelties.

Send 16c. for book and postage. One Transfer Pattern No. 1160 B will be sent you FREE. Ask for Pat. 1160 B in your letter. If more than one of this pattern is desired, then price is 6c. each for duplicates. Book will reach you in one envelope and FREE pattern in a separate envelope. Address
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WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2 1/2 oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell 3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c. postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.

Anna Ayers, Dept. T 22
17 Quincy St., Chicago

Good Manners and Good Form
By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

Mrs. Kingsland will be glad to answer on this page any questions of good manners and good form, of interest to girls. A correspondent wishing an answer by mail should inclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Receiving Boy Callers

When my boy friends come to call on me it is proper to show them into the sitting-room with the rest of the family, or into the parlor, where we may be alone?
POLLY.

From our American point of view, when a girl is old enough to have boys or young men call upon her she should have learned so to conduct herself with them that she may receive them unchaperoned—her own self-respect imposing the proprieties with as much certainty of their being observed as though her mother were present. I think, however, that a very wholesome restraint is exercised when the rest of the family are near enough to overhear any sounds of merriment that threaten to overstep the bounds of good taste, when the mother or father may very properly appear before the young folk with the question, "What is going on here that is so amusing? I want to share the fun, too." Best of all is it to have the daughterly relation such that she is glad to have her young man friends shown into the family living-room first for a little while, even if later she suggest that they go to the parlor under the pretext of leaving the family to their own devices. It is above all important that the parents be personally acquainted with their daughter's friends, and know their reputation with their elders and their standing with their fellows.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE DUDLEY

Why Not Take a Woman's Arm?

Please state your objections to a man's taking a woman's arm. It seems to be the custom here. Is this simply not good form or is the man taking a liberty?
IGNORANCE.

It is merely bad form. The custom is never followed by those whose position and breeding entitle them to be regarded as examples in matters of social usage.

The Engaged Man's Letters to Other Girls

Will you tell me if an engaged man, whose engagement has not yet been announced, but who is to be married in a few months, has any right to correspond with several other girls when he is away because "the letters make his trips pleasanter"?
HIS SWEETHEART.

He has not. His fiancée has every right to be indignant at such light conduct. As a man of honor his betrothal binds him to an exclusive devotion to his fiancée as her promise binds her to him. "There is safety in numbers," but there is also danger that one who holds himself so free to follow his fancy now may not be wholly faithful to the sacred vows that require of him to keep himself only unto her so long as they both shall live.

About Giving the Bride Away

Please state what would be the correct form at a church wedding if the bride has no male relative to give her away.
ALYS.

It may be arranged with the clergyman to omit that part of the ceremony, or the bride's mother may give her away. This she may do by merely rising in her pew and bowing assent, or she may advance and place her daughter's hand in that of the bridegroom, or in that of the clergyman, who in turn places it in the bridegroom's hand, as is the custom in some churches.

Introducing a Girl Friend to His Family

May a young man invite a young woman to call upon his mother and sisters?
JACK.

Yes, if he gives the invitation as a message from his mother or sisters. Or he may ask, "May I bring my sister to call upon you some time?" It is a distinct compliment to a woman for a man to desire that the members of his own family should make her acquaintance—especially the women. It is an evidence that he holds her in high esteem.

The Correct Plan for a Musicale

Will you give me some suggestions about giving a musicale? I have secured the artists.
(MRS.) B. A. C.

For an informal musicale the invitations may be given on your visiting-cards. Write the word "Music" and the day, date and hours in the lower left corner. These should be sent two weeks before the entertainment. Have the piano newly tuned and placed so that the singer or performer can face the audience. Should the number of guests exceed the regular seating capacity of the rooms, chairs—that do not creak—should be placed in rows as at a concert. Avoid long programs. Alternate selections grave and gay. The hostess greets her guests upon arrival. Keep late-comers outside the portières while the music is in actual progress. Check conversation by a smiling "hush!" Remove all disturbing elements, out of courtesy to the performers, if not to the audience. Have short pauses between the numbers so that conversation shall not become so engrossing as to make the music an unwelcome interruption. Serve refreshments at the end of the program, either from a table in the dining-room "en buffet" or have them passed to those who remain seated in informal groups.

Marked Attentions from an Employer

I am a young stenographer and should like to ask you if it is proper for my employer to pay me marked attentions. If it is not right please tell me what to say so as not to let him feel that I am angry.
MARY.

The trouble is, I fear, that you are not really angry, or you would know just what to say, or at least you would show the man so plainly that you do not wish to receive his attentions that no set form of words would be necessary. Believe me when I say that any unusual attentions from an employer are compromising to a young girl's good name.

The Engaged Man

Will you tell me what privileges a girl should allow a man to whom she is engaged? If you will answer this question unreservedly and in detail you will help many girls who, like me, are wondering about the matter.
FIANCÉE.

Such a difficulty as yours always appeals to my interest and sympathy; but it is a little like lifting the veil from before the holy of holies for any one to intrude upon such delicate matters. The permissions and restraints of such a relationship are influenced by deeply-rooted principles of character and breeding. Every lover, however, feels himself privileged to kiss, to encircle with his arm, to hold the hand of his promised wife—but her person should be so sacred in his eyes that no touch that is not pure in its source should come near her. A man's sweetheart was referred to in the current speech of some years ago as "his divinity." The love of a true-hearted man for a pure woman has an element in it of reverent worship.

The Boys to be Invited to a Girl's Party

Upon my daughter's graduation I am going to give her a party, but I know few boys that I care to invite. Would it be proper to invite the girls to have their boy friends come with them?
(MRS.) P. L. T.

Such a mode of gathering the young men is extremely provincial, and although in some parts of our country where civilization is somewhat primitive it may be allowable, it is far from correct according to accepted social standards. The invitations should be issued in your own name, and you are privileged to ask the sons of your friends to the party, even though you may never have met them. Your husband, too, may extend the invitation to certain young men of his acquaintance and to the sons of his business friends and associates, but the formal invitation in your name should follow promptly upon his intimation that he should be glad to see them at his house and present them to his daughter.

A Piece of Flagrant Discourtesy

Is it discourteous, while at an afternoon reception, to pass remarks about the rooms, photographs or the refreshments?
F. B. W.

Undoubtedly—unless to praise them.

"Why was I Not Invited?"

I am not invited to an entertainment to be given by an acquaintance, and most of my friends are asked. I am awfully disappointed. What can I do about it?
ESTELLE R.

There is nothing that you can do. Possibly a friend may be willing to manage it for you by very tactfully inquiring of the prospective hostess when she sees her if you have "accepted" her invitation, assuming that you have been asked. It may be that the mail is in fault. If we are overlooked while others are invited let us be slow to wrath, and take only the revenge of making ourselves so agreeable when we meet those who have so slighted us that their regret will be more poignant than our own.

Write "Dear Madam," Not "Dear Miss"

When I am writing to an unmarried woman who is an absolute stranger to me which would be more correct to say: "Dear Madam" or "Dear Miss"?
C. R.

"Dear Madam" is the correct form of addressing an unknown woman, irrespective of her being married or unmarried.

When Your Fiancé Talks Admiringly of Others

How may I accept the confidences of the man to whom I am engaged when he talks enthusiastically about other girls?
DISTRESSED.

Join with him in generously praising the young women, if you can do so with truth, and try to see them in a friendly light. Don't allow jealousy to get the upper hand—unless you have reason to believe that the man is intentionally trying to arouse it so as to force you to withdraw from the engagement. There is little prospect of married happiness if you try to hold him now against his will to a compact that has grown irksome or unwelcome.

Try to Keep the Conversation Simple

Is not all good conversation based on simplicity?
A. C.

It is. Without simplicity no conversation has charm. The moment it appears labored, or if unnecessary mention is made of desirable acquaintances, or a mock-innocent display of advantages—the "pose" is evident. It is better also to be frankly dull than pedantic. The capital "I" should be used sparingly, and anecdotes, the interest of which is due to their having befallen ourselves, reserved for our intimates.

When the Hostess Should Suggest Music

Please tell me if it is better for a hostess to wait for her guests to request some music, or to suggest it herself.
MOLLIE.

If the hostess herself is to be the performer it were better for the suggestion to come from a guest, or some member of the family may say, "I wish that you would play (or sing) so-and-so for—" (naming the guest). When a little program has been arranged in advance, or if some guest has musical ability, the hostess takes the initiative.

Keep the Plate that is Passed to You

Should I keep the plate that is handed to me at the table, or should I pass it on to some one else?
JENNIE.

The supposition is that the plate's supply was intended for you, and it is therefore proper for you to keep it.

Fruit Desserts with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch

Kingsford's OSWEGO Corn Starch

The most carefully prepared desserts often seem "just ordinary." Why not introduce variety that will be welcomed by all the family?—avail yourself of the many possibilities offered by Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch.

For example, blanc mange or similar pudding made from this pure and wholesome product is delicious with a sauce of seasonable fruits, fresh or stewed, poured over it. Easily prepared and a novel dessert.

This is but a suggestion—there are a hundred unique ideas in our book "Original Recipes and Cooking Helps" by two famous authorities. Free upon request.

Sixty-six Years of Superiority

T. KINGSFORD & SON, Oswego, N.Y.
National Starch Company, Successors.

The Attractive Table

is candle-lighted—but candles have to be trimmed—a real nuisance! They "gutter" and splutter; they flicker and flare; in a warm room they soften and bend; there is always danger of fire from burning shades.

Twilight Candle Lamp

looks exactly like a wax candle, but burns kerosene, gives a brighter but equally soft glowing light, requires no attention after once regulated, and can't set fire to shade.

Odorless—Safe—Economical

The "candle" is the kerosene reservoir—of one piece and can't leak; fits any candlestick. Burns five hours with one filling, costs twenty times less than candle-light for same time. The light comes from miniature lamp, with braided wick, glass chimney and holder for any shade, which entirely conceals lamp and making it look exactly like a wax candle. Metal parts are nickel plated.

If your dealer cannot or will not furnish them, we will send them on an absolute guarantee to refund your money if not entirely satisfactory. Price \$1.00 (mail or express charges prepaid) Illustrated folder free.

\$1.00 Per Pair

H. G. McFaddin & Co., 38 Warren St., New York

Baby and Children's Clothes

Send today for my fall catalogue illustrating a most complete line of infants' goods and children's suits to 10 years of age, including short and long handed dresses, French piqué slippers, etc., of the most exclusive styles. Made in sanitary quarters under my personal supervision. Postage or express paid to any place in the United States or Canada. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. My New Illustrated outfit of 30 long or 12 short patterns, with full instructions for making, etc., only 25 cents. Both sent under plain cover. Lady agents wanted in each town.

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Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence

Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for Free Catalog. Address **THE WARD FENCE CO.** Box 727, Decatur, Ind.

Pure, wholesome
 grape-crystals from selected
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Royal BAKING POWDER

The only Baking Powder
 made from Royal Grape
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Costs a little more than the cheap powders made
 from injurious alum or phosphate of lime but when
 you buy ROYAL you are sure of purity—you are sure
 of healthful food.



Absolutely Pure



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

adds a piquant flavor indispensable to good chafing dish cooking.



Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

Imitated but Never equaled

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS Agents, N. Y.

Be Stove Happy

Take Pride in the Appearance of Your Stove

Make your stove look like new—you can do it and do it easily with **Black SILK**—the wonderful

guaranteed stove polish. It anneals to the surface of the iron—becomes part of it—and the polish stays. Stove dealers use it and make shop-worn stoves look better than new—they are able to get higher prices on the improved appearance of their stoves.

Be "Stove Happy"

Black SILK Stove Polish

makes the hardest, glossiest shine you ever saw—will not rub off or dust off—odorless—perfect.

Liquid or paste—one quality. Look for name and picture of Lewis D. Wynn. Ask for **Black SILK** and Get it. If your dealer hasn't got it—send 10 cents now for regular Can. Address

Dept. R, Sterling, Ill.

The Home of

Black SILK Stove Polish

The KYNDU COUCH



Realize your ideal of restfulness and comfort by getting a Kyndu Lounge or Chair. No other piece of furniture made means so much.

LUXURY IN THE HOME

Supports and rests every muscle of head, body and limbs. Rests secure in any one of a score of positions, or rocks if desired. Very easily adjusted. Noiseless. Write for fine free booklet to KYNDU MFG. CO., 735 W. Kinzie Street, Chicago

RUGS Old Carpets

NEW YORK RUG CO. 401 West 124th St., New York, N. Y.

Send for booklet giving full information as to prices, shipping, etc.

Social Affairs for September

By Mary McKim Marriott

I WISH we knew who suggested that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

The lines have been jingling through my head ever since I started to arrange this page of nonsense games.

Fourteen girls and fourteen laddies were invited by postal-card to one of the cleverest of these nonsense parties—a Leap-Year Labor-Day affair—given by a Western hostess. The girls were requested to wear housemaids' frilly caps and aprons, and the men working shirts and overalls.

To break the ice, in the very beginning of the evening the hostess directed each girl on her arrival to make a Labor-Union cap for her partner with a sheet of white tissue-paper and some pins. Then began the progressive "Labor Party."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE DUDLEY

Manila Paper Score-Cards Were Used, those for the girls being tied with white string and those for the men with brown cord. Each card bore the name and number of the Union to which its possessor was assigned. Two girls and two men formed a Union; for instance, a pair holding cards for Carpenters' Union Number 1 were partners, and were the opponents of the couple having cards for Carpenters' Union Number 2.

Here are some of the names and tasks assigned to the various Unions:

The Contractors' Union: Each of these contracted to build a house of cards in less than seven minutes. The architects of the most imposing edifices each received a little red brick cut from heavy cardboard, to be tied to their score-cards.

The Carpenters' Union: Each workman was given a small block of wood about four inches square, also a little hammer, and ten nails to be driven in true carpenter fashion straight into the blocks. The score went to the couple who came through the ordeal without bending the iron nails or mashing their own.

The Members of the Tailors' Union were each given a piece of fabric six inches by eight, and a needle, thread and scissors with which to fashion a tailored article. Since

"It takes nine tailors to make a man"

one could hardly expect a poor little Union to complete anything quite so ambitious as a man's tailored suit, therefore the members contented themselves with the less intricate task of designing a feminine costume. The contestants at this table also had to submit an estimate concerning the amount of material required for the gown, the cost, and style in which it should be made. The results were amazing when read aloud; one single man had discovered that a costume consisting of three yards and a half of Balmoral or the same amount of bombazine, combined with chiffon on the bias, would cost seventy-five dollars.

At the fourth table the members of the Telegraphers' Union were all on a strike, and so nothing could be expected of them; but at the tap of the bell each of the four received a folded telegram to add to the score-card.

The Printers' Union Received a number of pictures cut from magazines, and with these pictures as subjects the members had to evolve original poems; then each poet had to write a "press notice" on his poem. The poems and notices were read aloud between the games, enjoyed, and voted upon by the members of the other Unions.

In the Domestic Employment Union each girl had to write out an application for domestic employment, and each man a first-class reference for himself, stating his characteristics, habits, experiences, and so on. The hostess, who valued her peace of mind as well as her household goods and chattels, wisely discouraged any attempted exhibition of domestic skill on the part of the inspired youths; though later in the evening she allowed them to help to pass around the dainty little lunch-baskets in which "supper for two" was temptingly stored away.

A Dinner Celebrating the National Campaign SOMETHING unique in the way of a dinner was planned and carried out by a party of New York women whose husbands are much interested in the national political campaign of 1908. For the centre of the table they built a rough model of the White House from children's building-blocks, which they beautified by a coat of white paint and topped by the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Radiating from the "White House" were a number of paths of broad yellow ribbon. At the end of each path stood a small, sturdy doll, each made up with a little paint and false hair to represent in some rough way one of the Presidential candidates. In order to satisfy those guests who might lack active imaginations the puppets bore on their backs little signboards which permitted no mistake as to their identity.

Other attractive features graced the table. Candle-shades were yellow. Menu-cards were miniature ballots, the various eatables taking the places usually occupied by the candidates'

names. At every cover were small baskets of candied fruit labeled "Sugar Plums (Political)." Ices were served in little pasteboard boxes draped with tiny flags, lined with oiled paper, and easily fastened to the backs of toy "G. O. P." elephants and toy donkeys.

Upon arrival at the home of his hostess each guest had to register in a ponderous blank-book, using his left hand to hold the pencil, and writing his or her name backward. The hesitating one was lost indeed, as such

hesitation was regarded as conclusive evidence of unsound political principles; therefore the right of registration was denied.

During the dinner ballots were cast by those whose names were properly enrolled on the pages of the register, collected in a ballot-box, and announced at the close of the evening. The host considerably refrained from requesting the women of the party to explain their votes.

A "Bottle Party" with Original Features

ANEW JERSEY hostess succeeded in arousing the curiosity of her girl friends by inviting them to a "Bottle Party," and by requesting each girl to bring an empty bottle with her. The invitations resulted in an assortment of bottles of every size, shape and description. Festivities began when the hostess brought in yard-lengths of crepe paper, cotton, pins, etc., and bade each girl make a doll of her bottle, using cotton for the head and crepe paper for its costume. After prizes had been awarded for the funniest doll—and there were some absurd ones—the hostess passed around to each person a little card with a tiny yellow pencil attached. Caricatures of large noses were sketched on each card, and below the noses four groups of figures were written—each group containing figures from 1 to 10.

About the room were four tables, on each of which stood ten bottles of all sizes and shapes, from pill bottles to vinegar cruets. Each bottle was daintily covered with yellow paper to conceal its contents, and each had a yellow ribbon-tied tag numbered from one to ten. The rest of the affair was conducted as a progressive "Sniff" or "Whiff" party, the contents of the bottles to be ascertained only by the sense of smell.

Vinaigrettes and Bottles of Cologne were given as prizes, and the dining-room table was charmingly decorated with a mass of mint leaves and tiny yellow chrysanthemums. Dainty sachets of crushed orris-root tied with yellow ribbons were used as place-cards, and boxes of perfumed talcum powder were given as souvenirs.

Just before the party broke up the hostess blindfolded the girls and led them one by one into a little room decorated and set aside for the purpose, and where bottles of all kinds stood primly around on the mantel, tables and stands. Each bottle boasted a different flower. To the girl who could recognize the largest number of these flowers by their perfumes a brilliant nosegay of chrysanthemums was awarded as a prize.

Where Grown-Ups Played at Being Children

ANOTHER nonsense party took the form of an "Alphabet" party to which the grown people were asked to come dressed as children in dainty sashes, long-waisted gowns, and knickerbockers brave with many buttons. A castle of A B C blocks set on a wonderful mirror lake, surrounded by moats and turrets of building-blocks, over which flowers and ferns trailed gracefully, was arranged as a centerpiece. Candle-shades were decorated with brilliantly-colored alphabet letters, and A B C's cut from stiff, colored cardboard were scattered all over the cloth.

At the very beginning of the party a little alphabet placard was pinned to the back of each guest, being plainly visible to everybody but the person who bore it. Each card was decorated with a large letter of the alphabet and a line of A B C doggerel, such as

A is for Angler
Who sat on a log.
Fished all day long
And caught only a frog.

Each Person had to Discover what letter and object he represented, but only by means of the teasing comments addressed to him.

Then the "little folks" were next set to guessing the contents of twenty-six little bags, each bag containing an article beginning with a different letter of the alphabet. The bags containing a feather, cotton and nothing were marked "F," "C" and "N" respectively, and the successful contestant was given something he could "C" into—a tiny hand-mirror, on the back of which the following poetical effusion was written:

This is not for vani T.
Rather as a guaran T.
That you know your A B C.

Later in the evening lemonade, big sticks of candy, animal crackers and cookies were served by smiling "nursery-maids," and the affair wound up with a "Backward Spelling-Bee."

NOTE—Miss Marriott will be glad to answer by mail questions in regard to entertaining and table decorations if a stamped addressed envelope is sent her in care of The Journal. But such questions should be sent at least two weeks in advance of the date of the entertainment.

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The Actress

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

For once I had no reply. I could only look grieved; and Aaron, quite unnoticing it, bundled me up in my second-best wraps.

"I'm going to put you in a hansom and let you drive uptown to have some air," he said, when we had reached the pavement. "I must get back to the office."

"I shall see you tonight?" I asked, leaning out of the cab.

"Yes; and every night until —"

The horse started up suddenly, and Aaron's speech was never finished.

JUNIUS CUTTING asked me not to make known my engagement until he was ready to publish the cast. So I told no one beyond Aaron and Maggie, my dresser—that is, not outright. I had quite a struggle with my conscience before I told Frederica. She is one of the best friends a girl ever had. She cannot act much, but then she is quite pretty, and had always wanted to go to London, only she never could save up enough money. Once she saved forty dollars and sent it to her father to invest, but before the money-order reached him she had wired for it. She had been all the season without an engagement, living on a small allowance her father sent her. He didn't mind this, he said; he had to economize only when she began working. Then she had to have a maid and cabs, for, although a large, healthy girl, she was deadly afraid to go out at night. In short, Frederica was in no way intended for the stage, only her sweetness made it a much better place for the rest of us while she was around.

As she lived next door to my theatre she ran in almost every evening. The pretense to the stage-door man was that she came to massage my face. Being in the dressing-room she was really obliged to hear about my engagement. I wanted to give Maggie fair warning, so that she could get some one else to dress. Maggie burst into tears when she heard the news, and said she "hoped I'd make a hit." Theatrical dressers are a type all to themselves. They are not exactly maids, for they are often the relatives of the stage-hands in the theatre. They will do a hundred things for you that a lady's maid would never do, and call you "honey" while they do them; and they can get you in and out of your garments with a deftness that would astonish a Frenchwoman.

Frederica did not know the truth until the end of the second act; at least, I kept most of it back. Then I sat down for my long wait and began to make up my hands. I wear gloves during the first act, and only have to rouge my wrists to make them look chapped, and color the end of the finger that sticks out through a rip. I have a dreadful time getting shabby-looking gloves, nor can they be up-to-date in style; so whenever I find old-fashioned ones I buy a lot and make Maggie wear them around the dressing-room, which she hates to do. But at the beginning of the second act I stain my arms to the elbow, and after that is dry I put grease-paint over the nails to take off the shine, and paint blue veins on the hands and up the arms.

Frederica had just told me what a good thing it would be for Junius Cutting to engage her, too, because she could live with an aunt in London and wouldn't need much salary, when Mr. Charles Benny came sauntering in for his evening call.

Mr. Benny is a comedian, as his name fortunately suggests. He is little and dried up, and so funny playing just himself that there have been moments on the scene when I could scarcely look at him without laughing. His whole personality exudes humor, and if he could sustain a long rôle he would be a great comedian, but he can't. He is known as an excellent "bit actor"; he dashes off and on the stage and the audience 'scream at him; but in a long scene his cheery little self becomes entirely swamped by those around him. He rarely gets a big part, however, and is wise enough never to attempt to be anything but Mr. Benny.

We had no sooner looked at Mr. Benny than we looked at each other, the same thought in our minds, and Frederica said solemnly, "Rhoda, it's your duty." You see we both felt what an excellent type Mr. Benny was, and how nice it would be to have him go along to cheer us up; for he wasn't a noisy comedian, but just a kindly old fellow with shrewd eyes and no grammar.

I hesitated, however. "I don't think it would be right," I said; "I gave my word."

"Well, I didn't," said Frederica; "so I'll tell him."

"But I confided in you," I persisted.

"No, you didn't, Miss Miller," burst in Maggie. "Miss Frederica overheard you telling me."

"Well, then, Maggie," I concluded, "you go downstairs and listen for my cue. Give me plenty of time; better come back when the minister exits."

So Maggie went away, much disappointed, and Frederica told him the news, advising him to go right around to Cutting in the morning.

"Gee! I'd like to get it," said Mr. Benny. "Was the parts good?"

I had to confess that, although a lady of some importance, I had not been offered the script. "There'll be a reading of the play in three days," I added, "and I'm to call in for my part tomorrow."

"Gee! I wisht was'morning," said Mr. Benny. "Can't seem to wait."

I went on down, always a little nervous when out of hearing of the stage, and found Maggie moving away from a knot of stage-hands. They saluted me with a new respect, formed other groups, occasionally reinforced by an inquiring member of the company, and by the time the play was over it was generally understood that Frederica, Mr. Benny and I were going to London.

And they really were engaged! I met Mr. Benny on the corner of Thirty-ninth Street as I went down for my part the next morning, and he was beaming from ear to ear.

"I was there at nine o'clock," he began, "but I didn't have a chanst to say a word. Cutting, the

minute he cum in, cut a swath with his eyes around the room that made us all jump, and when they lit on me he just said, 'Come in, you.' 'Tain't much of a part, but he's goin' t' let me do what I please with it' (this with a delightful conscious pride). 'I like him; seems a nice fellow.'

We all of us like managers when they engage us, and hate them when they don't.

At Thirty-sixth Street I met Frederica. "It's all right, Dear," as she greeted me. "He said he needed a handsome woman who was an American to lead the dance-hall girls and understudy as well, but he couldn't possibly pay over twenty-five dollars. Of course I said I'd go for less gladly."

"Frederica, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did. There were a dozen far better-looking girls in the outer office, and I was afraid he'd see them before he settled with me. But don't rave, Dear; I did bargain with him a little."

"How?" I demanded.

"Well, after I said that he replied that if I would go for ten dollars a week, just to get the trip over and see the city, he believed he could settle the matter then and there."

"And you accepted?" I shrieked.

"Give me time, Dear," retorted my friend triumphantly. "I said that would be quite impossible; but that I would accept fifteen."

"And you are going for that ridiculous sum?" Frederica looked uncomfortable. "Well, not exactly, Rhoda. Somehow he wouldn't entertain that either, and just as he was about to roll back his chair in that dreadful way he has of ending our hopes I suggested a compromise. So I'm to get twelve dollars and fifty cents."

I put my head down on Frederica's shoulder and laughed in her, not my, sleeve. Then I went on down to get my part.

Junius Cutting wore an exhausted look. "I can't imagine how the news of this London production got about," he said, as he drew out my part from a lot of others. "I have been utterly besieged this morning."

"They all need work so," I half apologized, feeling a trifle guilty.

I took a cab back to the house; it's not a habit with me as with Aaron, but I couldn't wait any longer to look at my part, and no one likes opening in a car those blue-bound typewritten half-sheets of foolscap with which all New York is familiar. Of course, I couldn't tell what bearing it had on the play, but the lines read well. They were short and not too many, and so written that the laugh evidently came at the end of the speech, as it should, and not in the middle of the line. Also the exits were good, to judge by the suggestion of business in the brackets, but there was a continual reference to a grotesque appearance at the head of each act, which suggested that I would have to be once more what Aaron called a "clown."

I would rather not have been grotesque again, and I sighed a little the day of the reading of the play when I found what a lovely part the leading woman had. But I sternly checked this regret, and to mortify my flesh I supped with Aaron that night in my very old violet gown: although fortunately it was my most becoming one.

I had not given as much time to Aaron as I, or rather as he, wished. Every morning I was up at eight, for rehearsals began at ten, and in the late afternoon, when he sometimes dropped in at our hotel restaurant, I was scouring the second-hand clothing stores for old boots and shabby gowns. I often found myself staring at queer shawls on Italian women, and from off the head of one I did actually buy an old hat. She spoke little English, and it was some time before I could make her understand that she was going to get a beautiful new one for the article I was trying to wrest from her. A crowd collected, but I finally got it and left her staring transfixed at the two-dollar bill.

When all my wardrobe was collected Maggie took the articles, and, after fumigating them, baked the batch in her oven, for I dared not wear the garments as they were, nor yet wash them and thereby lose their "atmosphere."

Every moment seemed full of my new part. Even after the play, when Aaron would take me out for a bite before I went home to study, I would sit with one eye politely on him and the other studying wrinkles on the faces of those about me.

"Why don't you study my wrinkles?" Aaron would complain, when he would see me wandering.

"Yours are only a few firm lines," I replied; "they would give strength to my face, and this character is a weak half-breed."

"I'm not positive mine wouldn't do," he answered, a little sadly. "I feel that I'm a network of them these days, and it sure is a weakness that has put them there."

Then for the first time of late I looked at Aaron closely, rightly, as though I had lifted a gauze mask from his face; and I found him looking tired and grave, and that his smile was only painted on the gauze. And once more out of the midst of all that rush I felt that I might be losing a great deal when I lost him, and I had to think hard of the joy of that scene in the last act, and how delightful the laugh of the house would be if I could land it just in the right place.

He had not bothered me in the least about marrying him since our day in the downtown restaurant; but still the flowers came. Not the kind that you order over a telephone and that arrive, a dozen each, with a few dead ones at the bottom; but boxes breathing spring fragrance and the thought of the giver. Sometimes arbutus and deep, long-stemmed violets; sometimes just little crocuses with white star flowers; again a riot of tulips, or cool gardenias on beds of green. I was not unappreciative; and I often wished that Aaron could see how they made alive my hotel room.

"You ought to see them today," I would say. And he would draw on the menu an elaborate design of the room that he had never seen and we would make dots for the bowls of flowers.

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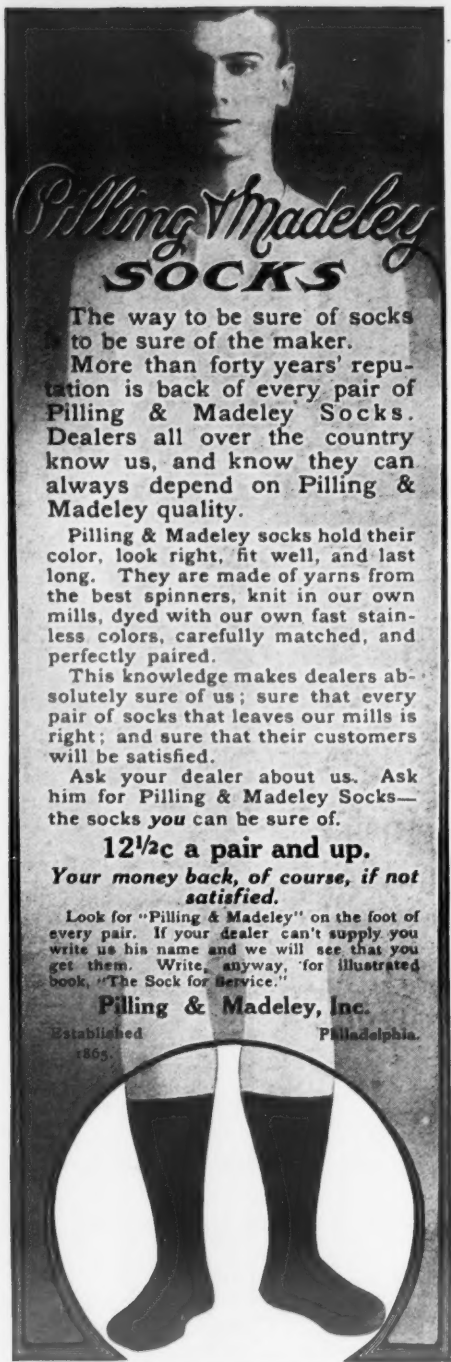
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The Actress

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

"Don't you think," he would say, "that this jar of crocuses is apt to get water on your book of Gibson girls, being so close to it?"

"Aaron, I have no Gibson girls. A copy of Maeterlinck's 'Wisdom and Destiny' is sure to be there, Shaw's plays (or I wouldn't be an actress), and a little thumbed volume of the Browning things that I can understand."

"But where," Aaron would insist, "if you put the daffodils on the top of your desk—where will my photograph be?"

"Where it has always been," I would reply; but I wouldn't tell him where.

I really put it on my dressing-table behind the heart-shaped pincushion to quiet the chambermaid. Each day when I first came it was her custom to select a photograph of one of my men friends from the mantelpiece, and placing it in that coveted position, wait for me to declare myself; and each day I would relegate her selection to its old place until, exhausted by her guerrilla method, I secured a perfectly new picture of Aaron and a perfectly new heart-shaped frame, and put them back of the heart-shaped pincushion.

But if Aaron had never seen my room there had been walks through the Park and drives in the dusk along Riverside, with a halt on the viaduct ostensibly to look at the lights of the river. Perhaps it was for the sake of those old times that he suggested a drive around Claremont before taking me down to the boat. We were sailing at daybreak and must sleep on board.

I was as near collapse as an actress could be, yet still play (and that is saying a great deal), when the curtain rang down, and the orchestra, to the great surprise of the audience, played them out with "Auld Lang Syne," while a chorus of voices came swelling from the stage to be muffled by the fall of the asbestos curtain.

All through the evening our playmates had been slyly joking with Mr. Benny and me. Crape was hung on our dressing-room doors; the stage-door man had been continually bringing in ridiculous gifts addressed to "Miss Miller, London." Mr. Benny had been handed on the stage during the act a book marked "Jokes—English version," and found upon investigation to be a pamphlet of a "casket company"; and our daring leading man and woman played an entire scene for our benefit with an alarming Cockney accent, Maggie, Frederica and I were all weeping wildly, and Mr. Benny was very intent upon swallowing his Adam's apple. "Kinda hate to go," he said.

We were all over it in fifteen minutes, and Aaron, knowing this would be the case, let me cry as loudly as I pleased while the cab rolled over the wet asphalt and scrunched into the gravel of the Park. It was not easy to stop altogether. I was so tired with the packing, the rehearsing, the playing, the choosing of my wardrobe, the strain of committing lines and the ceaseless fear that my part would be a failure, that Aaron's broad shoulder so temptingly near me seemed a haven of rest. I resisted the temptation, however, one of the reasons being that I was not asked.

That was chief of the queer things about Aaron; he was the sort of man whom you—one—well, I could not sit next to as we rolled along in the dim warmth of a cab and not feel that he was of the kind who is born to hold a woman in his arms, and that it was his strength, not his weakness—as though all his knowledge of stocks and "puts" and "calls" were really but a small part

of him, and that as a lover he would be at his best. And yet Aaron had never tried to show me this, and I had never tried to make him; for of all the types of womanhood held in poor esteem by an actress, the most despised is she who permits a man some liberties, but limits them to her own inclinations.

Some nights as we had gone through the darkness he had taken my hand and laying it on his knee covered it with his own, but his arm had never been about me. And this last night he did not even lift his hand from my muff, but sat with his own large ones gripped together, and watched the lights through the open window.

I huddled myself up in my corner feeling very far off and alone, and yet too tired to care much. At least this was the end of things, and almost any kind of end is better than a messy continuance. I was but moving out of Aaron's life for a wiser and better fitted woman to move in. I was very sorry for myself at this, and thought how easy it would be for me to let the tears roll down my cheeks as a "pretend" to Aaron that I was grieved at leaving him. But I conquered the temptation as one not beneath me, but beneath him, and instead was about to exclaim that I had forgotten my toothbrushes, when he suddenly pulled up the window—for the rain was coming in—and turned to me.

"Good-evening," I said.
Aaron laughed. "Have you got lots of warm things for the boat. Warm under—er—all sorts of flannels?"
"I don't wear them."
"Dearest, you must."
"I won't!"
"A hot-water bottle?"
"Yes, but I don't use it."
"Keep it in the berth for your feet."
"All right."
A silence.
"I'm glad little Benny goes with you; he'll look after you."
"I'll probably look after him and Frederica, too."
"Don't let that kindly, elephantine girl sap your strength. My child needs rest."
My lips wanted to quiver at this; they really did, but I wouldn't let them.
Aaron peered out through the rain-smirched glass. "We're almost there. Get a deck chair on the sunny side, won't you?"
"Yes, I will."

Another silence. I found myself holding Aaron's coat-sleeve. He let me, but "Dear little love," he said, then started out of the window again. We were twisting our way along the wharf. The rain was so heavy we could not see out, and no one could see in, but the lights came sifting through.

"Is all your luggage looked after?" Even while he spoke Aaron's lips seemed to be forming other words, but he would not give them sound.
"Yes, I drove to the ship this afternoon and Maggie took down my make-up tonight. You won't come aboard, will you?"
"I think not, then. I'll say good-by here. Rhoda—"

Then, without warning, Aaron took me in his arms, forced up my face, which I had hidden against his shoulder, with his strong chin, and kissed me on the lips.

CONTINUED IN THE OCTOBER JOURNAL

What We Have Found Out About Telepathy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

diary and copied from it brief entries relating to the dream and the telegram.

The following case, from Mr. E. W. Hamilton, C. B., contains remarkable evidence of accuracy in detail:

"I had dreamed that my brother, who had been long in Australia, and of whom I had heard nothing for several months, had come home; that after an absence of twelve years and a half he was very little altered in appearance, but that he had something wrong with one of his arms; it looked horribly red near the wrist, his hand being bent back. . . . In the course of the day I made in my little Letts' diary a mark thus, X, with my brother's name after it.

"On the following Monday morning, the twenty-sixth of March, I received a letter from my brother, which bore the date of the twenty-first of March, and which had been posted at Naples (where the Orient steamers touch), informing me that he was on his way home, and that he hoped to reach London on or about the thirtieth of March, and adding that he was suffering from a very severe attack of gout in the left arm.

"The next day I related to some one this curious incident, and I commented on the extraordinary coincidence of facts with the dream, except in one detail, and that was that the arm I had seen in my dream did not look as if it were merely affected with gout; the appearance it had presented to me was more like bad eczema.

"My brother duly reached England on the twenty-ninth, having disembarked at Plymouth owing to the extremely painful condition of his arm. It turned out that the doctor on board the ship had mistaken the case; it was not gout, but a case of blood-poisoning, resulting in a very bad carbuncle or abscess over the wrist joint. . . . My brother has altered very little in appearance. I have not to my knowledge ever noted a dream before in my life."

Now, to sum it all up. What have we really found out about telepathy? Making every allowance for imperfect observation, fraud and coincidence, there still remains more than ample proof, experimental and

spontaneous, that the mind has many and various abilities which are as powerful as they are mysterious. It seems likely that they work somewhat in the manner of wireless telegraphy, though the instruments of transmission and reception, two human brains or souls, are marvelously complex and all but impenetrably mysterious. This theory or explanation has lately been confirmed by an Italian scientist, who, after fixing his mind and will for a time on the forehead of his daughter, perceived on it converging points of white light. Repeating the experiment with a camera, and thinking of the face of a friend in Vienna, he found registered, or says he did, a small portrait of the friend he had in mind accurate in all details. This observation is solitary, and requires thorough authentication before it can be accepted.

Even if telepathy is in the end established we shall still have only the vaguest evidence of how it works. But this need not disquiet us. We do not know how chemicals combine. When Sir Isaac Newton confronted the question of how gravitation works he declared that he was not in the guessing business—or a Latin phrase to that effect. There is, however, one great difference between telepathy and these other things: what the latter do they do with absolute certainty, and they are of such vast importance that if either chemical action or gravitation were to cease the entire universe, as we know it, would go to smash, while telepathy might cease this moment and the only difference we could actually prove to have occurred in human happiness would be that many people would be actually happier in not having to put up with a good deal of mysterious foreboding, which frequently comes to nothing!

So far telepathy has not been adequately explained, for the simple reason that it cannot be explained. But that there is such a thing, whatever it is, there is no longer any reason to doubt. It is too well established.

NOTE—In an early number of The Journal there will be another article by Mr. Corbin, entitled "What We Have Found Out About Dual Personality."

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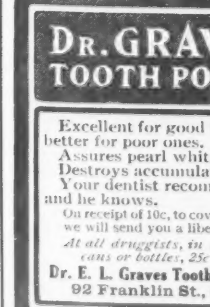



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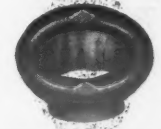
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THE SECRET OF SUNSHINE

By Cynthia Westover Alden

PASSING on the good things that you have and do not need to some one who is glad to use them is the whole secret of the joy in the Sunshine Society. The most beautiful part of our work, we think, is the "passing-on" feature, and to explain to you exactly what I mean I will take my "good cheer" book under my arm and play I am calling on you for the purpose of initiating you into our work.

You said to me one day, "I'd like to belong to Sunshine. What can I do?" After our visit together today I feel sure that September will be a busy month with you.

You have a lovely home, haven't you, and what a lot of books! Here in my "cheer book" are addresses of families who live on canal-boats in New Jersey the year round. Let's take some of your duplicate books and extra volumes that you do not care for and make a package for them.

Is this your boy's room? What a pile of postcards. And he is tired of them? Dear me! Let's divide them and send part to this invalid girl who is amusing herself by imagining she is journeying all over the world and is trying to get just as many postcards of as many places as possible.

YOU say that you have not been through that bureau for ages, and it is full of things! Then, of course, you can't need them very much. I'll check names off my "cheer book" just as fast as you can find something that fits the need.

That sweater that you have discarded we will send to this young girl. The doctor has ordered her to sleep outdoors nights.

This package seems to be a rubber ring. Your people are all well now? The rubber will decay if left here in the dark. Let's send it to this young girl in the hospital. She has been ill three months with typhoid fever and the skin on her shoulders is getting tender. This rubber ring is better than a pillow. Aren't you glad that it can be used in this way?

This closet is full of good clothes that your husband says he will not wear any more. We'll clear the whole thing out. Here's a good man who has been ill twelve months and his wife asks if we have anything in the way of clothes. We'll just fit him out, won't we? I think this suit, however, would fit a boy we are educating, so we will hold it out.

There's a bundle of canes. Oh, your husband says they are too good to throw away and so you just keep them? We've not sent anything in a long time to the Sunshine Home for Aged Men. I'll pay the expressage on this bundle of canes and sticks and we'll have the old men draw for them. Won't they have a fine time!

I wouldn't give all those half-worn shoes to the junk-man. Here's a family with children of all ages, from two to twelve. They were in one of last spring's floods and lost everything. Now the shoes would be all right until they can afford to buy new ones. No, I don't want that good pair. Your little boy can wear them yet. All you must do is to pass on what you are not using. There must be no sacrifice in what we are sending away. The beauty of our work is allowing the article to serve its life out—not to die of idleness. A coat is made to be worn as a coat, and if your boy outgrows his, and if you are a Sunshiner, you will hunt up a little boy whom it fits.

That baby carriage! Your baby has outgrown it? I promised one to the district nurse only a few days ago, for I felt sure that I would run across one somewhere not in use. It cost fifteen dollars! Well, so much the better—it will last the longer for the district nurse.

DO YOU know I'd love to call like this every month on some one? Now let us go up in the garret. We'll find a gold mine there.

Here are several calls for satchels—one for a missionary, one for a school-teacher in the country, and this other is for a woman who sells coffee from door to door to support herself and her little boy. She is a cripple, but she makes a good living. Can't I have that satchel with the handle off? She will make another handle, and it is just what she needs.

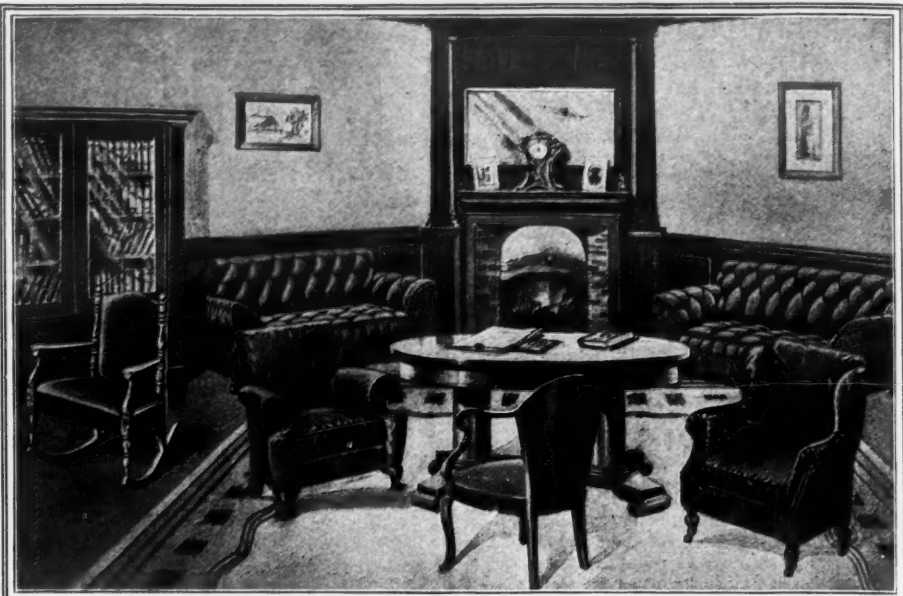
Where's that box of old school-books? Here is a country school where the children would be glad to have them. Some of the boys can attend only three days in the week, and in those books they could study at home. One boy, a cripple, lives on a farm with his aunt, and he is trying to keep up with his friends who go to school. Let us send him a few books too.

And now let us take this box of odds and ends that you don't want, and pack them up and send them to a young woman who is at the head of a small branch. She has the poor boys and girls of her neighborhood come to her once every two weeks, just for the sake of giving them a social evening. She can open this box and let them take out the things they would like to have. I have done that once or twice, and she says the evenings are never to be forgotten, for the pleasure they create. Really it is lots better than to have them put away in the garret.

I don't suppose you have got this? "A missionary has lost his horse, and lives miles away from his church and wants a horse." Don't get discouraged—I may get the horse, because I shall write to the nearest stables and ask if there isn't somewhere a horse too old to work, but which would be perfectly capable of taking this minister to his church. He will give it a good home. I will get the horse, never fear.

You say we've not gone over half the things that you could pass on, but our time is up and I must go! Neither have I checked off a one-hundredth part of the names in this "cheer book." I'll tell you what to do. Set aside a box of some kind for your Sunshine things, and when you come across something that you are inclined to tuck away because you've no place for it put it into this box and when it's full tell me what things you have and I'll tell you where they are needed. You will have great pleasure in this giving and will thereafter understand thoroughly that the secret of Sunshine is "passing on."

NOTE—In addressing Mrs. Alden, President-General of the International Sunshine Society, at 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City, regarding Sunshine matters, will our readers kindly bear in mind that invariably a stamp should be enclosed for a reply? Otherwise, Mrs. Alden has to answer correspondents at the expense of her work.



Karpen Upholstered Furniture

The interior shown in the above illustration is a suggestion of the beauty which may be expressed in the home through Karpen Furniture.

Of rarely artistic design and sturdy make Karpen Furniture imparts to your home an air of substantial worth and alluring comfort.

To furnish the new home or refurnish the old, Karpen Furniture will delight you with its beauty—and surprise you with its satisfactory prices.

Leading dealers everywhere will be glad to show you their regular Karpen stock, as well as many choice, specially selected Chairs, Rockers, Davenport, Couches and Three-Piece Suites. These and many authentic reproductions of famous Period Furniture, French, English, Flemish, Colonial, Mission and correctly styled modern designs are

Illustrated and Described in Karpen Style Book "L. S." which will be sent you free on request. This large 64-page book contains over 500 photographic illustrations with descriptions and prices of Karpen Upholstered Furniture. Send for the Style Book today—it will enable you to make a wise selection. It will tell you how to know genuine grain leather from the cheap, split and imitations so commonly used.

It will show you how to detect fraud so easily hidden in upholstered furniture by unscrupulous makers and how to know the genuine—Karpen Furniture.

Remember, that Karpen reproductions are exact—Karpen construction is lasting—Karpen alone puts a guarantee and trade-mark on upholstered furniture—Karpen Sterling leather is the tough outside of the hide—Karpen fabrics are harmonious in color and honest in material—Karpen springs are specified by the United States Government.

Write for free book "L. S." today. We will send you with this book the name of a dealer who will make you a special introductory price.

S. Karpen & Bros. Karpen Bldg., CHICAGO
Karpen Bldg., NEW YORK

World's Largest Makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture



Sixty Nights of RESTFUL Sleep FREE

HIRSCHMAN Mattresses range in price from \$9 to \$50. Regardless of price they are superior to any line made or sold by any maker anywhere. And to prove this to your own satisfaction, we make the following liberal offer:

60 NIGHTS FREE TRIAL

To Prove Their Comfort and Superiority—To Satisfy Yourself that You Are Getting Your Money's Worth

Your Dealer will Supply You

COST does not determine the value of a mattress. Comfort does. Don't buy a pig in a poke—or a mattress "on faith." There are lots of good mattresses made—so far as appearance and quality of material goes. But there is only one Hirschman quality of comfort. Hirschman beds combine quality of material, construction and workmanship with rest-giving comfort. If they did not, we could not offer to let you sleep on a Hirschman Mattress 60 nights free.

Your dealer will send a Hirschman mattress to your home—put it on your bed—and let you sleep on it 60 nights free. This is absolutely without expense, for if you are not fully satisfied—if you do not want to keep it after 60 nights' trial—say so to your dealer—he will come and take it away and return your money without protest. We do not want you to keep a Hirschman mattress unless you are fully satisfied with it.

Write today for the Hirschman Book, "The Story of a Good Bed"—will be sent you free for the asking. It tells how and of what materials the Hirschman Line is made. Illustrates and describes all our mattresses, enables you to make a wise selection. Write for it today—so that you may take early advantage of our 60 nights' trial offer.

You can order today from this advertisement. Our guarantee protects you.

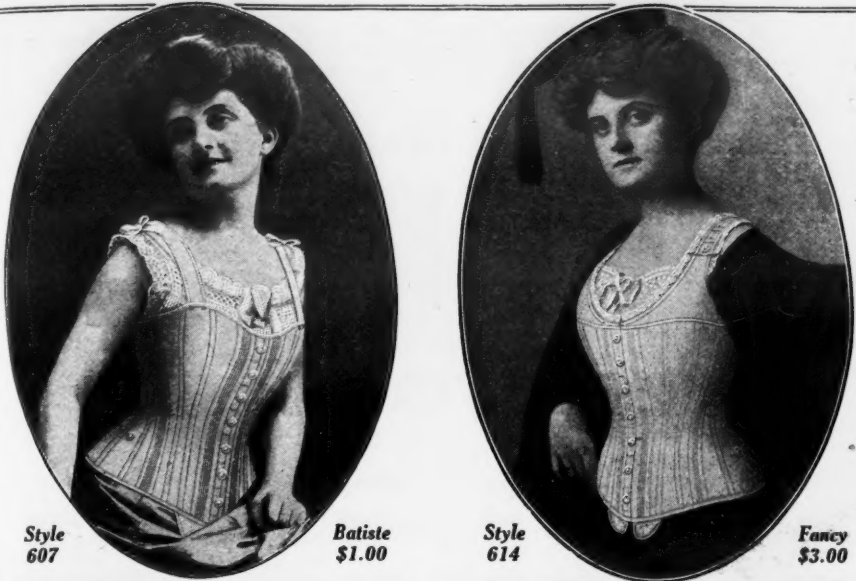
\$14.00 Hirschman's "Imperial"
50 pounds Cotton Felt Mattress

Built of extra quality cotton felt. Each layer hand laid by experts—snowy white, guaranteed free from all foreign substances. Biscuit tufted. Closely stitched on border with imperial edge. Upholstered in dainty design and delicate tints of high grade satin finish or art ticking.

Hirschman cotton felt mattresses range in price thus: \$9, \$12.75, \$14, \$16.50. Hirschman Upholstered Spring Mattresses \$20, \$30, \$40 and \$50. From a simple, good quality, cotton felt mattress to the finest sanitary double-decked Turkish Upholstered spring, with best curled hair mattress. Write for Catalog D and full descriptions.

The J. C. Hirschman Company
Department D Indianapolis, Indiana

If Your Dealer Can't Show You The Hirschman Line, Write Us and We Will See that You are Promptly Supplied with Just What You Want



Style 607

Batiste \$1.00

Style 614

Fancy \$3.00

FERRIS GOOD SENSE WAISTS



Style 193 Price 50c
6 mos. to 14 yrs.
Cambic, trimmed with lace.



Style 339 Price 50c
For Misses 8 to 12 yrs.
Button front, lace back.



Style 204 Price 50c
Fine quality Jean.
Double ply, nicely corded.
Sizes 21 to 28 inches.



Style 227 Price 75c
Young Ladies' Waist, plaited
busts. Specially adapted to
growing girls 12 to 17 yrs.

Allow free action of the lungs, at the same time giving the desired restraint to the figure.

Bring the weight of the clothing upon the shoulders—support the back, abdomen and waist. Beautify the form, and give perfect comfort.

Ferris Waists are of all styles and shapes necessary to properly fit all ages from

Childhood to Womanhood

Comfortable as an undervest, yet holding the figure in beautiful, easy, graceful lines.

Inferior imitations are sometimes sold as Ferris Waists. Protect yourself by looking for the name FERRIS on the front of each waist. Every garment is guaranteed.

For Sale by All Leading Dealers

Write for Free Ferris Book,
"30 Years of Good Sense."

THE FERRIS BROS. COMPANY
341 Broadway, New York

200,000 WOMEN Helped make this Cabinet a real labor saver



Solid Oak Flour Bin and Sifter Sugar Bin Extension Top Metal Drawers

Finished in four coats—not affected by water or steam.

Ask the furniture merchant if he will guarantee cabinets made of Gum, Elm, etc., of which 95 per cent of other cabinets are made.

200,000 women have made it the most convenient cabinet in the world and have insisted on the money saving flour bin and sifter (located exactly where we have it, so none will be wasted); mouse and bug proof bread and cake drawers (metal lined); the dust proof sugar bin, extension working table top, etc., really makes kitchen work a pleasure.

The Hoosier is a money saving and labor-saving machine. You will be safe in selecting a kitchen cabinet that 200,000 practical women have effected.

Send for a catalogue. No matter whether you can see a cabinet at a furniture dealer's in your own town or not.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.

Established 1891
Factory and General Office, New Castle, Ind.
Branches: 428 Lexington Ave. (Office Only) New York City.
4332 19th St. (Office Only) San Francisco, Cal.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is the cream of the ideas of 200,000 practical housekeepers, who by their suggestions and helps in the last ten years have made it what it is—better than a man's invention of a woman's article, because it was perfected by practical women for their own use, completely filling their own needs.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

can be distinguished by its trade mark, which means it is a saver of kitchen work, sold under a double guarantee of satisfaction—one from the furniture merchant and another from us—an old established and reliable manufacturing concern, with a reputation to maintain. Unlike other cabinets, the wood is solid oak, which we guarantee will not warp or split in the changing heat of the kitchen. If it is oak it will last.

See this "woman's cabinet"—her very own ideas in labor-saving conveniences—at a price lower than others and doubly guaranteed besides. Do not make your labor unnecessarily hard by doing without a Hoosier any longer than you have to. Get one now and save somewhere else. Did you ever see a man do unnecessary work three times a day to save a few dollars for a labor-saving machine? Not much. Why should a woman?

OUR GUARANTEE

We guarantee the Hoosier price is \$3.00 to \$10.00 lower than any competing cabinet, better quality and finish and if after 30 days' trial the purchaser finds any just cause for complaint and we cannot correct to your satisfaction we will see that your money is refunded.

We have a reputation to maintain—our cabinets must be all right. Why take any chances? Write for our handsome catalogue today. It has some suggestions that will make every woman's kitchenwork easier and shorter.



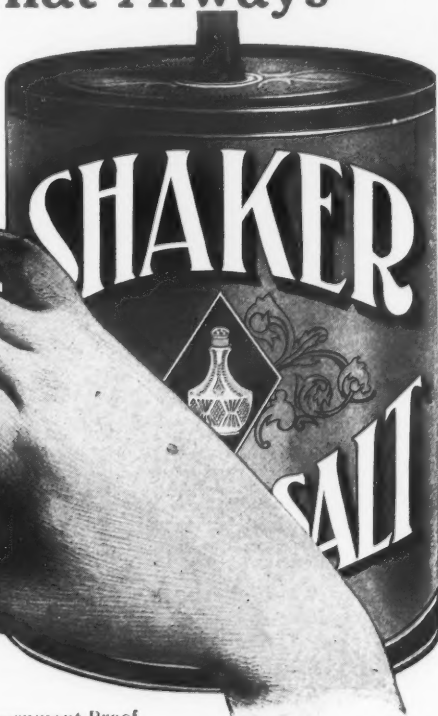
Look for this Trade Mark

The Only Salt That Always Flows Freely

JUST tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt—every time. Think how much this means in convenience and trouble saving—think how much annoyance it saves for you—your family—and your guests.

Not only in convenience but in "saltiness," savor and purity as well, Shaker Table Salt is far superior to all other table salts.

Because we are sole owners of the only process of salt refining—the only process which removes the dangerously unhealthy impurities natural to salt, which, therefore, are always present in all bag salt except ours.



WE will gladly send you Government Proof of this on request, and your physician will explain the dangers of Gypsum (Plaster of Paris) found in all salt except that produced by our patented refining process.

And Shaker Table Salt is the only table salt that is properly packed and protected—comes to you in the only convenient and sanitary salt-box with patented spout for filling salt shakers without bother or waste—this box is air-tight, water-proof, dust and dirt-proof, germ and odor-proof—keeping Shaker Table Salt protected from the contaminating germs, odors, impurities of the grocery and kitchen which all bag salt must absorb.

Get Shaker Table Salt from your grocer today—to cents a box—costs about to cents a year more than common, rank, sharp, bitter-tasting, coarse, gritty, soggy, lumpy, dangerously impure salt.

The Diamond Crystal Salt Co., Station I-5, St. Clair, Mich.
Shaker Table Salt, Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt. Makers of

The Only Salt 99 7-10 per cent Pure
—Proved Best by Government Test

"Saltiest"—Purest Salt

Free If your grocer does not sell Shaker Table Salt, send us his and your own name and address, and we will send you a generous sample of Shaker Table Salt in a miniature carton which is also an individual salt shaker, a double value coupon to apply on a genuine cut glass salt shaker (illustrated above), a booklet which tells you things you need to know about salt, and Government Proof of the Superior Quality, Strength and Purity of our Salt.



Sealing Fruit Jars

A Preserving-Day Essential

Pure Refined Paraffine is necessary to ensure the keeping qualities of your preserves, catsups and jellies. It positively excludes all air and prevents mold, keeping the contents of jars, bottles and glasses sweet and wholesome until needed.

Pure Refined PARAFFINE

is very easy to use. To seal jars, simply dip them in a pan of melted Paraffine after contents have cooled, and tops have been screwed on. Cork catsup bottles tightly and dip cork ends in melted Paraffine. Just pour melted Paraffine on jellies, and no paper tops or covers are necessary.

Pure Refined Paraffine can also be used for adding gloss to starched things; for making washing and ironing easy; for imparting a beautiful finish to floors; and for a hundred and one other household purposes.

Sold by your grocer in handy cakes at a price that makes it poor economy to be without it



Sealing Jelly Glasses

Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder is His Comfort

Freedom from chafing and prickly heat, and a cool, soft, satiny skin, come from its use.

The lightest, "fluffiest," smoothest and most delightfully perfumed of all talcum powders.



Large Glass Jar—5 inches high—with sifter top

Ask Your Druggist

Sold by druggists in large 5-inch, sifter-top, GLASS jars at 25c. If your druggist has none in stock, ask him to order some of his wholesaler. He will readily do so at your request.

Write Us for Free Sample

To show the fine quality and unique perfume of Lehn & Fink's Talcum, we will gladly send you a trial package free, if you will send your name and address. A postal will do.

Lehn & Fink, 121 William St., New York

HAIR BOOK FREE

Every woman should have this book. It tells how to preserve the natural beauty of the hair—how to regain this beauty if it has been lost, and how to acquire it. Compiled from best authorities. This book also lists all of our latest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressing



AT THE LOWEST PRICES

Extra short stem switches, well made of good quality hair and to match any ordinary shades, at the following special prices:
 2 oz., 20 in. Switch . 95
 2 oz., 22 in. Switch . 1.25
 2 1/2 oz., 24 in. Switch . 2.25
 20 in. Light Weight Wavy Switch . . . 3.50
 Our 25 in. Wavy Switch Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., Natural Wavy . . . 4.95
 200 other sizes and grades of Switches 50c to \$25.00
 Pompadour, Natural . . . 2.85
 8 Coronet Puffs, Curly . . . 3.45
 Wigs, Ladies' and Men's \$6.50 to \$60.00

Send sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid *On Approval*. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; write for estimate. Our Free Catalogue also contains valuable directions on "The Proper Care of the Hair." Write us today.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
 Dept. 19, 209 State St., Chicago, Ill.
 Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World.



"Devices for Hanging Up the Little Things"

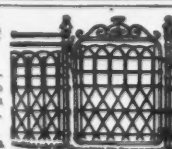
Moore Push-Pins

Moore Push-Points
 Moore Push-Tacks
 Moore Push-Buttons

You've used the celebrated Moore Glass Push-Pins—the last three are younger generations of the PUSH family. The distinctive feature of them all—the fine quality STEEL Points! This quartette covers the entire decorative field from the picture of several pounds to the small post-card, and all without disfigurement to walls or wood-work. All sizes and colors, from 10c per 1/2 doz. to 10c for 4 doz.
 At stationery, hardware and drug stores or 10 cents will bring you full assortment and particulars.
 MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 137 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ornamental Fence

25 Designs, All Steel
 Handsome—cheaper than wood—more durable. Special prices to churches and cemeteries. Don't buy a fence until you get our free catalogue.
 KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.
 609 North Street, Kokomo, Indiana



THE GIRLS' CLUB

Another Privilege for Members

YOU know the adage—"Next to the pleasure of making money is the pleasure of saving it." Our Club was formed "With one idea: to make money," but now it is to be extended so as to help you to save it also.

I suppose that most of our members spend their money about as soon as they earn it—you know girls are not particularly strong when it comes to saving—but a lot of them have saved their earnings with a view to some day having a good big sum for some special object, and I know of scores who are saving "just for a rainy day." Every few days some girl writes to me for advice as to how to invest her earnings so that they may yield some income. Of course I cannot take the responsibility of giving advice of this sort, and I asked our good friends on THE JOURNAL how to answer such inquiries. They thought it over for a day or two and said: "Tell the members that any one of them who so desires may hereafter deposit with the Company all money earned through her membership and receive thereon interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum," and so I pass along the news to you. That is, any member may hereafter send to the Company through the Club any money earned through her membership and receive interest on all such deposits at the rate of five per cent. a year. The privilege is open only to members of the Club, and extends only to money earned through it. Nothing more than that can be accepted.

Each depositor will receive a book in which all deposits will be entered. Interest will be added and compounded at regular intervals, and, of course, the money can be withdrawn at any time, in part or in whole. Of course this is only a very brief outline of the plan, for I have not room here to go into all the details, but any member can learn all about it by writing for the information.

It would seem that this generous offer thus rounds out and completes our Club, for not only can a girl now earn money through it, but she can also save it and make it earn interest. Judging from the many letters which I have received asking for advice as to how to save money, this new opportunity must be a very welcome addition to our list of privileges, and I shall be greatly disappointed if in a short time hundreds of our girls are not taking advantage of it.

The offer is open to any member of our Club, but do not send the money until you have written for and received a booklet which I have, telling you just what to do.

IT IS just five years ago this month that THE JOURNAL announced the formation of our Club and turned it over to us. When I started to write our column this month I was tempted to moralize a little and to quote some figures, but I will forbear, and instead will just tell you of a very pleasant reminder of those first days of our Club which I had a few days ago.

The first letter addressed to The Girls' Club after its formation had been announced in THE JOURNAL was from a girl in New York City, and I have always kept it. The writer said that she had come to the city from a town in the interior of the State a year before for the purpose of taking an art course, that she had enough money to pay for instruction and board, but almost nothing more, and that any plan which would enable her to earn money would, as she expressed it, be "Heavenly" for it would save asking for money from the folks at home.

For nearly two years this girl earned an average of about three dollars a week by giving an occasional leisure hour to the Club work, and then I heard no more from her until I got this recent reminder. This time she wrote: "If you remember me at all you may be interested to know where I am and what I am doing. Well, at the end of three years of hard work I was given a year's scholarship in recognition of what the committee were kind enough to call 'unusual progress.' Of course that relieved me of the expense of my tuition and gave me for myself the money which I had expected to pay for it. That made smooth sailing, and I stopped earning money through The Girls' Club, though, of course, I did not lose interest in it. At the end of the year I was making considerable money by illustrating for magazines and newspapers, and each year since I have gone on improving and increasing my earnings until I now feel that my future is reasonably assured. It is possible that I should have struggled through in some way without the help of the Club, but it certainly smoothed my way and I shall always be grateful to it."

I have often wondered just what became of our one "charter member," and I know that you will be as interested as I am in her success.

AND now about autumn plans. If I should tell you what amount of money our girls have made this summer through the weekly-salary offer announced last spring I fear you would have a suspicion that I was "stretching it." This much I will tell you: the amount of money earned by members this summer has been more than double the sum earned last summer. Some members who a year ago earned small sums "just for fun," this summer earned enough to take extended vacation trips; many new members for the first time in their lives had sufficient "pin-money" to buy some of the thousand and one things which every girl wants and which to older eyes sometimes seem "useless."

Of course, every member is now wondering whether she is to have equal opportunities for money-making after the first of October, which was the date announced last spring when this plan would expire. Many have written to find out what plans are in contemplation. I can't go into details now, but will just tell you that in next month's issue will be announced a plan which during the entire winter will offer to our girls opportunities for earning a larger amount of money than ever before. You will have to wait for the details until then.

All the privileges connected with our Club are open to any girl in America. The only qualification necessary is a desire to earn money, and if any girl has that she need only send a line of inquiry addressed to

THE GIRLS' CLUB
 THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
 PHILADELPHIA

Enameled Tin

The Latest and Best Container for HEINZ Preserved Fruits



Interior of golden enamel! Sealed without solder!

These are the important features which make the Heinz Enameled Tin superior to all other containers for retaining the delicious fresh fruit flavor of Heinz Fruit Preserves.

Don't put up your own; get Heinz!

Heinz Preserves have every quality of home goodness, with the many added benefits resulting from our exclusive facilities for securing the best materials and our long experience in preparing them the best way. Not the ordinary canned fruits, but the same rich, heavy-syrup preserves you have heretofore purchased in glass and stone crocks.

Made from only the finest selected fruits preserved with pure granulated sugar—the whole process being one of Heinz characteristic cleanliness and exactness. All kinds.

Let us send booklet.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY,
 New York—Pittsburgh—Chicago—London



Soft steady restful light

Where reading and writing are to be done, and where an artistic effect is considered, no other artificial light is comparable to that of a good lamp.

But—lamp-chimneys that do not fit, cause endless annoyance from smoke and smell and flickering light.

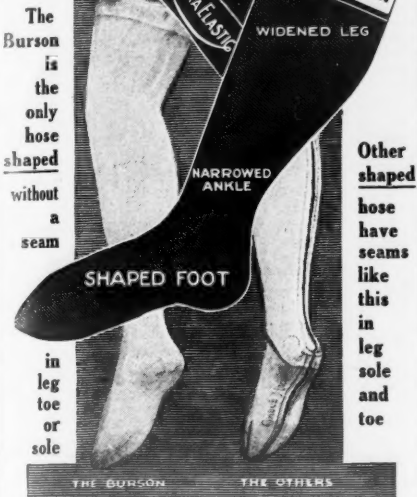
MACBETH lamp-chimneys fit and insure perfect combustion, full illumination, and light of the soft, steady, restful quality that is the unique charm of lamp light. I make a chimney to fit every style and size of lamp and burner, and my name is on it. Get the right one for your lamp. My Index, sent free, will tell you which one.

MACBETH lamp-chimneys are made of lamp-chimney glass that will not break from heat, and that is clear as crystal. My name is on every one. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.



BURSON FASHIONED HOSE



The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg, toe or sole.

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out—note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Colton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

All dealers should have the BURSON. If your dealer hasn't, write us.

BURSON KNITTING CO., Rockford, Ill.



RIXDORFER Parkett Floor Covering

(It comes in rolls 78 inches wide.)

The ideal floor covering for every room in the home—reception hall, dining room, living room, library, bedrooms, bathrooms.

Better than Carpets or Hardwood Floors—more sanitary, durable and beautiful, less expensive and far easier to keep clean.

Send for Free Booklet showing beautiful lithograph reproductions of this new floor covering in parquet designs and natural wood colors. Write to Dept. C.

P. O. JUDSON & CO.
16 East 17th Street New York City.

"Stork" Pants

(Trade-Mark Registered)

WATERPROOF

Keep Baby's Dresses Dry and Sweet.

Button neatly over regular diaper. Made of "Stork" Sheeting—a rubberless, water-proof fabric, light as linen. Easily cleaned. Aseptic and hygienic. 50c a pair.

Sold by dry goods dealers throughout the United States.

"STORK" SHEETING

By the yard, \$1.00 and \$1.50. "Stork" Catch-All-Bibs, 50c. "Stork" Diaper Bags (black and white check) 50c. If your dealer hasn't "Stork" goods, send to us.

FREE—For your dealer's name—Baby Sponge Bag, made of "Stork" Sheeting, as a useful sample—also descriptive booklet.

THE STORK CO., 72 Broad St., Dept. I-S, Boston, Mass.
(Also Mrs. "Stork" Absorbent Diapers)

LERMA FLANNELS

28 INCHES WIDE
Fleeced Back Fast Colors

High grade printed fabrics for wrappers, house and street gowns, dressing sacks, shirt-waists and dresses for children. Acknowledged the best of their class. Variety of patterns.

Retail prices of both, 10c per yard. Be sure that the tickets all bear the name of the makers, the **Hamilton Manufacturing Co.** If your home retailer will not supply you, write to **JOY, LANGDON & CO., Manufacturers' Agents Boston and New York**

ADMIRAL PERCALES

Improved Finish Fast Colors
36 INCHES WIDE

MY EXPERIENCE ON A BOARD OF EDUCATION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

as a private citizen, by using some of the privileges I had as a member of the Board, be possibly of some slight service. So I proposed to the Principal that I give a monthly talk to the pupils, not necessarily because I claimed to be an authority on the subjects I proposed to touch upon, but because I hoped that the enthusiasm of the pupils might be stimulated. My idea was to arouse the spirit of school life. A suggestion for the first talk was the current events of the past month.

The Principal thought it might be a good thing. He wasn't quite sure. I then spoke of it to some of the members of the Board. They thought it might be a good thing. But they weren't quite sure. The Principal's doubt about it arose from his fear that it might take the attention of the pupils away from their "legitimate" interests. His objection might be formulated as follows: The school term consists of so many days of so many hours each. To get through with the courses of study prescribed by the State it is necessary that the attention of the pupils should not be distracted by any outside interests.

This seemed logical, but being a radical I was not to be turned aside. I persisted. I gave my talk. None of the other members of the Board was present. Later this talk was followed by others. A course of regular lectures is now proposed for next year.

Thus in three ways during my first term as a member of the Board I endeavored to awaken an interest in the subject of education, outside of the purely perfunctory duties attendant upon the office. I failed in two and only partly succeeded in the third. I must not, however, forget to mention the fourth.

An art fund had been established, and as there was some money in the treasury, and more was being raised by popular contribution, I was deputed to select two statues to go in the front hall. I was rather in favor of the Hermes of Praxiteles for one, but after considerable discussion we finally decided that the Apollo Belvedere should grace one end of the hall and the Venus de Milo the other. These two noble statues, of heroic size, are now a part of our regular school life. To raise the additional money necessary to buy these statues the parents were asked to contribute. Each pupil was requested to bring ten cents, if his or her parents were willing. There was no compulsion.

The Solution Lies Largely with Women

FROM what I have written my readers will doubtless be willing to admit that what I have done for the past three years is to make a nuisance of myself, without accomplishing anything. And the event proved that the people of the district so regarded it. For recently I came up again for reelection. On the eve of this election a strong opposition party developed.

"It has long been thought," read the circular issued by this party, "that the *personnel* of the present Board should be changed." The italics are mine.

I got in by two votes. Doubtless next time, if my pernicious activity continues—and I promise them it shall—I shall be snowed under.

The result of my experience leads me to offer the following suggestions:

The solution of the question lies largely with the women of every community. Until they are willing to take a personal interest in the schools, and by their influence to raise the standard of public sentiment, the school question in this country will remain where it is now: in the hands of hurried business men, conscientious in the perfunctory performance of their duty, but unable to introduce any real reform.

In every community of any importance there is now a woman's club. Let this club include in its duties some practical interest in school affairs. I do not mean that they need necessarily meddle in school affairs or attempt to do things that are better done by trained employees. I mean simply that their mental attitude toward the school should be an interested one. Just the thought that the good women of a community are willing to put on this subject will make all the difference between slipshod educational methods that confront us today and a higher standard.

Take Grievances Before a Committee

SO MUCH from the outside. From the inside it must be remembered that members of Boards of Education are usually hard-headed business men, who are not supposed or required to take an active interest in the running of the school. Their duty requires them to see that those in charge of the school are fitted for their task and fulfill the letter of the law. They meet once a month—or oftener if necessary—to pass bills, to keep up the equipment of the school buildings, and to direct, in a businesslike way, the general management of the school. They do not go into matters of detail. They are not supposed to, and it is better that they should not.

This much, however, can be done: Every Board of Education should appoint an informal committee, to be called the Citizens' Committee. This committee should be formed for the purpose of conferring with the parents or other interested citizens in regard to all school matters.

If a parent has a grievance against the school nine times out of ten he will not go before the Board to air it, but he will talk about it to his neighbors. But if he can talk about it informally and confidentially with this committee many questions, which at the time seem of slight importance, will be given a proper discussion. In this way the entire community will come in direct touch with the school, and all unjust criticism will be silenced.

Then I believe that twice a year there should be a meeting of the members of the Board of Education and all the staff of the school. This meeting should, in a sense, be a formal one, and should have a definite purpose. Educational subjects should be assigned and papers read, and a general discussion should follow. Members of the Board will thus have an opportunity to enlighten themselves about many subjects which they have hitherto ignored, and to discover the individual standpoint of the teachers. Ideas will be exchanged, and the whole spirit of the school management will cohere. This meeting should preferably be held in the evening, when all can be present.

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G. P. 67

THE CHAPERONING OF SHEILA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

upon the intelligence which the butler had given to her with the fish, and had, at each succeeding course, amplified. At first it had been a mere "The housekeeper's compliments, Miss Sheila, and would you speak to her when convenient after dinner?" But as dish followed dish the whispered warning grew ever more sinister. "She says where is she to put them all, Miss? They all come prepared to stop the night," garnished Sheila's piece of turbot. Later it was "She says that if one of them was a man or if two of them was married she could maybe give the other her room."

Sheila had never felt so thoroughly in disgrace as she did when she at last sought the thunder presence of Mrs. O'Leary. Every member of the party in the drawing-room was intensely uncomfortable, and each, with perfect justice, held her responsible. Miss Adelaide and Lawrence were enjoying themselves, but they were not in the drawing-room. They were out on the twilight terrace, watching the moon wheeling slowly up behind the trees, and the soft laughter which punctuated their discourse made the gloom within doors almost palpable.

With the pleasant informality of the Irish servant the butler appointed himself to the committee on sleeping arrangements and proposed the most extraordinary adaptations of apartment to guest. After much debate a plan was reached and the servants were sent staggering about the upper regions under towering mattresses and pillows.

The Duchess and Miss Lytton had long ago announced their intention to go back to the Dower House, but her compassionate Grace had promised to stay with Sheila until the phalanx of chaperons should break and retire.

"After that you will be safe until the morning," she had pointed out. "But I do feel, my dear, that breakfast will be rather an ordeal. Will you tell me," she asked with her pretty smile, "why you played such a trick on us? To think one had escaped the frumps and then to find them gathered here! Why?"

"I can't explain," cried Sheila miserably. "You must just believe that I never meant to do it. You do believe that? You must!"

"But you asked them," insisted the puzzled Duchess. "All your brothers tell me that you admit having asked them."

"Oh, I asked them," the girl answered, "but I cannot tell you why."

When she was sure that things were going as well as might be among the bedrooms she approached the scene of revelry again and encountered upon the hall table a very forest of bedroom candlesticks which, for some seconds, gave her pause. She then went forward to her duty and discussed blankets with the Curate's mother.

Gerald was playing some bright French "chansons" at the piano, and the Duchess was listening to Mrs. Dimmick's fifteenth explanation of her presence in the Avonmere drawing-room when she should have been at the Dower House. Desmond and the Doctor's wife were playing chess, and Owen was wandering about, like an uneasy but courteous spirit, from group to group. Every one was visibly longing for bedtime, and Mrs. O'Leary would require at least half an hour's grace. Lawrence and Adelaide were still upon the terrace, and the Curate's mother, through the folds of her blankets, was still disapproving of them.

Then Lawrence, for the second time that evening, constituted himself herald. "There's a carriage coming up the drive," he announced. "Don't let them in," cried Sheila wildly. "Oh, Lawrence, don't let them in." And as the groups broke up she turned desperately to Desmond, "I didn't ask them, whoever they are. Indeed and indeed I didn't."

But there was no portcullis at Avonmere and sounds of cordiality were already to be heard upon the terrace. Then the hall door opened, the butler's voice rose in surprised welcome, and Lady Mary and the General were in the room.

The General and his wife were so amazed at seeing their guests, and so busy concealing this amazement, that an appreciable season of calm was granted to Sheila before her father broke out: "Upon my word! my dear Mary, we are forgetting the Potters."

"They are quite well, I hope," began Sheila at wide random. "Mother wrote that you were to spend the evening with them. We did not expect—"

"Oh, they are all right," said the General. "In fact they're here."

"Here!" echoed Sheila. "Here!"

"On the terrace with the children," purred Lady Mary delightedly. "The night was so perfect that we persuaded them to drive out with us. We have promised that they shall have breakfast at cock-crow and be at the Kingston Pier as early as if they had spent the night in town."

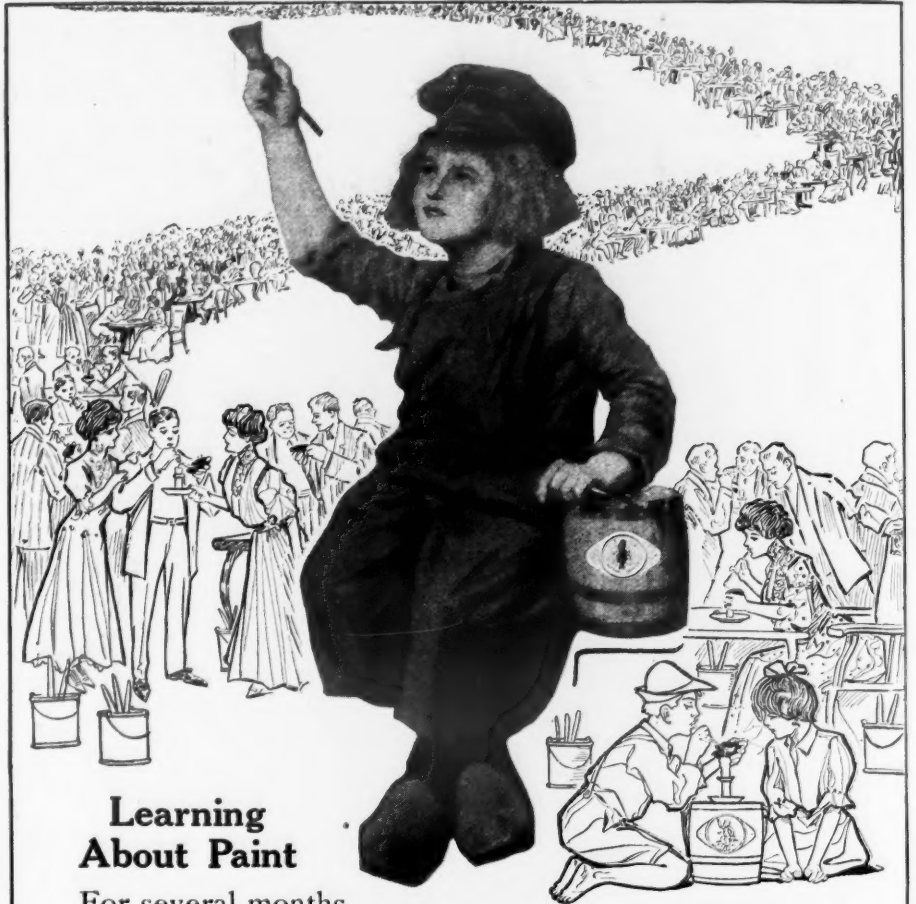
"And where will they spend it?" Sheila heard herself asking as she looked at her corps of chaperons and thought of Mrs. O'Leary. "Where will they spend it, dear Lady Mother?"

"I shall arrange all that with O'Leary presently," said the innocent Lady Mary. "But now I want you and the boys to be nice to Mrs. Potter. She is very much interested in all of you. She remembers some of you as babies in India. They have no children of their own and live all by themselves in a great, many-chambered house in Arlington Street."

"London?" asked Sheila almost inaudibly. "Arlington Street, London?"

"To be sure," her mother answered. "It will be nice for you to know them when you go to London with Desmond."

And so it was at the end of a long and alarm-filled day that discovery came to Avonmere. It was all over now. All the pleasant, friendly days, all the loving companionship with Lady Mary which had been so precious to the motherless counterfeit. All the jolly friendships with the four brothers. On the morrow the real Sheila would be sent for and the Lady Rosnah would go back to Glencora and to the excitements of inspecting puppies and planning flower-beds. For Mrs. Potter of Arlington Street was an old friend of the Earl of Creighton



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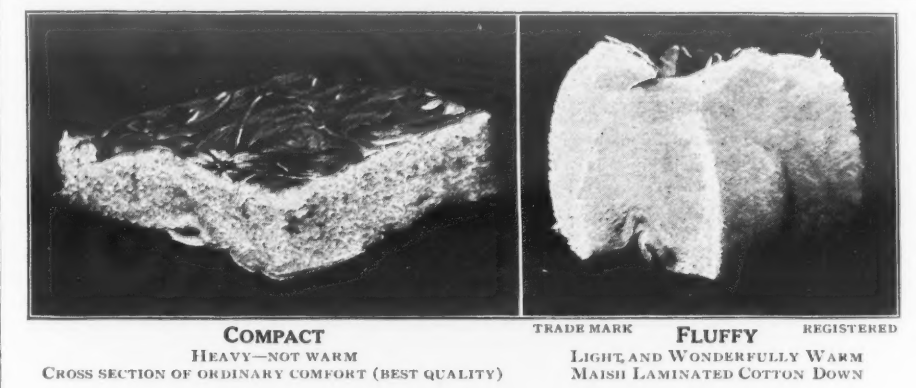
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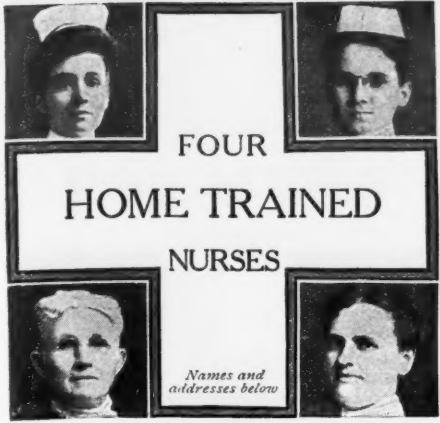
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THE CHAPERONING OF SHEILA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60)

and his daughter had spent several happy weeks in the many-chambered house.

The General was already enacting the rôle of Nemesis. Mr. and Mrs. Potter were renewing old memories with the boys and Lady Mary hastened away to assist. Sheila clung to her chaperons, who had tactfully retreated to another part of the room, and wondered how much grace would be granted her. None apparently. General Fitzgerald's touch was on her arm. He took her hand and led her up to his friends.

"This," said he with an emotion which surprised the Potters, "is my daughter."

Lady Mary was beaming, the General was swelling visibly with fatherly affection, the brothers were frankly delighted and admiring. Desmond was more than ever determined now that Sheila should be presented to his London friends, for she disclosed an entirely new charm as she stood beside her father, timid, blushing, with eyes fastened upon the carpet.

Mrs. Potter stared and her husband gouged an eyeglass into his short-sighted eye. Slowly Sheila raised her beautiful eyes and wistfully she smiled at the woman who had been her hostess not three months before. Surprises were the order of that day at Avonmore and the Potters were not to be overlooked. Mrs. Potter looked into the sweet eyes fixed upon her, looked at the surrounding Fitzgeralds so proudly serene, looked at her own amazed husband and spoke.

"You were not born, my dear," she said, "when I left India, and yet I feel as though I had known you, too, before this evening. Will you humor an old woman's whim and come for a chat with me when we go upstairs?"

"You are very kind," breathed Sheila.

"God bless my soul!" cried her husband suddenly when he had focused his eyeglass to his satisfaction. "God bless my soul!" he repeated, as his wife's foot touched his warningly. "And burn my body!" he amplified as he listened to the General's words:

"Not in the least like those boys of Lady Mary's, you see. She is, as I told you in the carriage, the living image of my poor, dear mother."

WHAT MONEY IS REALLY GOOD FOR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

became a suburb for the gentry. Mr. Russell Sage amassed a large fortune and was criticised for giving so little while he lived. I suspect he was wise. He had never known how to give and respected his own limitations. Dying, he left his fortune to his wife, who has proved by her wise administration that she possesses the capacity for beneficence which he lacked. The benevolence which is well wishing does not always result in beneficence which is well doing. Beneficence requires both means to do with and capacity to do, and the two do not always go together. It might probably be truthfully said that they rarely go together.

Wealth Does Not Add to the Largeness and liberty of life, as we who do not possess it are apt to imagine. If poverty has its limitations, wealth has also. If there are many things which the poor cannot do because they are poor, there are many things which the rich cannot do because they are rich. Mrs. Cræsus cannot entertain this season at her country house because she has only four servants; Mrs. Lazarus, with no servant at all, and with four children, has a friend of her husband's in her hospitable guest-room every Sunday. Mrs. Cræsus cannot ride to the village, for one member of one of her two spans is lame and the other span is busy; Mrs. Lazarus walks with keen enjoyment. Mrs. Cræsus has two gardeners to tend her hothouses and her flower-beds. What does she know of the freedom of Mrs. Lazarus, who pores over the florists' catalogues to see how she can secure the richest color combinations with her meagre allowance for flowers, and digs joyously in the lack mould and watches the children of her love and tending coming up to greet her? Mrs. Cræsus has a nurserymaid for the baby and a governess for the next in years; Mrs. Lazarus sings her own babes to sleep, teaches them their first lessons, and lives over her happy childhood by living with them in their own imaginary world.

At this point I imagine my reader smiling as he says to himself: "This comparison is all true enough, but I doubt not that Mr. Abbott would accept a few thousands with great equanimity." The smiling reader is quite right: I would accept a few thousands, not only with equanimity but even with gratitude, for I think I could so use them as to add to my happiness and possibly slightly to my usefulness. But I should regret a bequest of a million. For I have had no training that would fit me to use a million with advantage either to myself or to others; and it would increase my responsibilities and probably not increase either my welfare or the welfare of others.

Money is Not Without its Value, considerable value; but that value is often overestimated, and still more, often falsely estimated. It will buy things but not character; and the joy of life and the largeness of life depend, not on the things which one possesses, but on the character of the possessor. Money will buy many things which minister to happiness; but happiness it will not buy. It will not buy even the simplest pleasures, still less the higher joys. On the contrary, it tends to make friendship difficult and even disinterested love a suspect. It more often procures for its possessor the criticisms, if not the envy and the hatred, of its neighbors than their esteem. It more often separates him from the brotherhood of his fellows than admits him to that brotherhood. Wisely used it is often an instrument of great power; but no less does it emphasize the fatal weakness of the weak and put the folly of the fool in the lime-light. Whether it is injurious or useful to the community depends upon how it is used, and that in turn on the wisdom of him who is using it. That he has the best of intentions is not enough; he must also have the best of judgment if he would not see his intended benefactions increase the very evils which he wished to cure.



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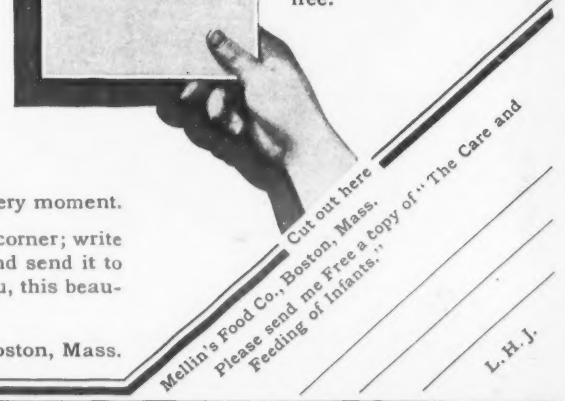


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WHAT BEING A WOMAN HAS MEANT TO ME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Death was not much, I argued, and I dared him to the limit. I made up my mind that it would be better to kill myself working than to sink into poverty and shabbiness. So I made a scatterment of existing conditions. I saw that I was the one who must start out on these lines, so I set about it. I left Mother's house for good and all and began housekeeping in earnest. All the previous years of my married life I had been squeamish and nervous. Now I slashed and burned my arms and fingers and never batted an eye—I killed chickens, drowned kittens, shot superfluous dogs, drove wild horses, and worked, as the old folks used to say, "like a Turk."

My sudden transformation from a child to a woman was the beginning of ten strenuous years. I have lived to be sorry for most of the principles on which I founded this reform. I am sorry I thought there was no God. I wish I had had more children. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't drown the kittens nor shoot the dog—there was only one dog—but I had started out to be nery, and I thought I must keep it up all along the line. I suffered a good deal in giving up God. While I was doing it I thought sometimes He was going to make a revelation to me of what it was all for—but He didn't. And as I couldn't forgive Him for making me a woman we had to part company. I remember the day I gave up immortality. I just walked the kitchen floor and cried—but it did no good—I had to get supper just the same.

I Think of Discarding Morality

HAVING given up God and immortality I had some idea of discarding morality, but some way never quite saw the time for it. When you are working with might and main to make a pretty and comfortable home for two intensely interesting and companionable little girls you really haven't much time for immortality. I did not mean to be low or vile. I had no taste for that, but I entertained a lot of theories that I know now were far from healthful. I was convinced that my husband and I did not love each other; I was deeply sensible of his neglect and lack of ambition. I had decided to live my own life.

About this time I fell afoul of a fearful mess of bad reading. The popular fiction of the day was decidedly unsettling. There were a lot of story-writers who reveled in married heroines and questions as to the duties of the married state. I thought it was courageous to face the truth. I thought so still, only my idea of the truth has undergone a complete transformation. It never does any good to spend much time pitying yourself—or even thinking that certain times in your life were fairly too bad. But it is a fact that a young woman with refined tastes and a passionate love for the beautiful is a bit piteous if she is very poor and has a careless, improvident husband. And a husband may be both without being wholly a bad fellow.

But husbands fail to realize many things. The pretty woman who knows the trials of shabby garments, and the nagging cares of scant supplies of fuel and even of food, who must overwork and plan and suffer from humbled pride, is sure to encounter almost intolerable trials of moral strength and courage. But she must meet them in silence. A woman never gets anything but blame for disclosing experiences under such conditions; and people have a habit of blaming the woman for her husband's failure in life. Even her own indomitable energy, the precious essence of her immortal soul, which she puts into neat and tasteful rooms and white curtains evolved from nothing, is set down as extravagance. I remember being told by one of my husband's people that it was owing to my extravagance that he did not get along, when the very article she was criticising me for buying was a dress which I had purchased for my daughter by the work of my own hands and which lasted her for years, during which time this relative's daughter had half a dozen gowns which cost four times as much and did not look half so well.

My Life of Sheer Defiance

I LIVED during these years in an attitude of sheer defiance of the powers that be. I was determined to make things go. It is hard for a girl who is naturally haphazard and idle to learn to be thrifty. It is hard for her to be mother and father both. I was not naturally a strong character nor a good manager. All I had to go on was mother-love, a fierce sort of pride and courage. My husband made an insufficient living and we tried to keep up in a measure with friends who were worth much more. Though it was impossible for us to live as our friends lived, we still had a sort of social standing which I thought we must preserve. I have since changed my mind about social standing. When my children were growing up I suffered a good deal over it. I had to see my friends much better housed and clothed than we were; I had to see the women I knew better loved, more carefully guarded.

But I was not disappointed in life. Whatever my own losses were—and they were great, for the want of a husband's love and protecting care and support is a great loss—life remained full of passionate sunshine and joy. I was no sorehead to quarrel with life! There was always an under song, a hint of rapture. I followed an invisible beckoning hand. No matter how deeply my spirit was at times cast down by pure human discouragement, there was always my supple young body perfect in health, and my normal mind refusing to narrow itself to my own personal griefs and cares. There were always my friends—my bright, congenial friends, and my sister—my keen, humorous, spirited sister, and my incomparable mother—yes, Mother was the real angel of my life then as she is now, though she is gone! The children, I thought, were cares. Often I was impatient over their existence, and many times I deliberately shut myself out of joys that I might have had through them by magnifying the worries. But this was because motherhood was not fully awake in me. I was acting dumbly, prompted by instinct rather than reason. I felt the sacrifice of motherhood, and though I never shirked any utmost duty, I lacked the complete fulfillment that God means us to get from all our sufferings and seeming injustices. But I was to learn about this later, as I shall tell you.

CONTINUED IN THE OCTOBER JOURNAL

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CLUB WOMEN

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THE MYSTERY OF MISS MOTTE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

"Yes, it had a tiny square of looking-glass on the cover." The girl looked up, startled inquiry in her eyes. "Do you remember?" he asked tenderly. "Can you recall where you left it now?"

"Yes, it comes back to me," she said slowly. "I had utterly forgotten—that lowest desk drawer." Her cheeks flushed deeply. "And you found it? And Maman—"

"That is nothing, an insignificant detail," he broke in with a firm smile of reassurance, although inwardly increasingly stirred by Mrs. Motte's persistent ignoring. "And so the bit of faded jasmine and the breath of these blossoms which Doctor Hartlieb was literally inspired to bring you tonight are calling you back to your India, Noelle, dear? Well, why not go back?"

"How can I?" she asked, looking with a child's artless appeal into his face.

"With me," he said, speaking with passionate earnestness. "I love you. You, too, can love—do love me. There is some mysterious barrier which keeps me from you here, but it cannot reach all the way to India, Noelle. Let us go there together. I, too, feel the call for real work where work is needed. My soul is sick of the methods I am using here to build up the social pride and material luxury of what they call 'Calvary.' There is, there must be, a better side, but through and through I am conscious that we are working here in the name, but not in the spirit, of Christ. A year's association has marred miserably my ideal of the man I had most revered as a religious force."

"A year is too short a time to know Doctor Tiffany," interposed Noelle gravely; "he is not a religious force in the sense in which you supposed him to be. Still, he is a very great man. But I think you ought to be a foreign missionary. I do not see how a man with your temperament can be satisfied to be anything else. I hope you will go to India."

"And you? My wife must go with me."

"I can never be your wife. The barrier—you have spoken of there being one—would be the same there as here."

"Noelle, what can it be more than your mother's opposition?"

"It is her love for me," said Noelle, her eyes downcast, her hands clasped tightly; "my mother cannot bear the idea that any one can ever come between her and me—that I could love any one more. She knew intuitively, the moment she saw you—that I must care. And I did. That is all."

"But it is insanely selfish," Noelle's face grew a shade paler; she did not speak. "It is morally wrong to let such an inhuman promise spoil the lives of two human beings. You have rights to be considered. So have I."

"It is a promise, it cannot be broken." Noelle laid her little cold hand for a moment on his, and met through her tears the stern protest in his eyes. She rose. He, rising also, caught her trembling hands.

"No, you cannot leave me yet," he said imperiously. "I have more to say. I can wait—years if I must. Let us wait then until you are alone, my darling, and there is no one to oppose."

She shook her head.

"The trouble, oh, love, the trouble could not be changed even if dear little Maman were gone. The trouble—" Her voice faltered; she turned quickly, hearing a step approaching.

"I must know. You cannot refuse me—it is my right—" Dane began. Noelle made a gesture imploring silence, and turned to speak with a maid who, unperceived by him, had discovered their presence in the oriel.

"I was looking everywhere for you, Miss Motte. Doctor Tiffany wants to speak to you."

Dane stood motionless, and Noelle, without turning to him again, followed the maid to the head of the staircase, where Doctor Tiffany stood waiting.

"Come and taste the sweetness of success, Miss Motte," was his greeting, "and let it put some color into your face. Your return is awaited with impatience, I assure you."

"I cannot go down, Doctor Tiffany," Noelle said wearily. "Will you please ask my mother to come up? We must go home."

"Glory's thrill is o'er then, is it?" he commented, studying her face narrowly. "Very well. It is your night. Your monarchy is absolute."

Turning, he descended the stairs slowly, but stopped on a landing and stood in the shadow of a tall palm, his arms crossed upon his breast, thinking closely. The guests were now beginning to move toward departure; although many passed him he did not see them, but when William Dane, his overcoat over his arm, his hat in hand, came into sight on the stairs above, his eyes were instantly upon him.

As Dane passed the older man noted two things: a profoundly striking change in his countenance, and a spray of bruised jasmine carried unconsciously in his hand. In Dane's altered look Doctor Tiffany recognized the reaction of the same baffled passion which he had detected just now in Noelle. The crushed flower in his hand told the rest of the story.

Mrs. O'Brien and Doctor Hartlieb appeared now at the foot of the stairs. With an abrupt, resolute movement the clergyman lifted his head, by force of will blotted from his face its strained intensity of reflection and made ready to intercept them.

"Mrs. O'Brien, will you be so good as to take Mrs. Motte home in your carriage?" he asked in a casual tone as they met. "I am on my way to beg of Madam the privilege of conveying Miss Motte to Gore Terrace myself—in my own hired brougham."

"Do you think, at your age, it is right?" quoted Mrs. O'Brien laughingly.

"I think, at my age, it is safe, dear lady." Doctor Tiffany was already past them on his way down to find Mrs. Motte.

When the pastor of Calvary settled back in his carriage beside Noelle a little later, driving away from the Bishop residence, he said to himself, "And now for my surgical operation!"



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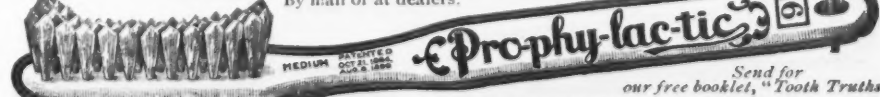
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Look for the little label that is sewed in each garment. When it's there, you'll know you are wearing a coat or suit worthy of any occasion.

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THE JOHN ANISFIELD CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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FOR SEPTEMBER 1908

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Distinction and Simplicity are Combined in this Cloth Costume

THE new fashions are so decided in character this year that a great deal of judgment and diplomacy will have to be used by women of taste in choosing their clothes—to follow the fashions implicitly would be at the risk of one's own looks and future economy. Perhaps this is an unwise way to begin a fashion talk—to divide the fashions into prices, as it were—and yet this is what most people must do when it comes down to actual facts.

The very newest styles—what we may call the extreme fashions for those who can afford to have many clothes—are so severe in character that more clothes are required for the same needs than formerly, and more than most people can afford; so it resolves itself into arranging the new fashions to meet the needs of every-day purposes. This is what I have aimed to do in designing the clothes illustrated in this issue—to keep as it were the lines and character of the clothes without their exaggeration and extravagance. If we cannot have all the things that we want, or that will be seen in the fashions, at least I can tell you about them, and we can come as near to them as is practicable and within our reach. Many of the fashion writers will tell you that the clothes are “classical,” or that they belong to this period or that. No doubt this is true in a sense, and there certainly is some ground for the statement, but “classical” clothes in a modern trolley-car do not seem to agree. Unless the thing can be well done throughout it is better to compromise. The fashions are undoubtedly modeled more or less on simple, regular lines which suggest a classic origin; but then, in the very next person you meet, you see a suggestion of quite another period: the Directoire, for instance; while the third person will wear a bodice and sash suggesting the clothes of the Orient—so, you see, there is nothing hard or fast as to a “period.” Personally, I think all this sort of thing may have its influence, but, as I said before, it is the practical needs of the day that one has to be dressed for, and not an artistic perspective.

SO LET us come down to dots and talk about actual clothes for real people—first taking up colors and materials, which will come under one general heading. I cannot recommend too strongly the new colors for the winter clothes: they are soft and low in tone, they look so well-bred and modest—you understand what I mean by a “modest” color?—do not think of Quaker-gray alone, but of the whole scheme of quiet colors. The blues run through a whole line, from the dark navy and marine blues to the palest and softest shades of the Nattier blues, and in between these two shades are many others, but all soft and low in tone—blues that are mixed with plenty of gray. The hard, cold stone-blues and the bright purple-blues should be avoided for two reasons: they are more liable to fade, and they are sure to be unbecoming.

The color of one's clothes is more important than ever this year, because the trimmings are nearly always the same color as the material of the gown; this is very noticeable in clothes of all kinds, from plain tailored suits to evening gowns. It is in just such points that the much-talked-about “classical” simplicity of the new clothes is shown. To be simple in dress is such an art that no small point can be overlooked. The most simply-made patterns can give the most “fussed-up” appearance if the colors and trimmings are out of key, and in this one can be more quickly out of fashion than in the actual cut and make of the garment.

But let us go back to the subject of color and material—being a woman I naturally cannot keep to my subject. After the blues come the brown shades, and they are quite as soft and mellow in tone as the blues, much mixed with gray and yellow; in fact, the combination of brown and gray is quite noticeable, but contrasts this season are not in color, but rather in shades of color. They must look as if they were closely related and not on formal visiting terms. There are warm gray-browns which are chiefly used for suitings, and the soft, deep seal-browns with a dull finish for coats and for

The New Autumn Styles I Saw in Paris

A Chat by Mrs. Ralston

Photographs by Boissonnas and Taponier, Paris

the dressier tailored suits. The plain, solid colors are better for the nicer clothing, while the mixed stripes and checks are kept entirely for the every-day tailored coats and skirts, but even in these the pattern and color are not too pronounced. Among the new colors are two known respectively as “khaki” and “mustard.” These are very much toned down, and when material of these colors is made into coats and coat suits it is used quite alone, without any contrast whatever in trimmings. There is a revival of many of the old-fashioned colors and materials, not only for gowns but for blouses and coats as well—the soft colors we have known in the broché and moiré silks.

TAILORED clothes and tailored styles were certainly never before so much worn: they show the most unquestioned variety of style and cut. They have been found so useful and economical for one and all of us in every sort of place that now all kinds of materials are being used to develop them—satin and velvet, for instance. To be sure, these materials are not for the economical, practical, every-day suit, but in many instances they have taken the place of the finer, softer cloths and voiles, which have been so much used for the past year or so. As a matter of fact, a tailored coat of satin or moiré is far from unpractical and is the most favored coat of the dressier tailored type to wear with the one-piece gowns. As most of the gowns are made to look like one-piece gowns a separate coat of one kind or another is indispensable.

The very new things in fashion are the revival of the polonaise, the overskirt, the long Directoire coats, and the Directoire one-piece dresses, the big revers generally used on the gowns, the scantily-draped bodices, the plain, long skirts, and the long, close-fitting sleeves. This list simply gives an idea of the most decided novelties, and not only where the fashions have changed but also along the lines where they will continue to change in the future: points which should be considered in making new clothes and in changing old ones. Of course, between these points lie many details, of which I hope to speak more fully and to give you help whenever I may.

I really should not say that the clothes are extremely simple to make. They appear at a glance very simple in line and character, and that unquestionably is the sought-after impression, but it requires considerable cleverness and ingenuity to make them simple, so to cut and construct them that they can be easily made. It is quite a mistake to imagine that because a thing looks simple it is simple throughout. As a matter of fact, after many years spent in the study and construction of clothes, it seems to me that I have never before known them so difficult to make, and the reason is that they are so simple in outline and general design that nothing which is not really good can be left in. When all the little turns and twists that go to hide and conceal bad workmanship must be left out, and only that which is true in line may remain, I assure you it is a test of good cutting and making.

WHEN you look at the new designs shown in this issue of THE JOURNAL you may say: “But how plain they look—how flat! I am sure I can never wear them—I need something broad to make me look well.” I do not want to seem impolite and contradict you, but I do think it is a mistake to hold to preconceived ideas along certain lines of clothes, and really the present fashions, of which I have tried to give you a general idea, can be adapted to every one in a becoming way. Take the new sleeves, which have grown so suddenly plain, long and tight: as a fashion they are much less exaggerated than the mode of sleeve we have had for some time past, and can be adapted to the individual much better. Then the plain, long, untrimmed lines of the skirts are becoming to almost every one. The short, ankle-length skirt is kept entirely for rainy days—a skirt which we all need, but which we have been apt to wear at the wrong time. The new skirts do not flare, but are cut with long, straight, clinging lines that follow those of the figure, a cut which is becoming alike to stout, thin, tall and short women, though, of course, to one and all a certain personal touch and cut must be given.

A point I must speak of is that clothes to look well this year must be taken as a whole—the entire costume is considered in color and cut. This, as I said before, is absolutely necessary to give those long, plain, straight lines that are so prominent. You cannot simply take one point and say: “I will have that on my coat,” or “I will have this on my bodice”; you must consider whether that yoke will look well with the general line of the gown; and really, you know, a line this year does mean a great deal. You must have that one-piece, long, slender look that suggests a continuation of line and an omitting of those interrupted lines that have been so mistakenly used in clothes, with the delusion that we were trimming them or making them becoming. All these things have been left out this year. Simplicity is aimed at in clothes of all kinds, and not only in line but also in color. There is no confusion in even the most elaborate gown—no startling contrast which detracts from the gown as a whole. I know it sounds uncomplimentary, and I hope you won't misunderstand me, but I believe that the good lines and the necessary good workmanship in the new fashions are due to the number of tailored clothes being worn. This has brought a standard of work into women's clothes that has not always been there, and it has put in so much good cutting, and left out so much of the “folderol” that meant nothing, that it has unquestionably had a generally strengthening effect on the fashions.



Long, Unbroken Lines Give Grace to This Afternoon or Evening Gown

The shortened line at the waist is seen in all kinds of clothes, even in those plain tailored coats where it would seem almost impossible to hint at the Directoire or the Empire fashion, yet these coats are cut with just the suggestion of the shorter line to give them the necessary new look. The scanty cut and hang are very noticeable: I say “cut” because in these very plain coats it is really the cutting far more than the making, because when the material is cut it only remains to be sewed and finished, as there is absolutely no superfluous trimming.

SEPARATE blouses are worn, but they do not look separate: they are made to appear a part of the skirt with which they are used, and they suggest the idea of a one-piece costume. The idea of the separate blouse is more in the difference of material than in anything else. The waist-line, as a hard, straight, round band of division between the bodice and skirt, no longer exists. Either the skirt is cut with a mounted girdle or the bodice is cut with folds or drapery to form a girdle. They call the new cut of skirt “mounted” rather than “Empire,” these skirts having the gores cut to cover the waist-belt and so do away with the separate girdle. When the sash or girdle is worn separately it is made wide and soft, suggesting drapery. There is no doubt that clothes have a tendency to be more fitted—and by fitted I mean they follow more closely the lines of the figure. The bodices do not blouse so much—indeed, there is a marked revival of the old-fashioned pointed bodices which were worn a couple of decades ago.

In order that the lines and colors may not be monotonous several materials are combined in one gown—such as cloth, satin and net. In fact, net in various weights and qualities is to a large degree quite superseding the ever-popular chiffon and silk voiles. Net is a practical material, fully as much so as chiffon, although the latter is still much used, particularly for the separate, long, fitted sleeves. Three and even four materials are combined in a gown, and yet the effect is anything but patchy. Many of the skirts are made with paneled and cut sections set in flatly; or the open petticoat skirt, the under part of which is of a different material from the upper, matching in color the sleeves and the yoke. Yokes, by-the-way, are cut very much deeper and with square and pointed lines rather than round. In fact, some of the new yokes quite cut the bodices in two as they extend nearly to the waist-line in front and quite to it in the back, and yet they do not suggest that very much overdone fashion known as the “jumper.” This is not suggested, because the bodices are made almost entirely of one color and the sleeves are usually of the material of the skirt, or, if not of the same material, certainly of the same color.

EMBROIDERIES and braids have never been more used than on the new clothes—not the old-fashioned sort of passementerie embroideries, but embroideries made in very simple, regular designs of narrow soutache braid and particularly of narrow satin folds and cording. Everywhere you see this cording and piping: to finish seams, to put in sleeves, to attach the collar, to finish a fold, etc. This is really what the new trimmings consist of; in fact, trimming today suggests a part of the clothes, and not a separate thing.

Buttons are on everything, and it is really impossible to imagine the variety of kinds and types. A button is no longer just a button, but an ornament. As a rule they are small or medium-sized, and finish rather than trim a gown or suit. They are covered in satin, in moiré, in cloth, and usually match the color of the gown. Many are embroidered, while others are piped and corded with silk and satin. It is now quite difficult to make good buttonholes; they are very large, long and slender, and are bound with satin or silk to match the trimmings of the suit or gown, and around the buttonhole is a cording or piping, further increasing the apparent size. Indeed, for the tailored and semi-tailored clothes this frequently forms the only trimming.

Suggestions for the Woman
When Choosing Her
More Practical Clothes

Some Every-Day Fashion News

A Few of the Many Little
Things that Every
Woman Should Remember

By Mrs. Ralston

THE question of coats and cloth suits is usually of first importance at this time of the year. Coats have changed from last year, not only in their cut and general style of making, but also in the uses to which they are put: a change due to the increasing vogue for all tailored fashions. So let us begin our little talk of every-day things with the tailored clothes, as this year they really take first place from a practical standpoint, as they are so different in type that they fill widely different needs. For those women who must make a few clothes go a long way there is nothing that can replace some type or another of tailored clothes. In buying a plain, every-day tailored suit, for instance, select one which will be appropriate for different purposes, and, if possible, have the coat of such a cloth, cut and color that you can wear it with different gowns as well as with the skirt which matches it.

These plain tailored suits are much "closer" in cut. The coats hang straight, and yet they are more fitted. Do not think I mean by the word "fitted" the old-fashioned idea which implied clothes so moulded to the figure that every outline was marked and shown distinctly, because this is very far from the meaning of "fitted" in the clothes of today, which is more to suggest a line than to mark it or to outline it rigidly. The length of the coats varies between the short three-quarter length and the long three-quarter length; it depends entirely upon the height of the person and the length of the skirt. The majority are single-breasted with rounding cutaway fronts, not sharply cut away, but curving gradually from the bust to the hem, giving a round shape, which is usually becoming. The shoulders are narrower than they have been; by narrower I mean that they are not cut larger than the shoulders of the person really are. It is a very good change and insures a better cut, as the coat must in this way fit and balance from the shoulders. The sleeves, which are plain and long, are put into the armholes with little fullness. Binding is still used on some of the coats of this kind, but should tone in color with the material and not be a strong contrast.

SKIRTS to match these coats are made much plainer than last year—that is, the kilted and plaited skirts are not so much worn with the plain three-quarter-length coat as are the plainer gored models. There is a very good reason for this: you see as the coats are cut smaller, scantier in line, the skirts must be cut in proportion to look well with the more fitted coats. A suit of this kind is invaluable for every day, and if the coat is of a soft neutral color you can wear it with other gowns. If your plain tailored suit is of navy-blue fine-twill serge you could readily wear the coat with other blue gowns of softer material, or even with a separate skirt of blue and white mixed material. This would give you three changes of costume: the blue coat and skirt, the coat worn with the mixed skirt, and the coat worn with a gown. The extreme plainness of all skirts is one of the marked fashions of the time, and a very good and practical one it is. Not only are they all without trimming, but there is a certain simplicity in the general cut and make of the skirts as well which is generally becoming and suits admirably the long, flat lines of the coats. This same feeling of flatness is seen in the skirts, as they are without much fullness. Most of the new skirts are made on the gored models or on the modified-circular patterns, so that, after all, they can be practical. Even in the shorter lengths, where only a gored skirt is practical, the lines hang straight without flare, and yet all the fullness and width needed at the lower edge are retained.

In the new plaited skirts the plaits are arranged in panels to give a kilted look to the front and again to the back, while the sides are left quite plain. The placket should be at the side hidden under one of the plaits, as the centre back of the skirt must be kept perfectly flat and without a break of any kind. The plaits are stitched very flat at their extreme edge and the material is cut away beneath. These skirts are made without any foundation except an extra-heavy, wide piece of belting ribbon for mounting the waistband. A plaited skirt is useful and goes nicely with cotton shirtwaists, or it could be used for a light-weight woolen material with a simpler bodice to match. Such skirts are not much used in costumes, but rather for the coat suits, or as odd skirts.

IF YOU choose a coat of a more fancy model—that is, a tailored coat with a waistcoat—then you would find that one of the plain, new, fancy-gored skirts would be better than a plaited one. I mean by a fancy-gored skirt such a one as is worn with the small, short coat shown on the page of tailored clothes this month. A very useful skirt to wear with the fancier coats is (No. 4025) illustrated on the page "Clothes that Can Easily be Made at Home." This is also a skirt which would look well with one of the belted coats made with a basque. These coats are new, very pretty, and can be made practical. The body part of the coat you can make quite plain with larger revers than we have been using; single-breasted fronts, with the skirt part of the coat cut circular, and set on to the body portion. These coats are of seven-eighth length and have

the advantage of being suitable as a separate wrap as well as a dressy afternoon coat to wear with a long skirt. Again, about the length of skirts: for the really dressier gowns the skirts have an irregularity of length—if you can imagine such a thing—quite matching the idea in the coats. They are cut, for instance, in round lengths in the front and at the sides, while the "tail" at the back is cut longer—it is what is called a "fish-tail" skirt, and these are made not only in cloths but in the dressier silks as well. Of course, for practical, every-day cloth suits they are not a wise choice, but they do look pretty for house gowns, and are charming for party dresses.

AND now to speak for a moment on that subject of endless variety and interest, the separate bodice; and then a word or two afterward of our inseparable friend, the shirtwaist. The dressy separate blouse is not so much in favor as it has been in the past, and there is really a good, sensible reason at the back of this. Fashion now says—with much common-sense—that if you are to be dressed enough to require silk and satin you should be dressed in a costume and not in a very fancy blouse. The more dressy separate blouse has now really become a part of a costume, as it is made to be worn with certain skirts, or as often with certain suits, which means that the blouse must match in color the material of the skirt or suit.

The one-piece gowns are more than conspicuous, though to tell the truth, they are not always—in fact, they are rarely—in one piece. To obtain the best results in a one-piece gown it is best to cut it in two pieces, which is truly an Irish "bull." Not only is the gown itself cut in two pieces, but the foundation for such gown is also cut and made in two pieces. You see, to handle the amount of material necessary for such clothes is much more difficult when made in one piece than when they are cut in two pieces, and yet the cutting and making of them in two pieces can be so arranged as to give the one-piece look when it is finished.

These entire costumes of heavier material—I say heavier, and yet they are as light and soft as the materials from which we have been making separate blouses—have to a large extent taken the place of the separate skirt and the fancy blouse. Gowns of cashmere, light-weight cloth and crepon are so much more useful and practical, not only to make but also to keep in order, than are the separate bodices and skirts that there is reason for their being favorites. Then, most important of all, several features in them are immensely becoming: first, the whole dress is in one color, giving length to the average figure; second, the fashions of the day are simple and plain, with long, graceful lines; and finally, these gowns look so well when worn under one of the new three-quarter or seven-eighth length coats.

IN A WAY, gowns of one color have taken the place of the separate shirtwaist and skirt—if such a thing can be done—and yet they have rather extended the field of the shirtwaist suit, because the shirtwaist gowns are so useful that to give them up would be unpractical, and they can be so cut and arranged that they are never out of fashion.

But the place where the shirtwaist belongs is clearly America. The plain tailored shirtwaists have won such a victory over the fancy lingerie blouses that the much-trimmed lingerie blouse is afraid to show its head in the present fashions. The plainer shirtwaists, to be sure, can be somewhat modified from the stiffest-of-stiff tailored styles and softened with little frills and fine plaits, and

very simple regular embroidery that suits the style of the blouse; but the narrow laces and masses of embroidery are no longer on well-made shirtwaists. These plainer styles are so much more useful and suit so much better the purposes for which they are intended that it is only right they should retain and increase their well-earned victory.

With the plain cloth suits only the very simple shirtwaists are worn, and all kinds of surprising new ideas and touches can be shown in them. For instance, on the plain, finer ones, striped, checked and flowered batiste is used as piping to the plaits, or again as frills to finish the front and the rolling cuffs, and still another idea is to insert between the plaits plain strips of the figured, striped or flowered batiste, giving a touch of color; this little note of color is quite noticeable in both the tailored and semi-tailored shirtwaists, or again, a plain pink or blue shirtwaist is made with white collars and cuffs or the plait finished with a little under-band of plain white. It is a small thing, but you have no idea how pretty and how entirely different it makes a shirtwaist look. Even in linen and madras waists color is combined with the soutache braids. Braiding is also used to finish the edges of plaits, collars and cuffs and to outline the yoke.

NOW a word about sleeves, which are made in so many shapes that I almost hesitate to bring up the subject. Certainly they are smaller, and in gowns and coats they are long and close-fitting, but in bodices made of chiffon, and very soft, transparent materials, some of them are made three-quarter length with slight fullness on the under side. They are a modification of the butterfly sleeve with a small armhole, as they have no fullness at the top. In others the inside line of the sleeve is kept plain, while below the elbow it is close-fitting. In many cases the upper part of the sleeve is cut in one with the sides of the bodice, but the very newest sleeves are the long, close-fitting ones with frills that fall over the hands. Then there is the draped sleeve which is also close-fitting, but is put into a medium-sized armhole and brought in tight to the elbow and below it, the material at the top being put back in folds to the lining.

The kimono sleeve is still used but greatly modified, being smaller and simpler, the flat line from the shoulder to the elbow depending upon the material. As to the long, plain sleeves: these are more generally worn than are the fancier ones in everything from shirtwaists to wedding gowns, and are made in a variety of materials from cloth to tulle. There are many simple ways of breaking the plainness and monotony in the length of the sleeve: small plaits, or stitched-on bands of embroidery, or braid, for instance—just some little thing that will take away from a certain bare look that the long, tight sleeve in some materials is apt to have. But all this is a question of taste.

THE separate belt is very rarely worn with the new skirts, as the skirts are extended above the waist-line to form the belt; but if the mounted waist-line is not becoming to you personally it is also possible to make the girdle in one with the skirt without extending the skirt above the waist-line. This you can arrange in several ways: by making the belt of the same material as your skirt, for instance, attached to it, with the seam hidden by a slight fold or drapery which, though just a fold, looks better than a separate fold, as it is softer and does not give the division at the waist-line that is often unbecoming, especially to women with stout figures.

When separate belts are worn with the tailored clothes they are pretty and really new. Linen is much used, while a novelty is narrow braid woven in a simple design. The buckles are worn far to the side, and in many cases in the side back, leaving a plain band of the belt in the centre front and centre back. The ribbon belts, which are worn with the plainest kinds of tailored suits, are nothing more nor less than sashes of a medium-length ribbon with fringed or tasseled ends; the ribbon is passed twice around the waist and knotted at the side to fall low over the hips. Then, again, to wear with practical clothes, there are belts of soft suede and leather with sash ends tied at the side.

I want to say a word to you about those little things that must be worn, no matter what kind of clothes we decide upon—such things as belts and veils, and little odds and ends which are, after all, quite as necessary as a rain-coat and an umbrella.

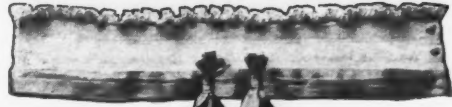
VEILS are in the large, fine meshes, and are worn loosely to suit the big hats. Dotted veils are not used at all, the new ones being all in light, square meshes. Hand-bags for shopping are much smaller and are square in shape. Gloves have changed with the new sleeves: long ones are worn only for the afternoon and evening, and short ones for general wear, the grays and tans, stitched in the back, having taken the place of white ones for tailored suits. Handkerchiefs now have a note of color to match a dress or suit, being finished with very small bordered edges in stripes with the monogram embroidered to match. The separate stock collars should not be startlingly different in color from the blouse—they are usually of fine batiste or the tulle nets, finished at the top with a plaited frill.



DRAWN BY
ANNA W. SPEAKMAN

Fads, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. Ralston: With Illustrations from Photographs



Just the collar for a semi-tailored blouse of fine batiste, soft crêpe or silk.



The full ruche and the twisted ends are new.



Ruche lace braided in Nattier-blue.



An attractive as well as serviceable neck ruff of soft ribbon, completed by a bow and a ruffling of ostrich plumes.

SOMETHING quite new and suggesting the lace mitts of our grandmothers' time is the collar and cuff set of fine black net shown on the waist on the right. The net is used quite plain and edged with fine knife-plaited ruffles, an inch and a half deep, being merely tacked in place so they can be removed when the waist is laundered.

THE Directoire waistcoat—shown below—is one of the attractive features of the season, as well as a most useful style, as it may be made of moiré silk or cretonne, and when of a neutral color may be worn with different styles of coats.



QUITE a different blouse is the one on the left with the touch of black at the neck and wrists, suggesting the mitts of our grandmothers' time. It is made of fine batiste and French filet lace, with a group of tucks forming a round yoke. But it is in the collar and cuffs of fine black tulle that the novelty lies. These are edged top and bottom with plaited frills, and may be removed when the waist is laundered, as they are only basted over the waist. This combination of white batiste and black tulle is used a great deal for the more dressy separate blouse, and is frequently very becoming. Below is a scarf which takes us back to the early Victorian era with its suggestion of the drooping shoulder-line—a most graceful style and one which you can easily follow. Soft satin-taffeta is used for it, trimmed with wide bands of a colored meshed-silk net—applied as a folded band. Each side of the net border is finished with double bias folds forming two ruches: one placed at the outside edge of the silk net forming the border, and the other about two inches from the inner edge. This scarf should be made the full width of the silk and two yards and a half in length. In the light colors—pink or blue—it would be charming for the evening for young girls, and in pearl-gray for older women, while in the darker shades it may be worn for the afternoon with dark costumes.



ANOTHER style of neck ruche is just below, made of black muslin, satin ribbon, and black and white plaited-tulle frills. The collar is laid in folds, as are the two double ends, which are drawn together and fastened with silk tassels shaped like a pointed hood-end. These ruches invariably fasten either at the back or the side, with the bow or knot falling toward the back.

FADS, frills and furbelows in their right places are charming, and this season the long, graceful lines of the clothes are made more attractive by some frivolous touch, which, like the clothes themselves, must be simple.

The little tucked batiste collar at the top of the page, for instance, you could easily make; the ruffling at the top being formed by the fullness from the vertical tucks. The cravat is of silver ribbon finished with two oddly-shaped ends fringed by tassels of narrow ribbon. This may be worn with a simple silk blouse, while with a muslin waist the one below it could be worn. In this the full ruche—made of plaited, blond net edged with a thread of a dark color—is the new feature: the collar itself is of lawn, the folds being turned down, while two shades of ribbon form the bow and pretty twisted loops. Quite new is the stock and jabot of plaited net lace with the collar-band braided in Nattier-blue soutache. Still another collar is the one of wide soft ribbon with the loosely-crossed ends, which are edged—as is also the collar—with a frill of white lace.

LAST in the group above is one of the new neck ruches to wear with tailored costumes. It is made of colored satin ribbon finished with a soft rosette bow and a softer finish of ostrich plumes at the top—this gives a smart touch to a tailored costume and should be worn with the bow on the left side.

The Directoire waistcoat in the centre of the page, which is quite new in cut, is worn with all kinds of coats, long and short, from the plainest tailor-made styles to the more trimmed semi-tailored suits. These waistcoats are cut with some fullness and decidedly short-waisted, and, as a rule, tone in color with the material of the suit.

On the right is a soft, dainty, lingerie gown, but the new touch is the sash-belt which passes twice around the waist and is then knotted low down on the hips, with the tassel ends of even length. These sashes are of soft silk or satin, and are worn with semi-tailored clothes as well as the more dressy ones—cloth and silk, as well as batiste.

THE blouse on the right of this gown I am sure you will like. It is so simple and yet has so much character and charm and is just the thing to wear with a semi-tailored suit. Tulle net is used for it with large dots embroidered in white mercerized cotton. The sleeves are long and close-fitting, with plaited frills falling over the hands, while a wide frill is used down the front and a narrower one at the neck. The hat is one of the Directoire shapes with a high crown, trimmed with a scarf of satin tied on one side, the ends falling slightly over the edge of the brim.



The graceful sash-girdle which is knotted once or twice at the side.

Shoulder scarf of silk bordered with silk net and outlined with a ruche of the silk, to be worn with afternoon or evening gowns.



Smart new semi-tailored waist of sheer net with plaited frills to match, to be worn with a cloth suit.



A collarlike ruche of muslin with hoodlike ends of black satin ribbon and full frills of black and white mousseline at the top, to be worn with tailored suits.

Quite new in shape and smaller than those of last year is this good-looking shopping-bag. These bags are of brown or gray to match the tailored clothes.



Patent-leather belt embroidered in two shades of cotton thread forming a marked contrast.

When Every Penny Must Count

Designs by Mrs. Ralston
Drawings by E. M. A. Steinmetz



A Half-Worn Tailor-Made Suit May be Remodeled into This Smart "Tail-Coat"

TO ALTER clothes so that they do not look like made-overs is a most difficult thing to do. This is especially so now, when the fashions are so plain and long in line that to "fuss them up" or overtrim them to hide changes puts them rather more out of the fashion than in. However, there is one good thing that will help a great deal, and that is the combination of many kinds of materials of different weights and qualities as well as colors. For instance, satin, cloth, chiffon and cashmere may all be combined in one garment.

The illustration of the three-quarter-length coat just above shows how an old coat cut after the plain tailored model of last year or the year before may be altered by combining another material with it. If it is not possible to cut it entirely from the cloth of your old coat you could probably use a breadth or more from the skirt of your suit; it is better to make one good garment out of your old coat and skirt than to attempt to patch up the two into one unsatisfactory suit. The odds and ends left over will always come in for something, especially today, when collars, muffs and even hats are being made of cloth and all kinds of materials that quite turn topsyturvy one's preconceived ideas.

But to speak again of this coat: you see it is made over an entire under-waistcoat of another material, which in this particular case is satin, but you could use any other material harmonizing with the color of your cloth. This waistcoat should be made as a separate garment, almost on the lines of a man's waistcoat, close and tight-fitting, with a plain back. The coat is hung over the waistcoat, being attached to it at the shoulder-seams, and—where most needed—with long tailor's tacks of heavy thread. The edges of the coat may be bound with braid or finished with bias folds of silk or satin. The reason the front has been cut in two sections is that it is better in line and more easily fitted, and it also gives a chance for the use of other material already cut into sections or gores. Now if you like you can make the sleeves of the same material as your waistcoat—provided always that it matches in color the cloth of your coat. The back of this coat is in one piece, but may, of course, have one centre seam or two side seams, according to your cloth. The chief thing to remember is the general line and style of the garment—the back hangs straight and easily and is what is known as a "tail-coat," being longer in the back than at the front and sides.

This is a pretty style for a separate coat to be worn with either short or long skirts; it is not a coat for the plainest kind of tailored skirts, but rather for the afternoons or for those informal times when the severe tailored coat is out of place. Wear with it a blouse of tulle or silk with a plaited jabot in the front. Indeed, you can use an old blouse and a separate jabot made of plain white tulle and look well dressed. Your skirt could be perfectly plain and yet your costume would be dressy enough for the afternoons, and I am sure that you will find a coat of this kind can be readily remade from an old cloth one.

LETTING down outgrown skirts is a question that mothers meet every year. In the second illustration I am suggesting a way to solve this problem, not only for outgrown skirts but for remodeling old skirts as well. Perhaps you could use two old dresses, changing them into one good separate skirt. This is a kilted model, a band of plain material let in at every second plait. Around the lower edge of the skirt is a six to eight inch band of the straight of the material trimmed with a fold of the plain. This band should be different in color from the skirt, but not too marked a contrast; if your skirt is a brown-and-white checked material the let-in plaits should be of a plain brown cloth, and the band at the edge of the skirt of a soft beige color with the set-on bands of the brown. I think this quite a clever way to rearrange a skirt, as it allows not only for lengthening but also for added fullness, and even if the skirt to be altered is not a plaited one you could use this general idea.

The simple little shirtwaist worn with this skirt has several nice possibilities about it for alteration. The set-on scalloped plait in the centre front may be of another material from that of your shirtwaist, not in color, but simply in the quality of the material. If your blouse happens to be a linen the front scalloped plait may be of batiste with a small polka dot, or striped percale or lawn would be quite as pretty, with the collars and cuffs to match. This same idea you can use on a silk blouse, making the collars, cuffs and front piece of tulle



An Outgrown Skirt May be Renovated and Lengthened by Bands of Plain Material



A Bell-Sailor of Cloth Trimmed with Silk Edged with a Knife-Plaited Frilling of Sheer Batiste



The Directoire Vest and Revers and a Little New Material Will Freshen a Suit for Another Winter



Silk, Chiffon, Net and Bands of Embroidery are Combined Here Without Looking "Patchy"

or net, finely tucked and finished with a little frilled jabot of tulle. If you want to make your sleeves in the new, small, full-length shape have the cuffs longer than shown in the illustration, tucked and quite close-fitting, fastening with small lace or crochet buttons on the under side.

HERE is an idea for a home milliner, a hat which can be made of silk, satin or cloth, provided that the latter is of a sufficiently light-weight, flexible quality. It is one of the new bell-sailors, made with a curved frame of wire or capenet. To be in the new fashion the crown must be high and large, and as your old frame probably has not this feature, cut your old crown out and replace it with a new one of capenet or wire. Cover the top of the crown to match the brim, while the sides are covered by the trimming. This trimming is of soft satin, silk or muslin, finished with a large rosette at the side front, and all edged with a finely knife-plaited frilling of sheer lawn. The facing should match the scarf and rosette. You will find it a hat which you can really trim yourself and cleverly adapted for rearranging. You probably have enough soft white material in the house for the lingerie frilling and surely enough material for the scarf: if not, an inexpensive quality of chiffon or silk will do. Cut the brim covering on the bias fold of the material, putting the longer edge to the outer edge of the frame, and holding the fullness in small plaits at the base of the crown.

Then there is the blouse shown above, which can really be called a "party" blouse, as it is suitable in style, if made of the proper materials. This blouse can really be made up from odds and ends. To be sure, it must be of a certain quality and size, but at least it possesses possibilities, as it may be made from silk, chiffon, tulle and a band of embroidery and yet not look at all "patched together." The front and back are of chiffon with two plaits on the shoulders, the outer edge being finished with a hemstitched hem, and the yoke-line trimmed with a band of embroidery. The collar and the small upper yoke, the side bodice and the tops of the sleeves are made of finely-plaited net, the lower part of the sleeves being made of chiffon to match the upper part of the blouse. The back and front, which form the high, girdle-shaped pieces, may be of cloth, satin or silk—almost anything you like that will look well with your skirt—it gives a chance to change an old waist and to use up so many things that have gone out of fashion.

YOU probably have a skirt that is good enough to take some trouble with—one which needs altering to freshen it up for another winter, and a coat perhaps that you want to change even though the cloth shows no signs of wearing out; so with these facts in mind I have made this design. This jacket or Eton—I hardly know which to call it—can be readily remade from almost any old coat you happen to have. Recut the coat like this one, with short, rounded fronts and a longer back, with a straight back panel. The fronts show the new Directoire revers and small, straight waistcoat—a part of the revers. Here you have the chance to introduce your new material, which, in color and design, should be a contrast to your original cloth. The revers and waistcoat may be of silk, or of cloth if you like, and the smaller ones should be of silk or satin to match the color you use in altering your skirt. The sleeves should certainly be recut as they are decidedly smaller this season. If your old sleeves were seven-eighths, instead of full length, add deep turnback cuffs of the silk or satin, piecing the sleeves down under the cuffs with any scrap of material you may have. You can use your last year's sleeve pattern for recutting by folding a tuck through the centre to reduce its size correspondingly.

The alteration of the skirt is not great and can be adapted equally well to any kind of gored skirt. Open the front gore and insert a circular section, which could be continued in a band around the lower edge of the skirt, stitching the upper material to the let-in band of silk, satin, cloth, or whatever you decide to use. The back panel of the skirt probably has an inverted plait; this I should take out and have the back panel flat and plain and fastened with a placket on the left side. The buttons should be covered with the satin or the material to match your trimmings, with the buttonholes bound with braid.

NOTE—There are no patterns supplied for the designs shown on this page, as they are intended chiefly as suggestions for making over clothes, and can be followed by any clever home dressmaker.



4040



The Lines of This Waist are Particularly Good and May be Copied in White Baliste or a Soft Crêpe



4042

The Well-Dressed Woman in Simple Clothes

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Anna W. Speakman

THE lingerie waist as we have known it has undergone a decided change, and is now worn with a skirt and coat suit, and not to form the waist to a dress. It has taken the lines of the new clothes: a straight, square look, which is noticeable in the waist shown in the centre at the top of the page. Two rather scant oversleeves fall over a tight-fitting undersleeve which may be of seven-eighths length or reach to the wrist. Figured net lace is used for the waist, with bands of Irish lace and fine hand-embroidery in the lower part, while Valenciennes lace forms the shallow yoke and collar. It would be very pretty, however, if made of much simpler material—batiste with batiste embroidery, or Swiss with Valenciennes lace—and is given as a suggestion for line rather than material.

4040—Here is the new draped waist in its simplest, prettiest form—a style which can be made to suit stout as well as slender figures. Satin or Indian crêpe, or a material not too light in weight, should be used for it, and should match the skirt in color. Indeed a separate bodice of this kind is appropriate for a semi-tailored suit with a long skirt, or it may be used to make a complete gown and worn with a separate coat. Patterns (No. 4040), with a fitted lining, come in four sizes: 32 to 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and seven-eighths of 27-inch material without nap.

4039-4043—The first figure below shows the back view of the new polonaise, which is quite as pretty as the front view—on the extreme right of the group. This would make a charming afternoon or evening gown, or even a wedding gown made in soft cloth or silk—or both combined if of the same color—with the yoke and tops of the sleeves of tulle and the lower part of chiffon to match the gown itself. The girdle and sash are of soft silk of a darker shade. Patterns (No. 4039) for the polonaise come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and seven-eighths of 44-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4043) for the underdress come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five yards and a half of 44-inch material without nap.

TO BE simply and becomingly dressed is to be well dressed, and simplicity now means more than it did in the past, as the new clothes are so constructed that, although the effect is undoubtedly simple, the making is not always so. However, the fashion is set in a good direction and should be followed by every woman of good taste and judgment, particularly by those women who practice economy, for it is economy to dress well in simple clothes, to consider individual style and to choose good materials.

The best feature of the new fashions is that all superfluous trimmings have been left out: for the street, for the house, and for the dressiest of times. Today, to look as though you were dressed up would put you far out of the fashions. On this page I have aimed to show the newest points of the newest fashions—the overskirt as it is today, the wide draped "Murat" or "Robespierre" sash, the short Directoire bodice, the long, closely-fitted sleeves, and lastly the polonaise in a simpler, more becoming, style than formerly.

4042—Quite new in design and yet very simple to make is this separate waist, which is particularly pretty in striped material. Of pongee or soft silk it would be most useful during the autumn worn with a tucked collar of ivory tulle with cuffs to match, edged with a plaited frill. The back closing is invisible, while buttons and loops make a pretty trimming and a soft sash forms the girdle. Patterns (No. 4042), with shoulder yokes cut in one with the sleeves, come in four sizes: 32 to 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and seven-eighths of 27-inch material without nap.

4037-4038—The graceful line of the overskirt in its new modified form is noticeable in this simple house or afternoon gown—the second one from the left in the group below. Voile or silk cashmere could be used for it—the material of soft brown trimmed with old-gold satin braided in black tulle and soutache, with an upper yoke and collar of ivory tulle. Patterns (No. 4037) for this surplice waist, with sleeves in tight outline or slightly larger, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4038), including circular skirt with apron overskirt, faced at lower edge and applied fold, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards and five-eighths of 36-inch material without nap.

4033-4035—The "Robespierre" sash is one of the most attractive points of the costume shown below. It has only one end, made of the double of the silk. Chiffon, broadcloth, silk crêpon, or one of the heavy Indian crêpes could be used for it in mauve, with the embroidery on the yoke and front of silk on mauve chiffon with a collar of ivory tulle. The long, scalloped-edged sleeves may be of cloth or of chiffon to match. Patterns (No. 4033) for the waist come in four sizes: 32 to 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards and one-eighth of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4035) for the five-gored skirt, with simulated triple box-pleat, in short sweep or floor length, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards and a quarter of 36-inch material without nap.



4039-4043

4037-4038

4033-4035

4039-4043

Patterns (including Guide Chart) for the numbered designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

Clothes that Can Easily be Made at Home

Designs by Mrs. Ralston: With Drawings by Augusta Reimer



CHARMING in line are these two gowns, while the Empire coat is simplicity itself and could be easily made at home, as the material used for these coats is soft and pliable: cloth, satin and silk. The first gown, which is for the afternoon, could be of cloth, and worn with a long coat for the street; and the other gown, for theatre wear, is of a soft crêpe, with pipings of satin and yoke of lace.



THREE useful dresses—the first a gown for the afternoon which is appropriate for cloth and chiffon; the second, a morning dress, cut all in one piece, held in place by a belt, and as simple to make as it is comfortable to wear. Last of all is a waist and skirt, which could be used together or separately—the waist with other skirts, and the skirt with a fur coat or a seven-eighth-length coat.

PATTERNS (including Guide-Chart) for all these designs can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, coats and costumes, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.



4026

4026—A suggestion of drapery in a very simple way is given in the blouse illustrated above which could be worn with the dressier tailored skirts. Silk or satin pongee, matching the color of the cloth skirt, could be used for it, "hung" over a soft foundation lining; or it could be made of chiffon and net. The lace—which may be either filet net or net braided in soutache, the braid taking the dark tones of the skirt—is put on merely as a trimming, arranged to give the short waist-line in the front. Patterns (No. 4026) come in four sizes: 32 to 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards and a half of 27-inch material without nap.



4018—Empire gown with the charm of simplicity in its graceful long lines. Silk crêpon in a soft brown, with satin trimming a shade darker with a golden tinge, would make a charming house gown, while for a gown for the street as well, a supple cloth could be used, worn with a separate coat in seven-eighth length. Patterns (No. 4018) for this Empire dress, closed at the left side front, consisting of a waist, fitted lining with

full or three-quarter-length sleeves, and a six-gored skirt having the side-front and side-back gores lengthened by a circular flounce section, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five yards and three-quarters of 44-inch material without nap.



4022—One of the new seven-eighth-length coats which is simple in line and rather scant. It may be made of cloth or the heavier silks or satins, frequently forming a contrast to the skirt or gown with which it is worn. The small roll collar and the buttons and loops should be of contrasting material—not color—while a really new touch is the attractive frill which falls over the hand. The back though perfectly plain is given the shorter waist-line by buttons and loops. Patterns (No. 4022) in straight or cutaway outline, and in seven-eighth or three-quarter length, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, for seven-eighth-length coat, three yards and three-quarters of 44-inch material without nap.

32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, for seven-eighth-length coat, three yards and three-quarters of 44-inch material without nap.



4045—Something entirely new is this good-looking morning dress, as it is cut in one from the neck to the hem, and also has the advantage of fastening at the side front—a really practical, easy-to-get-into garment which is a dress, not a wrapper. Cashmere or challis in one of those between-shades of blue or green would be attractive for it—not a light shade, as it would soil quickly, nor yet a dark one, but a gray-green or blue. Make the buttons and loops to match. Patterns (No. 4045) with shirtwaist and full-length fitted sleeves, come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six yards and a quarter of 36-inch material without nap.

4019-4020—A useful gown for the house or general afternoon wear. The skirt and bodice may be of the same material, or the skirt may be of cloth or any wool or silk material, with a chiffon blouse matching the color of the skirt. Lace, net, satin and satin-covered buttons form the trimming. Patterns (No. 4019) for the waist, having a fitted lining, full-length fancy or plain sleeves, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

Size 36 requires three yards and an eighth of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4020) for the four-gored skirt, closed at the left side-front plait, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires six yards of 36-inch material without nap.



4024-4025—An afternoon gown of cloth for street wear, to be worn with a separate coat of cloth or satin. Any one of the soft cloths or crêpe materials could be used, with the collar and small round yoke of ivory tulle, while the deep, square yoke is of tucked chiffon matching the cloth. Braided net harmonizing with the material could form the trimming. Patterns (No. 4024) come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 44-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4025) for the three-piece skirt, with panel back gore closing at the left side front with the skirt, come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires four yards and a quarter of 44-inch material without nap.



4014-3857—A blouse for the morning to wear with tailored suits. A silk and wool material, cashmere, wool voile and French flannel are all nice materials for it, trimmed with bands of cloth embroidered in the tones of the material piped with silk. Patterns (No. 4014) for the blouse, closed in front, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards and an eighth of 27-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3857) for the six-gored skirt—which could be of broadcloth to wear with a fur coat—come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires six yards and a quarter of 44-inch material without nap.



New Tailored Clothes for Autumn and Winter

Designs by Mrs. Ralston: With Drawings by Anna B. Westermann



4021—"The sleeve's the thing" in this very good-looking plain shirtwaist. The upper part or sleeve-cap is a separate section, so that the lower part may more easily follow the curve of the arm. The slash which reaches nearly to the elbow is fastened with buttons and finished by loops of braid—which form the only trimming on the waist. The waist may be in washable cotton material, or in what is being much used for all kinds of plain tailored or semi-tailored shirtwaists—flannel and light crépon de soie. Make the stock of muslin and wear a stiff bow tie. Patterns (No. 4021) come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and five-eighths of 36-inch material without nap.



3966—This is a sensible semi-tailored dress which will be invaluable for the autumn, and could be used throughout the winter as well, worn with a fur coat, or a separate three-quarter coat. Make it of a worsted with trimming of wide braid and good-sized buttons. The collar and cuffs may be of white net made removable for laundering, or of dark net matching the material over a white China silk foundation—the latter is very pretty and practical. Patterns (No. 3966) for the side-closing waist, and seven-gored skirt also closing at the side, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires seven yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap and three yards of braid.

4017—Rather more fitted than less is the new tailored suit for the season. This cutaway coat gives the new lines which curve gradually in the most graceful fashion in the front, while the sleeves are small with the barest bit of fullness at the top, and the back panel falls straight from the neck. The skirt is in but few pieces, plain in the front and back with a little fullness at the side—again a new feature this season. Use serge or broadcloth with the collar, the buttons and the loops of satin. Patterns (No. 4017), consisting of a cutaway coat and a gored skirt, with Empire waist-

line, come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five yards and seven-eighths of 44-inch material without nap.

4011-3300—The new feature of this coat is in its cut, which is trigger and trimmer, with smaller sleeves, and a suggestion of the Empire in the back, while the cutaway fronts are in two outlines. Broadcloth or diagonal serge may be used, with the collar and cuffs faced with satin of the same color. Patterns (No. 4011) for this coat come in eight sizes: 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards of 44-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3300) for the seven-gored skirt come in eight sizes: 22 to 36 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires four yards and an eighth of 44-inch material without nap.

4028-4029—Here the attractive lingerie chemisette is one of the prettiest features, and a contrast to the cloth, serge or Panama which could be used for the dress in blue or green with trimming of black satin. The buttons should be covered with the material, but make the loops of satin. Patterns (No. 4028) for the waist come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires one yard and three-quarters of 44-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4029) for the skirt, with six-gored upper section and shaped flounce, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three yards and seven-eighths of 44-inch material without nap.

3833-4027—Separate waists and skirts are something we all need at times, so here is a good-looking shirtwaist which may be made of pongee, wash silk or madras, with a washable stock collar and frill. The skirt is pretty for short, separate skirts—the line between skirts of different lengths is very marked. Mixed materials and colorings, such as tweed, hopsacking and serge, are just the thing for it. Patterns (No. 3833) for the tucked shirtwaist come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and a half of 36-inch material. Patterns (No. 4027) for the ten-gored skirt come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards of 44-inch material without nap.

3728-3741—This would make the most useful of school dresses for a young girl for good, hard wear. A well-woven worsted, Panama cloth or a good quality of serge are among the best materials. Have the collar attached, finished with two rows of braid, and a stiff braid tie caught by button moulds covered with the material. Patterns (No. 3728) for this girl's waist come in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 17 requires two yards and three-eighths of 36-inch material. Patterns (No. 3741) for this girl's six-gored skirt come in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 17 requires six yards and a half of 36-inch material.



TWO useful semi-tailored dresses to be made of serge or Panama cloth, and a tailored suit. The first dress is trimmed with braid and buttons, while the second—which shows the new long tight sleeves—has the front opening bound by a bias fold of satin with the loops of the same. The smart coat and skirt suit may be of cloth or broadcloth serge, its simplicity of line making it becoming.



FOR older women, or women inclined to be stout, nothing could be better looking than the tailored suit in the centre of this group. Cheviot suiting and piece-dyed worsted make serviceable suits in smoke-gray or mole—two colors which will be much worn. Lighter-weight worsted would be suitable for either of the two dresses, or the waist on the left could be of pongee or washable cotton.

PATTERNS (including Guide-Chart) for the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists and coats, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

The New Hats: How to Make and Trim Them

Selected in Paris
By Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by
May G. Norris



THE size of the shapes seems to be the principal feature of the new hats. They are either very large or quite small. The crowns are large and high, the brims are wide and are what you might call "shaped," as you rarely see a hat with a straight, heavy line to the brim. They curve and roll, and in many cases are made with the irregular brim known as the Directoire, with a decided peak in the front. Hats are worn low over the face, not put forward, but simply fitted with a drooping line which falls more over the face than away from it. At a first glance this gives the appearance of being top-heavy and perhaps overtrimmed: one sees the enormous choux of ribbons, the size of the flowers, the length of the plumes and the number of quills and wings; it is a sudden change, but although there is much trimming there is not or should not be overmuch. The general style of the new hats is "overflowing" and unquestionably picturesque, being copied from the old masters of the English school.

THE trimming is arranged rather high and full, made necessary by the size of the hat and the height of the crown, and this is why scarfs and draperies around the crown are replacing other trimming, and, moreover, trimmings of this kind go so well with the new clothes. All kinds of materials are being used to make hats. It is no longer necessary to think of felt and velvet alone for winter hats, as now they are made of materials unthought of in the past for practical, every-day hats. Yet this year satin, moiré, cloth, crêpon and taffeta are used, and so on through an endless variety of materials. Certainly hats made in these materials are softer and in more becoming shades than a stiff felt, and less clumsy than many of the long-haired beaver hats. In some satin and cloth are combined, the crown of one and the brim of the other, or the brim is entirely of chiffon, with a facing of satin and the crown of satin. The variety is endless, and the possibilities are not only charming but they also suggest all kinds of ways of making over old hats, and of using up good material for practical purposes.

Facings have come back again and may be put in very full, laid in small plaits, or again quite plainly turned over the edge of the brim and finished with a cording. Another novel feature of the winter hats is the use of narrow soutache braid on the brims, arranged in a simple border design. Of course, it is pretty only when the braiding is well done, and it should never be made to look too heavy, but put on as a facing to finish the edge of the brim on the upper side.

And if there are new ideas in the materials used for the hats there are quite as many in the new trimmings; ribbons, for instance, are made in the most lovely changeable colors—an especially pretty one they call "Moonlight"; it is a shade

between gray-yellow and silver, which is charming and soft, and though it looks well with all other colors it also lightens up a hat of sombre shade. The new ribbons are very much wider and softer to suit the large hats; indeed, many of them are sash width.

When untrimmed the new hats look hopelessly ugly, as the crowns are so big and high that they have an awkward and ungainly appearance, but when trimmed they are charming and more becoming than the hats have been

in the past. They seem to have an old-fashioned feminine look about them, if you know what I mean, with soft lines that suit so many faces, and are becoming not only to young people but to those women also who are older and who have more difficulty in finding becoming shapes.

The draped hats are quite as much a part of the fashion as are draped styles in clothes. In these, wide scarfs are wound loosely and softly around the crown, falling on the brim at one side; the ends of the scarf are caught up and knotted loosely into a big, soft bow, the ends of the bow being caught together and finished with tassels or with satin rosettes dropping slightly over the brim. You cannot imagine how pretty and simple this style of hat is. It is dressy and yet quite simple enough to wear with the plainest tailor suits, and the colors can be arranged to go well with a number of suits and gowns.

WINGS will be much used again, but they are a good deal larger than last year and are dyed in all sorts of pretty colors, and used with hats of contrasting color. Both wings and feathers are frequently arranged to form a stiff band which fastens around the crown, while on one side two other wings of a different size turn downward, falling over the brim. As a general rule the trimming is arranged at the side, but many of the new models show it decidedly to the side back of the hat, the front being left quite plain, with folds draped around the base of the crown and the trimming raised toward the back, higher than the crown.

For practical use, such as traveling and morning wear, very small toques will be worn again; these are moderate in character and the trimmings are made of the same materials as the hat—quills or the stiff-finished feathers. Ostrich feathers will be used for the evening and afternoon hats in the soft pastel shades to match the color of the gown and worn with a darker hat—for instance, a soft gray-green satin hat is trimmed with the palest Nattier-blue feathers.

Quills and flowers are being made in satins and silks; the satin flowers are delightfully new and charming and can be made by the clever home milliner. They may be of satin or moiré, the edges finished with a very tiny cord; they are really lovely and can be used in many combinations of color.

How These Hats are Trimmed

PICTURESQUE and charming is the Directoire hat of black satin at the top of the page in the centre: it is trimmed with ostrich feathers arranged as a double wreath around the crown, with one high feather at the side and strings of black tulle—a hat for dressy occasions. On the right is a Bergère hat of satin beaver in navy blue, with a scarf of ribbon in a softer shade and a garland of flowers, which may be made in velvet or taffeta. This is an afternoon hat, as is the one on the left, of chiffon velvet and satin. The upper brim is of gray velvet and the under one of deep claret, matching the wreath in which gray is also combined. A large white ostrich plume is the noticeable feature of the hat below, which has the wide slanting crown inspired by the Chinese type, while on the right of this is one of the bell brims, with high crown, and brown and white flowers of gold tissue ribbon. On the evening hat at the left of the page the crown is of plaited ruching, the brim of mauve pink satin, and the scarf of black satin. On the extreme right of the page is a simple hat for the morning of light beige satin cloth, with soft gray-white quills and again a scarf. The hat trimmed with wings is of beige felt, to be worn with a tailored suit. And last is a satin hat of hunters' green, with a wreath of foliage and a scarf of dull porcelain blue.

HERE are some of the prettiest "little things" for younger girls that I saw in Paris. Most attractive is the band of black velvet, just above, which is quite the nicest way of holding up the full frill which now edges the collar, and it gives as well a note of color which should match any trimming of the dress. These bands fasten in the back with a clasp and have small buckles or ornaments in the front. Altogether they are a pretty little touch, and so inexpensive that any girl can have one; using a pin at the back instead of a clasp. Something new in hatpins is the one of raffia—shown on the right—with a turquoise head set in the centre. This may be used with a stiff hat, while the attractive rhinestone in a starlike design is for more dressy hats.

The good-looking washable belt at the top of the page is of linen and crochet insertion: the top and bottom edges of the belt are of bias folds of linen, stitched, while between the bands of insertion a straight piece of linen is set embroidered in a simple design—another thing which any girl can make herself.

THEN the girle on the figure just below is a pretty little corded affair made of soft silk, which you see fastens at the side front and is finished with two soft ends and fringe tassels, which, by-the-way, can be made of embroidery silk. The dress itself is suitable for the afternoon or evening, and may be made of silk crêpon or a silk-and-wool material relieved with bands of lace piped to match the girle. The long sleeves may be of the same material as the waist, or of chiffon to match it in color, while the yoke is of tuck net. Bands of lace placed to give a line of drapery trim the simple tucked skirt.



4012-3871

Patterns (No. 4012) for this women's and girls' waist, with plain long sleeves and tucked elbow sleeves, come in six sizes: 30 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 30 requires two yards and one-eighth of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3871) for the

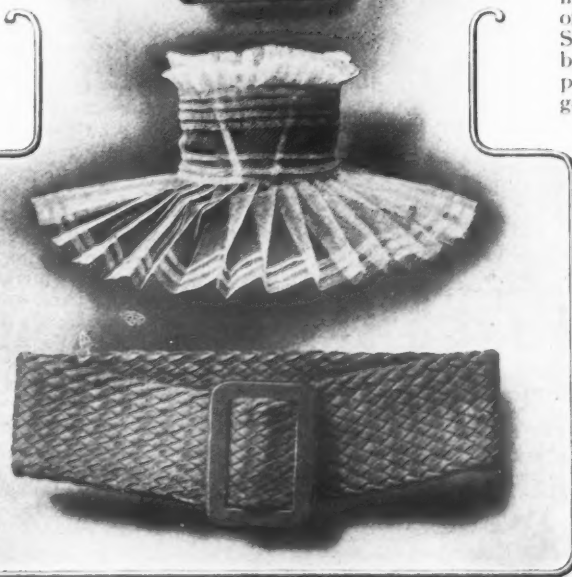
seven-gored skirt come in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years requires three yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.

ON THE figure in the centre of the page is shown a pretty blouse, a hat and a tulle ruche for a young girl. The blouse is trimmed with the new French filet lace. The hat—which, please notice, is modest in size with a moderate brim—is made of woven velvet braid, and requires no bandeau. The crown is made entirely of satin, of which the bow is a part and through which the quills are stuck. This hat is an appropriate one for all kinds of tailored suits and one which will stand wear and keep its shape, especially if of brown or blue. The ruche is of plaited tulle and should match the trimming of the hat, fastening in the back under a bow of satin ribbon of the same color.

Fashion Gossip for the Younger Girls

By Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Mary Hitchner



QUITE new is this odd and pretty cravat, which is made of satin and iridescent beads: this also you could make yourself of pale blue, with silver and gilt beads—or any other color you choose. It is worn at the base of the collar, loosely crossed with the ends of different lengths. Nothing could be a nicer bit of fancy-work, nothing would make a prettier birthday gift for a friend, nor add a more attractive touch to an afternoon blouse than just this little tie.

Then, too, here is a handkerchief: isn't it a perfect dear? It is made of fine linen, with a narrow, hemstitched hem and three butterflies of colored batiste in the corners. These butterflies are cut out of colored material and applied to the handkerchief with fine stitches. Usually they are of different colors and of varied sizes, and may be placed wherever you think prettiest. Indeed, you could put them on any fine handkerchief which you have.

THE good-looking coat shown below has a new feature in the prettily-pointed cape which is bound with a contrasting material. The large buttonholes, further enlarged by braid, are another attractive feature, while the hat and boots are equally new. For the coat, either serge or cheviot would be nice material in blue—a leading color this autumn. Patterns (No. 4015) for this girls' single-breasted coat in full or seven-eighths length, and with or without the circular cape, come in four sizes: 8 to 14 years. Size 14 years requires three yards and one-eighth of 54-inch material with nap.

In the group on the left are some particularly useful and simple things. At the top is a



4015



small cravat made of fine lawn: it is laid in two fine plaits and finished on the edge with a row of feather-stitching in floss silk. Silk brocade or cretonne may be used for the bedroom slippers to be worn with a dressing-gown. They are lined with satin and trimmed with a little twisted edge made of velvet ribbon of two colors, finished in the centre with a rosette.

Useful indeed is the little pocketbook or "portemonnaie," which has a strap to carry it over the wrist. This one is of suede, with a strap to match.

FOR young girls the collar of net is particularly attractive. The collar-band is in groups of tucks with a full plaited frill at the top, while a wider "Pierrot" knife-plaited frill forms the lower part of the collar. This is very practical and dainty, as it can be washed, and is just the thing to wear with a simple dress of cashmere or a blouse of silk.

And now, last of all, here is a real novelty in a belt—narrow linen braid woven in a simple design and completed with a plain buckle covered with linen—for this use any plain buckle you have. The belt may be made in any color, using soutache or Hercules braid, and is charming with lingerie waists.

Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for the numbered designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waist, age and bust measure for coat, and age, waist and hip measures for skirt, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes

By Helen Koues: With Drawings by Ella M. Boocock

THIS month, girls, instead of making new clothes let us make over our old ones. You will be amazed to find how very nice-looking and "un-made-over" they can look if you go about it in the right way and give just as much care to them as to a new suit or dress. This is really the secret: If you feel they are just old things and anything will do they will probably look it; but if you make every detail important you will really change old into new.

The majority of girls expect to wear a tailored suit two years and perhaps three, and there is no reason why the suit shouldn't look nearly as well after the first season if a little care is taken in cleaning, pressing and possibly some recutting. The coat of a suit bought during the past two years is probably semi-fitted (single or double breasted) and the skirt plaited. You may feel that you are undertaking a good deal to alter a cloth suit yourself, but if you will do the small things well I know you will be successful. Brush the suit thoroughly; you may even put the skirt on the clothesline and beat it—of course, this should have been done before you put it away for the summer, but even so it will do no harm to repeat it—then look carefully in a strong light for spots; the less noticeable ones may be removed by soft water, pure white soap and a little household ammonia, but to prevent making a ring around the spot put blotting-paper under the material, and rub round and round. For grease spots sprinkle French chalk on them, leave it for some hours, place blotting-paper over it, press with a hot iron, then brush thoroughly. For old mud spots or ink stains use a teaspoonful of oxalic acid and one of cold or lukewarm water; increase the strength if necessary, but as soon as the spot disappears rinse quickly and thoroughly, and rub gently, for the acid tends to rot the material. Keep it out of the way of children and be careful of your hands. With paint or varnish spots, first cover with olive oil or butter, then saturate with chloroform, follow with soapsuds, rinse and rub.



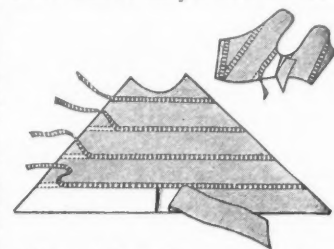
"Before and After"—An Old Summer Dress Remodeled for Afternoon and Evening Wear During the Winter

rows—one an eighth of an inch from the edge and the second three-eighths of an inch from that; repeat at each seam, letting the front gore overlap the back. Turn a three-inch hem at the bottom of the skirt, but instead of turning it in at the top baste a flat binding over the edge, on the wrong side, and stitch on the right side on both edges, using the basting threads as a guide. Finish the placket with medium-sized hooks and eyes, sewed three-eighths of an inch apart on the under side of the plait so that the stitches will not show—do this after the pressing, so that the cloth will not be marked. Your suit should now look quite like new, and there is no reason why you, yourself, cannot make it look as well as a dressmaker or tailor would if you will consider no detail too small to do carefully; and if you do make a mistake, or stitch something crooked, rip it out and do it right. It will cost you, including the two patterns, cleaning stuff, sewing silk and braid, less than seventy-five cents.

SOMETHING else we all need is a dress for evening wear. In the afternoon a waist of silk crepon matching the color of our tailored suit is complete without a coat, but for evening we must have something light and pretty—and a light waist and dark skirt will not do. You surely have a light summer dress which has possibilities—perhaps some new material will be required, as, for instance, in the illustration in the centre of the page. How many of us have yoked dresses, with or without the bertha and a flounced skirt! Though this is a style always more or less worn it is not new, but it may be changed into the pretty design shown, which, by-the-way, is fairly bubbling over with suggestions. First your old dress should be spotlessly clean—and my experience is that soap and water is the best way to make it so, even for sheer organdies and lace. Rip the bertha off and wash the waist carefully; if there is lace which is not in good condition it is best to replace it after the waist is washed. The rest of the blouse may remain as it is with the exception of the sleeves, which are too large. Rip the seam and lay the sleeve out flat on a piece of brown paper—which should be cut exactly like the sleeve—then remove it and pin a tuck in the paper through the centre, taking out as much fullness as you think necessary. Pin the paper pattern together to see if it looks about the size of the illustration, and then recut your sleeve by it, finishing it with any kind of a cuff you wish. The flounce should not be too full, so use your own judgment about taking out some of the width, and if you wish the skirt longer lengthen it by a shallow yoke.

Now for the pretty little overblouse and tunic skirt; it is just the shape you see in the diagram, and first I want to tell you how to make it out of bordered lawn or batiste to wear over your old dress. For bordered material, cut each side of the overskirt in one piece (like the diagram) instead of two, lapping the seams of the pattern three-eighths of an inch. The border is cut at the front edges and the corners mitred so that it can be carried up the front. This is all there is to it, and it takes but four yards for the skirt and blouse together. This may be trimmed with the border if it is narrow (which would have to be applied as a band), or with lace if you wish; but set the lace in as insertion, not on the edge. Attach the waist and skirt with a belt so that they can be slipped on all in one. Including lace it will cost but:

4 yards of 36-inch bordered material at 25 cents	\$1.00
3 yards of lace for blouse at 7 cents, and thread	.27
	\$1.27



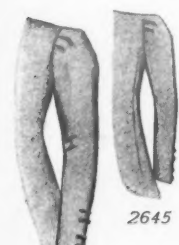
Strips of Material and Lace of the Same Color May Form the Overdress

NOW perhaps instead of a muslin you have a challis or voile which has the general air of the dress of yesterday—this you can also remodel by this pattern. If your skirt is plaited, and now looks "stringy," the most satisfactory thing is to make a thorough job of it and recut the skirt into a plain seven-gored model. If you have a good foundation of the same color merely make the bottom of the material (using the seven-gored pattern); or, again, if you have the pattern of a circular skirt which is deep enough you can use it. From a full skirt you may get enough material to make the overskirt of strips joined by lace beading—as shown in the diagram—dyed exactly the shade of the material. Or if you have not enough material strips of silk of the same color joined by the dyed lace could be used, though this is not so nice as when of the material. The overblouse you can easily make, while the sleeves should also be of the material, or of net to match—if you cannot buy the color dye it. A new full-length sleeve pattern laid in horizontal tucks is No. 4023. Any white lace can be combined with the net for the collar and yoke, but remember that although the dress will be made from many pieces it must not look it, and will not if your bands, beading and material are the same color. I cannot give the directions for dyeing lace here, but will gladly send them to you if you will write me. Patterns (No. 3973) for this tunic overblouse come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Of new silk and lace it will require:

4 1/2 yards 2-inch insertion, at 7 cents	\$.32
1 1/2 yards 5-inch bands, or 2 3/4 yards of silk on the bias at 50 cents	1.44
	\$1.76

And now, girls, I should be glad to have you write me of anything you would like me to devote this page to another month. I wish you would tell me the kind of clothes you find most difficult to make, so that we can take up the subject together.

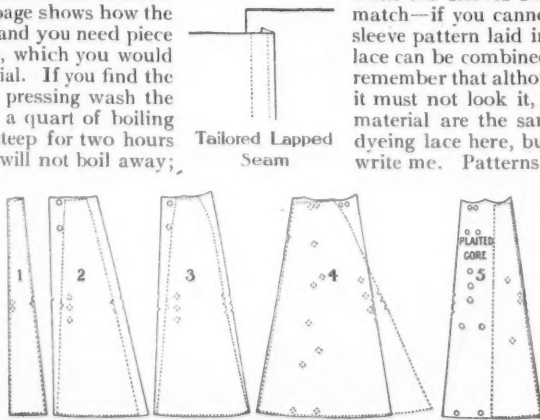
IN ALL probability the main part of your coat will require nothing except a good pressing, but the sleeves are likely to need alteration, which indeed will be quite worth while, for a garment is dated by its sleeves. So rip them up, brush, wet with a piece of material—do not be afraid of water—cover with a muslin cloth and press with a hot iron; do not leave the iron in one spot, but put it on the cloth and lift it off, put it down again and lift it—this freshens and presses, but does not mark the cloth. And now I want to lay a ghost that haunts home-dressmakers—this fear of leaving the mark of a hot iron on the material. Perhaps you have done it in the past, and may do it now before you get the trick of lifting the iron quickly. If you have marked the cloth all you need do is to wet the material again and put the iron down and up quickly on the spot. This steams the cloth and takes out the mark and shine. Don't be afraid of it; like most other things, you will succeed if you attack them boldly, backed by knowledge. When your cloth is in nice condition cut it by the pattern (No. 2645), which comes in three sizes: small, medium and large, and requires but seven-eighths of a yard of 44-inch material without nap for the medium size. Now, to put the sleeve in: perhaps there is nothing so generally misunderstood and nothing which affects more the comfort and appearance of a garment. The gathers must be spread across the top and eased on the under side. By this I do not mean gathered on the under side, but a good deal of "easing" can be done without showing and adds more than I can say to the "set." Some of the new sleeves are almost plain at the direct top with fullness at the side front and side back. Bind the seam with the flattest silk binding, and lastly turn the seam back—toward the neck—tack it to the shoulder-seam and press. This is another small thing, but it is one of the things that tell.



A Sleeve is Eased to the Armhole

Strengthen the buttons, and if the buttonholes are in bad condition rip out the old threads and make them over. A new feature this season is the use of cord-braid, outlining the buttonhole about half an inch from it. This is very pretty and something I advise you to do. Reline the coat if necessary, cutting the new lining by the old; or, if not, sometimes a reinforcement under the arms or across the shoulders is sufficient.

THE skirt I should rip apart, clean all spots, press and recut by a plain seven-gored pattern (No. 2173), which is cut in nine sizes: 20 to 36 inches waist measure. I know that this can be done, as I have tried it for you on the usual nine-gored plaited skirt of the last two years. The diagram at the bottom of the page shows how the plain gores will cut out of the plaited ones, and you need piece it only under the inverted plait in the back, which you would have to do in anything but very wide material. If you find the line of the plaits shows after wetting and pressing wash the material with soapbark in this way: Pour a quart of boiling water over five cents' worth of soapbark, steep for two hours on the back of the stove, so that the water will not boil away; strain through cheesecloth into a jar, then empty the jar into a tubful of warm water, and wash the material just as though soapsuds were used. Rinse in water of the same temperature to which a little ammonia has been added; then press with a cloth between—while it is still damp. Make the skirt with lapped seams—that is, lay the front gore half an inch over the first side gore, take a one-eighth-inch seam on the wrong side, turn over top gore, as shown in the diagram; press and stitch on the right side either one or two rows deep—the diagram shows two



Showing How a Plain Gored Skirt May be Cut from a Plaited One

Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for the overdress and skirt can be supplied for fifteen cents, and for the sleeves for ten cents each, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waist and sleeve, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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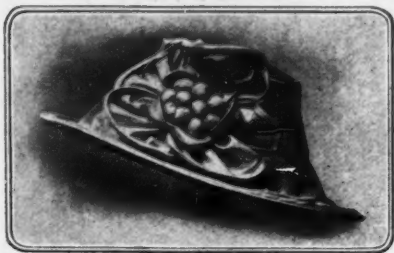
A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago

Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics

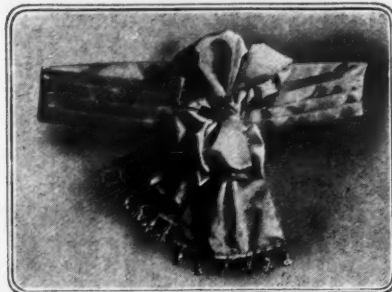
What the Little People Will Wear

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by
Grace Cochrane Sanger



THOUGH the practical clothes must be considered first, we all want pretty things for our children as well, if we can afford them. This satin hat has the new high crown with the narrow brim of the "Directoire" type, and may be worn by a child of six or eight or even a smaller child, as a muslin cap can be placed under it. From the illustration you could make of cape-net a frame of this shape, if you are unable to buy one, covering it with bias folds of satin joined with cording—the folds being wider on the crown than on the brim. The rosette, which looks like a flower, is of bias strips corded on the outer edges and finished in the centre with satin-covered buttons.



SASHES and soft silk girdles with ends of various lengths are worn with dresses of many kinds, surah and dull-finished silk being used with woolens, and satin or satin ribbon with cashmeres or sheer materials. A fancy belt for the latter is shown above made of satin ribbon, its rather short ends trimmed with small, flowerlike tassels of narrow ribbon. The girde section is laid in soft plaits and should fit the waist—though, of course, no bones are used—fastening in place with hooks and eyes. The six-looped bow may be tied or made in milliner's fashion and is placed to conceal the closing. This would be particularly pretty in a delicate color for a fine lingerie dress and may be worn by children from three to twelve years old.



3955—For really little tots wash dresses in light colors are far nicer than woolens. Here is a pretty design for a gingham or galatea, which is made in one piece and simply trimmed with bands of checked gingham. Patterns (No. 3955) come in five sizes: 1, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 years requires a yard and seven-eighths of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3998) for a plain guimpe come in seven sizes: 2 to 14 years. Size 4 years requires a yard of 36-inch material.

3985—As a coat like this requires in full length but a yard and three-quarters of 54-inch material without nap in the 6-year size it will not be expensive if made of an excellent quality of serge or chevot—which always pays in the end. Either dark blue or brown would be a serviceable color for it with a velvet collar of a darker shade and plain bone buttons to match. Patterns (No. 3985), in full, seven-eighths or three-quarter length, come in six sizes: 4 to 14 years.



4010—The Empire front is an attractive feature of the afternoon or Sunday-school dress shown above on the left, which may be made of cashmere or wool voile with yoke and sleeve bretelles of contrasting material. Of blue camel's-hair serge with scarlet trimming, and sash of black satin, it would be particularly pretty, and, requiring no guimpe, it is sensible and warm for the cool weather. Patterns (No. 4010) for this dress closed in the back, with fitted lining and straight plaited skirt, come in four sizes: 6 to 12 years. Size 8 years requires three yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap.

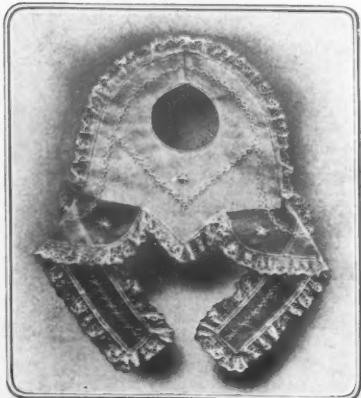


4008—This is a one-piece dress known as the "Cossack," which is quite as suitable for woools as cottons. The size of the buttonholes—which form the trimming—is a distinctive feature of all clothes this season, as is the soft fringed sash looped at one side. Make the dress of heavy, loose, woolen serge with trimming of braid around the collar, down the front and outlining the large buttonholes, and use cloth-covered buttons. Patterns (No. 4008) come in five sizes: 4 to 12 years. Size 8 years requires for dress and bloomers three yards and three-quarters of 44-inch material without nap.



4013—New lines are noticeable in the child's afternoon dress above on the left. Silk, cashmere or any soft material could be used for it with trimming of braid, and a soft silk sash tied at the side—a new feature, while another is the long tight sleeve of the guimpe, which should be made of washable net or batiste finely tucked. Patterns (No. 4013), including blouse waist, straight plaited skirt and separate guimpe, come in four sizes: 8 to 14 years. Size 10 years requires two yards and three-eighths for the dress and one yard and a half for the guimpe of 36-inch material without nap.

3989—Of dark blue worsted this would make the nicest of school dresses, outlining the yoke, sleeve-caps and front opening with three rows of narrow soutache braid. Among the prettiest as well as the best-wearing materials are the fancy worsteds in chevron and shadow stripes and diagonal weaves in one color. Patterns (No. 3989) for the overblouse dress closed at the side front, having a six-gored plaited skirt, come in four sizes: 8 to 14 years. Size 10 years requires three yards and an eighth of 36-inch material without nap.



A NOVEL as well as a most useful feature of the dainty baby bib shown on the left are the two sash ends which button in the back, giving quite a pretty effect and at the same time holding the bib in place. Use handkerchief linen or batiste for the bib itself, putting a pad of piqué under the upper part, which may be tacked to it or left quite free. The edge is finished by a beading to which the Cluny edging is whipped.

ON THE right is a bonnet for a child from two to five years old which may be made of muslin and lace or silk and lace. The narrow brim is really a part of the crown, wire or cape-net being used as a foundation and covered with batiste. On this rows of plaited ribbon and lace are placed on both the under and the upper sides. A new thing is the ribbon loop to be worn under the hair, matching the bow on the crown.



Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for all the numbered designs above can be supplied at fifteen cents each, post-free, except Numbers 3955 and 3988, which are ten cents each. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, age, breast measure and length of back, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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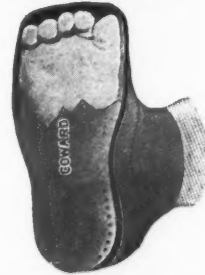
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W.B.

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REDUSO, Style 770 (as pictured) for tall, large women. Made of very serviceable white coutil or batiste with three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$3.00

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The chocolate vici kid shoe will be extremely popular for late summer and early fall wear. Vici kid has always been a popular leather. Its softness makes it easy on the feet and it has an attractive finish which gives it a very dressy appearance. Aside from the assurance you have of the high quality of the leather in every pair of the

American Lady Shoe

you have the satisfaction of knowing that the style is authoritative and the comfort of knowing that they fit you perfectly. It is the combination of these qualities with the best workmanship which produce the remarkable durability for which the American Lady Shoes are noted.

The shoe illustrated, No. 6178, is a chocolate vici kid blucher, with military heel and light welt sole. It is made on the stylish Vassar last.

Over 21,000 dealers in all parts of the world sell American Lady Shoes.

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Petticoats



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They have abundant hip fulness—every garment standard fulness and size.

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Style 131—shown in illustration—is made of the best grade of heavy, rustling Taffeta Silk. The finish is natural to give the best wearing results. Deep Heatherbloom underlay and dust ruffle. Very wide drape made of one wide ruffle. Decorated with vertical groups of pin tucks and three narrow ruffles. Also has a wide tailored strap attached to bottom of each ruffle. A very attractive style. Comes in black and all prevailing colors. Price **\$8.00**

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DISTINCTION IN DRESS



PRINTZESS FASHIONS

are made to fit you at just those critical and very vital points where most "ready-made" fail—at the *shoulder, front, collar, and hips*. You will find a smooth, snug-fitting quality, a graceful ease and "perfectness" the day you don them, but what is more, the *fit stays*—remains from the first try-on because the Printzess shape is built right into the garment. Every particle of fabric is tested for strength and lastingness.

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We'll gladly send you a special book of fashions describing the newest fall ideas in dress and telling you at which store in your locality the full Printzess line is shown.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
Cleveland, Ohio



Lining and Finishing Skirts and Bodices

By Mrs. Ralston

LININGS for the new clothes of all materials, from cloth to the transparent net and lace blouse, are invariably of soft-finished, light-weight goods. Never under any circumstances are the stiff, heavy linings used, and just as objectionable are those finished with a stiff dressing. Inexpensive materials now used for linings are the batistes and soft-finished cottons, of which there are a variety to be bought. If you are making up a really good dress of nice material you will find it true economy to use a soft satin for your bodice lining; perhaps you may have an old coat or skirt which you can recut for this purpose. The stiff dress-taffeta is no longer used

You will see in the bodice lining illustrated here that the inside is neatly finished but not over-finished. Many well-cut bodices are ruined by over-finishing the linings, as it is liable to tighten them. This illustration shows the inside of a bodice with a soft, loose arrangement of the outside material. You will notice that it is closed in the centre back. The front is cut with a seam which is slightly gored from the bust to the waist-line. The sides are cut with the long French darts and have a small under-arm section. Except for very stout figures it is a mistake to bone all the darts and seams of a bodice. It gives a hard, tight appearance to clothes which is quite at variance with present styles, not to speak of comfort. For the average figure it will be found sufficient to bone the centre front, back and under-arm seams. The waistband should be attached only to the centre-front seam—that is all that is needed to hold it in place. You will find the neatest way to finish the edges of your

The Bodice



seams is to turn them once and run by hand; they must not be hemmed, as this would make too thick an edge. The edges of the seams from the waist-line to the lower edge of the bodice should have three clearly-cut notches, such as are shown in the illustration, sufficiently deep to give spring and ease to the seam. The bodice linings made with the ordinary French darts are better than the linings cut with two or more under-arm sections, as the French darts give long lines and a better proportion. Only for stout figures are more than two under-arm sections ever used.

You will notice there is a wide piece of light-weight white cambric lining sewed in with the seams in the lower part of this bodice. This is cut in two sections; the front section is the depth of a girdle and cut on the bias, placed across the front of the bodice from under-arm seam to under-arm seam, while the back section of this girdle lining is cut on the straight. The use of a piece of material of just this shape in the bodice is quite new, and though it resembles what is known as "backing" a lining, this girdle piece is not so deep, but like the "backing" it is an excellent idea for keeping the set of the lining; it is better than boning and will keep the line of your waist in place, and though a splendid support to the lining it will not detract from the soft cut and fit of it.

The finishing of the bones at the top is another important point, and to prevent the awkward, "stick-out" effect leave them entirely free from the lining three-eighths of an inch at the top. Use light-weight boning, cut an inch longer than the required height. When stitched in place rip the casing half an inch down from the top, cut the bone away, then turn the casing over on the bone and overhand neatly. Of course the height of the bones depends upon the figure, but it is better to have those at the under-arm and back higher than the one in the centre front.

The Skirt

THE second illustration shows a cloth walking-skirt cut in a modified circular style. It has a panel front with circular sides and back. Skirts of this character are never made with the full-length foundations—at the most these small apron linings are all that are used. This one is made of soft-finished taffeta, and is cut in two circular front sections (a seam in the centre front) and two straight sections in the back; this gives a very much better-fitting lining—smoother and closer to the figure—than a circular foundation, and at the same time it is less likely to stretch. It is darted in the back sections over the curve of the hips. The back edges are turned in, hemmed, and

finished with sufficient hooks and eyes—placed not more than an inch apart—to keep it firmly and closely fastened. This little lining, though small, must fit smoothly and snugly around the hips. The foundation finished is eleven inches in the front and a scant ten inches in the back.

The lower edge of the skirt, whether gored, circular, plain or with a set-on flounce, is faced with a soft satin-finished silk; surah is nice for this purpose, or an inexpensive quality of dull-finished satin. The facing is cut circular, the upper edge being bound with silk tape and the lower edge finished with a soft mohair skirt-braid, showing just the barest fraction of an inch below the edge of the skirt; this braid is hemmed at the top and then run close to the edge of the skirt, but of course not a stitch must show on the right side. You will see from the photograph that the upper section of this skirt is lined with a different material from the wide, lower flounces; the upper lining is of chiffon taffeta and in all cases should be of a lighter material than the lower section. Of course, in a skirt which is cut with only one flounce—this has two—it is not necessary to have this second facing or lining. But what I want you to notice particularly is the small tape tie-backs (the first line below the

apron foundation); these are of narrow tape tacked to hold the fall of the godet in place, put in from the side front around the back of the skirt, and are used in all circular skirts. You will find they are of great advantage in keeping the fullness in place, and should be put in always above the knee-line, never below. As a rule they are about five inches below the lower edge of the placket.

No walking-length skirt is now lined throughout with a tight-fitting lining cut to match the skirt, nor is there any interlining or stiffening used at the lower edges of the skirt—in any materials whatever; from the softest to the heavy weight this rule applies. Everything is finished very lightly and softly, so that nothing may interfere with the graceful and soft appearance of the garment on the whole.

In the short, kilted, tailored skirts or the plain gored models the lower edge is finished with a narrow mohair skirt-braid, the apron foundation and the small tapes to hold the plaits in their places. These three points are particularly recommended for all skirts of the short walking-length, the full-length foundation slip lining being used only in the long skirts with trains.

The mounted skirts—those slightly raised above the waist-line, and with the girdle cut in one with the gores of the skirt—have a foundation belt lining of elastic belting which is fitted to the figure, having the apron foundation sewed to its lower edge. Three bones are placed on each side of the back—one in the direct centre, one a little back of the under-arm, and one between these two. This makes a firm foundation on which a skirt which is slightly raised in the back may be hung. If the waist-line is in its usual place in the front the outside skirt is sewed to the lower edge of the foundation, sloping up to about three inches in the centre back; although the height is a matter of design, it is seldom higher in a tailored skirt in which belts of this kind are used.



DISTINCTION IN DRESS



PRINTZESS ADVANTAGES

Note the collar, it sets "full up" against the neck—note the shoulder, the curve and how carefully it is worked to retain permanent shape—note the front, wrought by hand so as to be proof against sagging or loss of shapeliness. Linings are carefully fitted and made from materials of sureness and durability. Even the item of sewing silk is double strength in quality.

Note the fit of the hips—that smooth, graceful line which can only be obtained by perfect making and precise cutting.

It is necessary to point out all these Printzess betterments, because "Printzess" garments are not dependent on style attractiveness alone, but the more material assets of tailoring—the parts that make good style lasting.

We'll send a handsome Style Book at your request.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
Cleveland, Ohio



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How to Obtain a Pattern Agency

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BRASSIÈRE

"The kind that laces in front"
The standard brassière of the world
Makes Your Figure Trim and Graceful

The AERIENNE prevents ugly corset lines in the back when sitting or bending forward as well as unsightly breaks in bust line in front. The AERIENNE laces in front, can always be fitted snugly and perfectly over any corset, high or low, holding the bust firmly and insuring natural, graceful, tapering lines to any figure.

The AERIENNE is simple, graceful and practical. It gives elegance of figure with the greatest comfort to the wearer. AERIENNE Brassières can be washed, boiled and ironed without removing the boning.

They launder as easily and daintily as an ordinary corset cover. Get the AERIENNE today and be stylish and comfortable. If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and address, we will send you at once an AERIENNE, made from dainty white Batiste. Extra fine grade of Batiste costs \$2.00 and a Silk \$3.00. If you are not satisfied, return the garment and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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Women who have once bought it, and who make their own dresses, will never use any other lining. If their dresses are being made for them they instruct the dressmakers to be sure to use Samson Silk.

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For the Woman Who Does Her Own Work

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by E. M. A. Steinmetz



3948



3968

3968—A plain, well-fitted shirtwaist is one of the best-looking as well as one of the most economical things a busy woman can have—it is easy to make, launders well, and keeps clean longer than a more fancy waist. A fair quality of either percale, madras or linen is suitable, worn with a turnover collar and the blending in color with the belt and skirt. Patterns (No. 3968) come in eight sizes: 32 to 46 inches bust measure, and in size 36 it will require:

2 3/4 yards of 36-inch madras, at 15 cents . . .	\$0.36
Pattern, 10 cents; findings, 10 cents20
	\$0.56

3948—This house dress may be worn only during the morning, and by very neat women is considered appropriate for the bedroom rather than for general wear. Make it of an inexpensive print, gingham or dimity, neatly trimmed with turnover collar and cuffs of embroidery. Patterns (No. 3948), closed in the front, with fitted back, and with or without the fitted lining, come in nine sizes: 32 to 48 inches bust measure. In size 36 it will require:

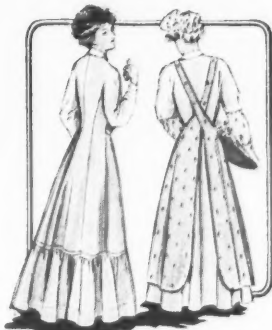
11 1/2 yards of 27-inch material at 12 1/2 cents . . .	\$1.46
1 yard of 36-inch lining, and findings20
Pattern15
	\$1.81

3976—For the woman who does her own work this nice, trim, yet ample apron is just what she needs to keep her dress clean—and you see a dusting-cap and sleeve-protectors are included—a regular outfit which may be made of calico or gingham and is easy to slip into, as the straps fasten in the front. Patterns (No. 3976) come in four sizes: 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires:

5 1/2 yards of 27-inch calico, at .09 cents . . .	\$.48
Pattern, 15 cents; findings, 10 cents25
	\$.73

4007—Last and best, here is a dress which has that rare quality of being perfectly comfortable to work in and yet so good-looking that it could be used as a shirtwaist suit as well. If preferred the collar may be higher and a blouse lining used to which long cuffs could be attached. Use gingham, or for winter wear a light-weight worsted. Patterns (No. 4007), consisting of a kimono blouse closed at the left side-front, and a five-gored skirt also closed at the side-front, joined by a belt, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. If gingham is used in size 36 you will need:

6 1/2 yards of 36-inch gingham, at 18 cents . . .	\$1.22
Pattern, 15 cents; findings, 10 cents25
	\$1.47



The Backs of the Design Above and Below



3976



4007

PATTERNS (including Guide-Chart) for all the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free with the exception of No. 3968, which is ten cents. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern and bust measure for waists and costumes, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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Footer's Dye Works

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You can't imagine the fine material quality—the perfect fit—the smart style—the unusual comfort that is embodied in the King Tailored Waist until you wear one. If you wish to present your personal appearance at its very best, then the King Waist will challenge your favor.

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Some Helpful Suggestions for the Stout Woman

By Mrs. Ralston



THE new fashions are so simple in line that their severity, unless well handled, is, to say the least, trying to a woman who is stout. Do not think for a moment that I mean that trimmed or elaborate clothes are better for stout women, because that is the most fatal error; but there is a happy medium between the severe, scant simplicity of the rather classic lines noticeable in the new clothes and the fussiness of overtrimmed clothes. The first and really the only thing for a stout woman to consider is what she personally looks well in, and then she must, as far as possible, after she has found her own style, adapt the new fashions to her individuality.

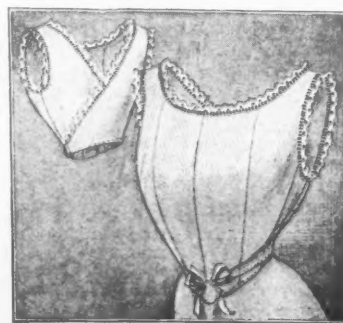
Take the hat, which is for the time being large, to put it mildly, and worn rather low over the face. Now a very large hat crushed upon a large woman's face is almost sure to be unbecoming, as it adds to the general size of the whole figure. And equally unbecoming is a small hat perched up on top of her head; this does not look well, because the face is too broad for the hat. But between the two extremes there is a happy medium which suits the width of the face. So choose, therefore, a hat which gives height more than width, and yet is wide enough to be in proportion to the head. The modified "Directoire" shapes would look well, rolled up at one side and slightly down at the other, with the medium-high crown and rather high arrangement of the trimming.

Veils should not be much figured nor heavily dotted—the lightly meshed net veils are far more suitable. Lace veils with a heavy border should not be worn either, as these give a line across the face and decrease its apparent length.

AREVIVAL of an old fashion this season which will be becoming to the stout woman is the "polonaise"—a style which gives simple, long lines to the body. Another good model is the very long, plain coat—which may be worn separate or as a part of a suit—coming almost to the edge of the skirt and often cut slightly shorter at the sides and front. It is made with long, plain sleeves and with scarcely any trimming, and is much more becoming to a stout figure than is the three-quarter coat. But of course for the every-day coat-and-skirt suit one must have a short coat, and a stout woman should always choose one which reaches beyond the hips, a length that turns the full curve of the hip-line and that does not finish distinctly at the waist—a coat which hangs straight in the back and front, and is shaped at the sides and under-arms, as in the design shown on this page.

I particularly advise that the stout woman's garment be designed and cut especially for the lines of her figure. It is a mistake to imagine that every coat or dress, provided it is made in large sizes, will be becoming to a stout figure; it is not a question merely of "getting into" a garment, but how the lines of that garment suit a stout figure. For instance, you will see that this coat design has more seams in the front and back than are used in the same style of coat in the smaller sizes, for the seams break up the width of a stout figure and also make the garment easier to cut and dart—in other words, the material may be handled more flexibly.

In fact, a plain tailored coat of this kind is well made fundamentally in the cutting, and nowhere else, so that the extra number of seams is absolutely required. A coat should fit rather snugly across the shoulders, and should hang from them in straight, easy lines throughout. Do not think that a coat which is too loose will suit a stout figure, nor that a tight coat will make the figure less



Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for all the designs shown above can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free, except No. 3953, which is ten cents. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern and bust measure, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

pronounced. A coat for a stout figure should fit easily, should fall softly, but it should not be big, nor should it be tight.

Patterns (No. 4041) for the coat illustrated, which is cut for stout figures, come in six sizes: 40-50 inches bust measure. Size 44 requires three yards and three-quarters of 44-inch material.

THE shirtwaist is so necessary and convenient a part of one's clothes that it seems hard that it should be unbecoming to stout people; but to tell the truth, a plain shirtwaist is not a becoming thing unless it is more than ordinarily well made. The usual full shirtwaist in a large size is the most unsuitable thing imaginable to the woman with a large figure. A shirtwaist for a stout woman should be well fitted in the back, across the shoulders and under the arms; it should not blouse over the belt, and the fullness in the front should not be drawn down to a point. A mistaken idea among most stout women is that this device gives length of line in the front; on the contrary, it shortens and brings into unbecoming prominence the fullness of the figure in a bodice as well as in a shirtwaist. Especially in the washable shirtwaist should the fullness be kept at the side front, carrying a straight line from the shoulder to the waist-line.

The majority of large women will find it well in making shirtwaists to lay in a fairly wide tuck or a plait at the outer edge of the shoulder, stitched to yoke depth, giving the necessary fullness at the side of the bust, so that the spring of the fullness comes where it is most needed when the woman is sitting down, and which also prevents that ugly draw across the bust. This tuck I am showing in the illustration, but as the pattern is a perfectly plain one you will have to lay the tuck in the material before cutting it. Another important thing about this waist is that it is cut especially for women with wide chests and proportionately narrow backs—a very usual thing in stout figures.

Now that the sleeves have grown so much smaller they must be adapted to each individual stout person; a tight sleeve is unbecoming to a large arm. There should always be enough fullness at the top to prevent the sleeve from being drawn, as nothing shows more quickly than this that an arm is large.

Patterns (No. 3926) for the special shirtwaist, with wide chest and narrow back, come in nine sizes: 32-48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards of 27-inch material without nap.

AND now the important question of belts. A fancy separate belt is the one thing to avoid, as it divides the body into sections and cuts with the most unbecoming severity the bodice and skirt one from the other. It is always better to have your belt a part of your skirt; attach it to the skirt and let it match the skirt in color unless you are very short-waisted. This is more becoming than having it match the bodice, for the reason that it gives length to the lower part of the body, where length is more needed than above—exaggerated length above has a tendency to make the body look top-heavy.

As important as a good corset is a snugly-fitting, firm corset-cover, which gives support to the full bust, without making the lines of the figure severe and unyielding. A pattern (No. 3953) for such a corset-cover has the special advantages of a boned front and a back opening in surplice fashion, holding the corset flat against the back. It is cut in nine sizes: 32-48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires a yard of 36-inch material without nap.

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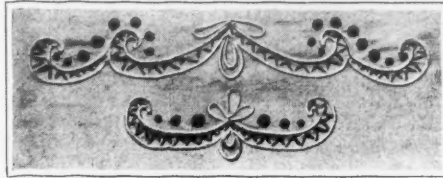
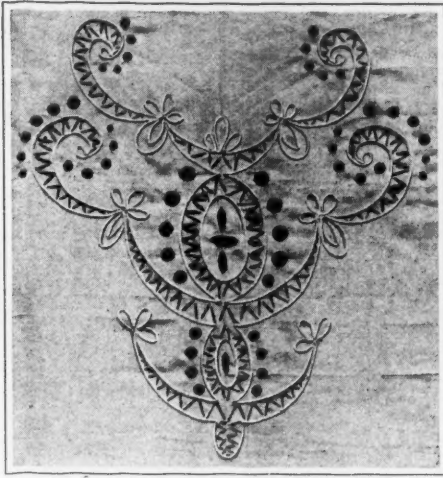
New Designs in Braiding for Winter Clothes

By Helen A. Stout

ONE of the greatest difficulties which the amateur experiences is transferring designs to the material. There are many simple little trimmings composed of braiding and embroidery which could easily be followed were there some handy method of stamping the designs on the material.

So I want to tell you first of all how I have done this successfully. Get a thin quality of white crinoline, lay over the design you wish to copy, and trace the outline lightly on the crinoline. Now place the crinoline over the material on which you wish to transfer the design. Fasten together securely on a flat surface with thumb-tacks. Now go over the outline with a soft pencil, bearing down heavily. The soft lead will go through the meshes of the crinoline and when it is removed from the material the design will be quite clear. It is always advisable to go over the design on the material with a hard pencil so that it will not rub and make a soiled piece of work. On dark material a colored pencil may be used.

Various designs which one may find in newspapers or magazines may be utilized for braiding in this way. If the material on which the design



White Soutache and Blue Embroidery are Combined in This Blouse Design

soutache in the centre are often used as separate ornaments or to simulate buttons. They are made by coiling the braid between the fingers and tacking on the under side with long stitches.

The separate ornament shown next may be made in any size for coat, skirt or waist trimming. The zig-zag lines are made of a narrower braid used standing, that is, sewed on one edge, which makes a pretty contrast to the flat outlines. The centre of the ornament is padded embroidery and the inside spaces are filled with fine stitches.

Braided coats form an important feature of the autumn fashions, and heavy cloths are well adapted to this style of trimming, so I am showing below a simple

design for the front of a cutaway coat, the collar, and the cuff ornament. Black, braided heavily in black, or other dark colors in self-tones, would be most suitable—as well as good-looking—for outdoor garments.

Although braiding on net sounds quite difficult it can be done by lining the net with a light yellow paper or a couple of thicknesses of tissue-paper. Baste together securely, crisscrossing many times, and you will have a fabric as easily



Simple Band Trimming Which is Suitable Also for a Panel



A Butterfly Ornament Formed of Braid and Embroidery



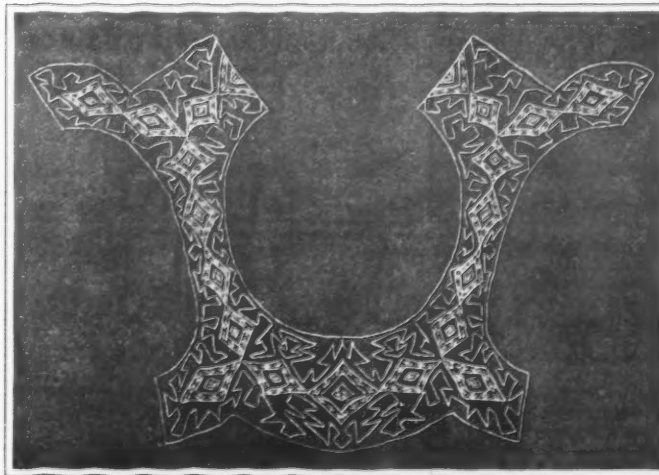
is to be worked is light in weight baste thin crinoline or heavy paper to the back, as this will keep the work firm and smooth. Use silk or cotton soutache braid an eighth of an inch wide for braiding, as a narrower width would give too light an effect.

The wood-silk braid is best for fancy designs, as it lends itself easily to curves and will not readily pucker. Care must be taken not to hold the braid too loosely. Use a number-sixty sewing-cotton, as this holds the work firmer than silk, and sew with close stitches, taking a quarter-inch stitch on the back and a very tiny stitch on the right side in the centre of the braid.

A most effective and simple band trimming is illustrated above on the left. The solid rings of

Effective for Collar and Cuffs and manipulated as cloth. After the work is finished remove the bastings and tear away the paper very carefully. The half of a collar shown in the corner below would be charming for an evening wrap made of Brussels net braided in cream-silk soutache. In a design of this character which has many turns and corners always fold over the braid at the corners instead of sewing on the same side.

The bertha design below is composed of flat braiding and heavy embroidery stitches. Soutache is not necessary for this, as any other sort of narrow braid may be used with equal success. The pattern is laid out flat and the shoulder-seams joined before the braiding is done—the under-arm seams afterward.



Here Again Fancy Stitches are Intermingled with Braid in This Pretty Bertha Design



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YOKES FOR PLAIN AND FANCY WAISTS
By Ida Cleve Van Auken

THE making of a fancy lace yoke for a lingerie waist is really very simple, notwithstanding the complex appearance of a network formed of fine stitches and narrow laces.

A pretty suggestion for a lingerie yoke made of Valenciennes and baby Irish lace insertion trimmed with separate lace designs is shown below. The open spaces between the lace designs are embroidered with French knots. This idea suggests many possibilities. For instance, you could use bands of the sheer material between the rows of insertion and embroider thickly with

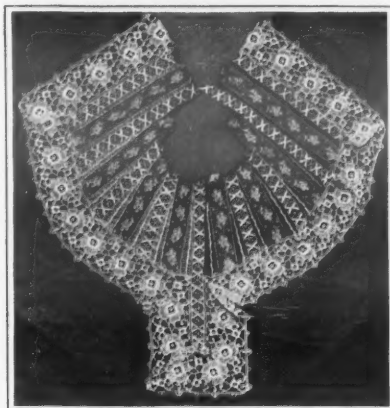


Various Lace Forms are Used in This Dainty Yoke

French knots. This would be exquisitely dainty, and more economical than using all lace.

As is customary with delicate needlework—such as braiding or lace-making—the material used in forming the design must be basted directly on to a heavy paper pattern. This makes a substantial foundation on which to baste the materials used in forming the yoke. It is then easy to sew together the different parts without slipping the needle through the paper pattern. So the first step in making a lace yoke is to cut out of heavy yellow paper a plain-fitting pattern of the two backs and front of a waist, and join together at the shoulders.

You will probably have in mind many original ideas for a yoke, or you could follow the design below. Valenciennes and linen Cluny insertions are charmingly united in the shallow yoke, outlined with wide point de Venise. To start this design baste first the long strip of insertion directly in the centre front of the yoke. Slant the next strip of insertion in a position as illustrated clearly on the unfinished side of the yoke, joining it to the first strip at the throat-line. If this is carefully arranged the last two rows of insertion



Showing How a Lace Yoke is Put Together

will run straight across the back. Join the insertion together in the open spaces with fagoting or any pretty needle stitch. Attach the stitches in the wider spaces to a narrow braid as illustrated.

In basting the wide insertion around the yoke allow sufficient fullness so that the outer edge will lie flat and smooth on the pattern. You will have to lap over or snip apart a design here and there in shaping the lace around the edge of the yoke. Cut out each corner carefully and match the design if possible in sewing together. Make the collar of rows of lace and overhand at least one row of insertion to the yoke before you take it from the pattern, so as not to stretch the line of the neck out of shape with too much handling. You can then snip the basting threads and gently separate the lace yoke from the pattern.

As the sleeves have grown smaller and longer there is a noticeable change in the styles of the cuffs. They are usually merely a continuation of the sleeves prettily trimmed, or if set on cuffs, the narrowing of the sleeves at this point gives only such a tiny bit of fullness that the cuffs and sleeves seem to be in one.



Adding a Yoke to a Waist for Reinforcement

Sleeves of three-quarter length are finished at the lower edge with a band of insertion or edging, set on plain or with scant fullness. In decided contrast are the full-length sleeves which show a revival of the deep lace ruffles sometimes entirely covering the back of the hand.

A splendid idea for a small yoke, which could be used in renewing a tailored shirtwaist that has worn out around the collar-band, is shown above. The back is cut similar to the front. Only small pieces of material would be required for this, or you could use material of a contrasting color. In the latter case add a piping of the colored material to the cuffs and centre box-plot.

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The Belding name and guarantee is stamped on the back of every yard of Belding's "Yardwide" Guaranteed Satin and woven in the selvedge of every yard of Belding's "Numbered" all-silk black taffetas.

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Send to-day for our illustrated mail-order catalog No. 15 containing every requirement for an INFANT'S COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Hand-made goods our specialty

Above catalogue containing a list of BABY'S FIRST NEEDS and a sample birth announcement card will be sent in a plain patent sealed envelope for 2 cents.

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With each order for 50 engraved calling cards, in any of the latest and most fashionable styles, we will present you FREE OF COST a two-quire box of engraved monogram stationery. Write at once for full particulars.

\$5.00 ENGRAVED WEDDING for 100 ANNOUNCEMENTS

Delivery charges prepaid in the U. S. Samples on request. Absolutely correct styles.

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"WOMEN will be BALD"



says a prominent writer, "If they continue to thoughtlessly pile their heads with false hair and hair rats, clogging the pores and heating the scalp." Why not save your hair by wearing a stylish, ventilated

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A flexible woven roll WITH COMBS which hold it comfortably and securely in position. A clean, cool, invisible roll over which you comb your own hair. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send, postage paid, for . . . **50 cents**

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A Positive Relief

Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn and all affections of the skin. Removes all dirt of perspiration.

Delightful after Shaving. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."

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We want every American woman to know that she can buy from Siegel Cooper Co., the great department store, just as women living here in New York City do. Here are some of New York's latest approved styles at typical Siegel Cooper low prices.

This Fashion Catalogue FREE to you

No. 69 x 20 A
Suit
\$10.00



No. 69 x 20 A—The "Favorite"; a new style suit, the most attractive model shown for this fall and winter season; it is made in the new dark mannish mixtures in dark green and black, blue, electric gray, and dark drab. The Jacket is a single-breasted 30-inch length model, is cut with graceful curves, which will give style to any figure; roll collar with revers; full length new style sleeves with a prettily shaped button trimmed cuff; lined throughout with good quality satin. The Skirt is made in the new well-fitting model which fastens all the way down front with self-covered buttons; it is plaited and falls in full flaring bottom, trimmed with a deep loose fold of self material; sizes 32 to 44 bust; has the style and appearance of a \$20.00 suit; our special price **\$10.00**

Write for this Fashion Catalogue Today



This Book Sent FREE Upon Request

No. 70 x 24 A—The "Ideal" Waist is just the proper weight for immediate or early Fall wear; made of good quality white rep cloth; the front is beautifully embroidered all over in combination of white and lavender, white and light blue, or all white, in neat design; further elaborated with cluster tucks; tucked back; the collar and cuffs are tucked and embroidered to match the front of waist; fastens in back; sizes 32 to 44 bust; a wonderful value at **\$1.00**

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No. 70 x 24 A
Waist
\$1.00



No. 79 x 21 A
Skirt
\$4.95

No. 70 x 22 A
Waist
\$2.95



No. 70 x 22 A. This Dressy Waist is made of white or ecru net over a mousseline lining; it is exquisitely fastened with a pointed yoke, which is formed of tiny tucks, rows of Valenciennes lace insertion, edged with frills of the same pretty lace; the blouse below the yoke is elaborately trimmed with insertion and edging; back is also lace trimmed; the new long sleeves are beautifully trimmed with tucks, lace insertion and edging (they can be worn long as illustrated or three-quarter length by detaching the cuff, which is easily removable); fastens in back; sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price **\$2.95**

THIS NEW FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE is one of the most complete fashion guides ever published. Every woman interested in what is stylish in New York should have a copy. It puts the first choice of the New York market no further away from you than your nearest Post Office, because it illustrates in its 265 pages all that is new and fashionable in Women's, Men's and Children's Wearing Apparel, all that is new in Novelties and Household Supplies. THE PRICES QUOTED ARE LOWEST IN AMERICA. WE TELL YOU IN OUR CATALOGUE HOW TO SAVE EXPRESS AND FREIGHT CHARGES. We guarantee the quality of every piece of merchandise sold. As this catalogue is one of the handsomest ever issued, the demand for it will be very great. Our edition is large, but will be quickly exhausted. Therefore, we advise you, in order to avoid disappointment, to write for it today. Address Dept. A 46.

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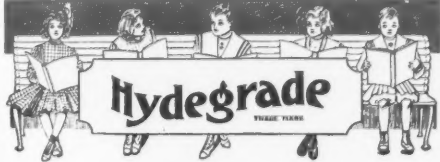
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THE BIG STORE A CITY IN ITSELF
SIEGEL COOPER CO.
J. B. GREENHUT, President.
SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 18th and 19th Sts.

No. 70 x 23 A
Waist
\$1.00



No. 70 x 23 A. At \$1.00 this Prettily Designed Waist is the greatest bargain of the year; it is made of fine white batiste; an elaborate yoke is formed of rows of Irish and Valenciennes lace insertion and edging and tiny tucks; the blouse below the yoke is artistically trimmed with Valenciennes lace insertion; tucked back; three-quarter length sleeves, inserted with lace insertion and finished with tucked and lace edged cuffs, tucked and lace trimmed collar; fastens in back; sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price **\$1.00**



Galatea

By the yard 20c—Every yard Guaranteed
Is the standard all-year-round wash fabric. Refined as linen in appearance and positively alone in sturdiness of wear. Permanently holds the best tailored effects. Fashionable colors, stripes, checks and fancy designs.
Look for Hydegrade on every yard.

For Boys' and Girls' Hygienic School Suits

Has stood the test for forty years—is the ideal material for Health Suits for Boys and Girls. No suit that does not wash can be hygienic. Woolen Suits gather and hold germs. Hydegrade Galatea is warm enough for winter—makes the smartest School and Play Suits known.

Make them yourself—or you can find these suits in all large retail shops. Look for the word "Hydegrade" on the label to insure getting the genuine, or on the selvage of every yard.

Send for Souvenir Postal Cards
A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago
Makers of Heatherbloom and Hydegrade Fabrics



The Wash Fabric that is Washable

The best wash fabric for home dressmaking and general use. Make up by LADIES' HOME JOURNAL patterns designed for 24 inch materials. Sold everywhere for less than 10 cents per yard. We do not sell at retail but send samples on request.
Address Dept. L.
American Printing Co.
Fall River, Mass.

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The first requisite is—good complexion. Give a woman smooth, clear skin and bright color, and everyone will say "she is pretty."

But—prettiness is impossible—yes, a fresh clear skin is impossible—if you use common soaps.

For common soaps—all of them—and some of the expensive and well recommended ones—contain Raw Alkali—"the Beauty Thief."

Raw Alkali steals the freshness of your complexion by destroying the natural oils of your skin.

Raw Alkali weakens the under skin—dries out the outer skin. Your color fades. Wrinkles come. Age creeps up.

All this is chargeable to Raw Alkali.

But you can protect your skin. Youthful bloom can be restored. Palmolive improves any complexion.

For—Palmolive contains no Raw Alkali.

Palmolive is made from pure Palm Oil and pure Olive Oil—perfectly blended and saponified. This means a perfect skin invigorator—a beautifier, as well as a cleanser.

While you bathe with Palmolive, it softens and freshens your skin.

PALMOLIVE

Palmolive is not artificially colored. It is the natural hue of the pure oils from which it is made. It needs no costly perfume to make it fragrant.

It smells clean, sweet, wholesome. It is a solid cake of pure soap. It lathers freely, quickly and easily—a rich, cream-like lather that makes any water pleasant to your skin.

It took years to perfect Palmolive.

Today it is the only perfectly blended invigorator and cleanser.

No price can buy another soap as good.

Yet Palmolive costs only 15 cents for a big cake. Buy from any reliable dealer.

You get a fine, liberal sample of Palmolive for four cents (two 2-cent stamps). Send for this sample at once and see for yourself how Palmolive freshens your color, softens your skin and makes it smooth and satiny. Tell us your Dealer's name and address, and we will send you, with the Palmolive, our little book, "The Easy Way to Beauty." It tells how to use Palmolive in your bath—for massage—as a shampoo—for manicuring—and for all beauty preservation. Order Palmolive today. Don't expose your skin to the Raw Alkali in common soaps.

Remember—Palmolive nourishes your skin while cleansing it. It's "The Easy Way to Beauty." Write us at once. Address—

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A POSTAL brings you a superb sample line of the very latest woolsens, cotton and silk dress materials, such as are only shown in the biggest stores in New York, London and Paris. A remarkable opportunity for you to select in your own home—by lamp light or day light—these beautiful fabrics. Consider the benefit of being able to choose at your leisure and get exactly what you want. Keep the price benefit of dealing directly with mill agents. Send no money, just a postal brings samples of these exclusive dress goods. Deal with us direct. Get the smartest colors, the newest designs at right prices. If you wish soft, clinging silks, foreign novelty woolsens or wash fabrics with dainty French designs—a postal to us brings them. Send that postal today, just mentioning the general character of the goods you want, and benefit by having in your own home, an array of samples of beautiful fabrics never shown except in the greatest of metropolitan stores. Don't think of selecting your next gown until you have seen these samples.

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Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office
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Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or bursting—Can be worn the year round.
Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.
Free Maternity Skirt—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. Ten Days' Free Trial. When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee.—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. A, Buffalo, N.Y.

Free Lace Samples
4c per yard for this pattern. Hundreds of other new and exclusive styles shown in our assortment at equally low prices. Write today—a postal will do.
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We have received hundreds of letters about making over hats with the help of Diamond Dyes. Here is a sentence from one: "I made a pretty new fall hat for 10 cents, thanks to Diamond Dyes."

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The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another very important thing is to be sure that you get the kind of Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of Substitutes for Diamond Dyes

These substitutes claim that one kind of dye will color wool, silk and cotton ("all fabrics") equally well. This claim is false.

We want you to know that when anyone makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dye for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. Mixed Goods are most frequently Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is self-evident that they will color them separately.

We make a special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen (vegetable material) and Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates) are hard fibers and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) are soft fibers and take up a dye quickly. In making a dye to color Cotton or Linen (vegetable material) or Mixed Goods (in which vegetable material generally predominates), a concession must always be made to the vegetable material. When dyeing Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, or when you are in doubt about the material, be sure to ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton. If you are dyeing Wool or Silk, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool.

Diamond Dye Annual Free

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 35 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE.

Address
Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

Princess Chic

Supporters are equally satisfactory for dress wear, with corsets, or negligee and athletic wear, without corsets. Come in white, black, blue and pink.

Princess Chic is absolutely essential to the woman desiring to secure the *directoire* hip line which fashion decrees for the season's styles.

In addition to Princess Chic regular four-strap style, as illustrated, we have a model with six straps, which is greatly in favor.

At dealers, or direct if yours hasn't them. Price, 4-strap, 50c and 75c; 6-strap, \$1.00.

A. STEIN & CO., 319 W. Congress St., Chicago

"NOPOKE" is the only collar support made of genuine WHALEBONE that won't chafe or scratch the neck. It has **ROUNDED ENDS**.

Covered with closely woven silk—ready to sew on. The whalebone won't break through because it has no sharp corners or points.

"Nopoke" Supports may be washed and ironed continuously without removal—we guarantee that.

All sizes—10 cents a card

Ask your dealer for "Nopoke." If he doesn't carry it, we will send you a card of "Nopoke" Collar Supports, postpaid, for 10 cents. State size wanted. Silk Tubing Company, 315 East 103 St., New York

We Trust You

10 Days

\$1.85

Each



Send no money. Write to-day for this handsome 14-inch, beautifully curled, carefully selected Ostrich Feather, any color. If you find it a big bargain remit \$1.85 each, or sell 3 feathers and get your own free. Enclose 6c. postage. Write for catalogue. ANNA AYERS, Dept. 103, 21 Quincy St., Chicago

NEW MATERIALS FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER

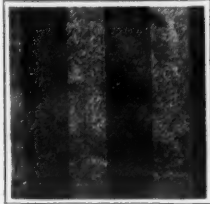
By Harriet Edwards Fayes

THERE are plenty of novelties and well-tried favorites among the autumn fabrics which will appeal to women because they are both economical and well adapted to certain purposes.

The silks hold a more prominent place than usual on account of the revival of satin. But it is not the satin we have heretofore known. The new satins are supple, they drape well, and have a soft lustre which is most attractive; and thus are admirably suited to the construction of the new dresses and coats.

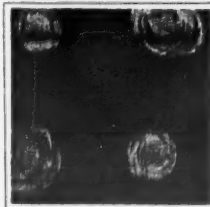
Yarn-dyed satin is a better investment in nine cases out of ten than that which is piece-dyed, because the latter, unless very expensive, is liable to rough up, and so prove unsatisfactory in the wear. Cotton-backed satin will soon wear off, leaving the cotton exposed to view. It is easy to discover a cotton-backed satin in the piece goods, and if you are purchasing a ready-made garment it is wise to make special inquiries in this regard.

You can find an all-silk satin twenty inches wide at from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars a yard, with an increase in price for those of greater width. Wide silks and satins are being more and more used, because they require fewer seams and so are better suited to the making of the new skirts and long wraps. Satin-finished crêpe and messaline will also be fashionable.



Silk with a Satin Stripe

One of the most popular silks for the dress intended for both daytime and evening wear is the rough-woven silk with a lustrous finish. It is long since we have had a silk which is suitable for street wear during the colder months, yet the way in which this rough silk is woven adapts it to this purpose. It wears well and is soft and supple.

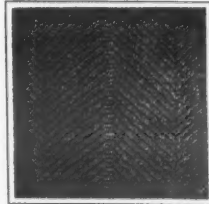


One of the Shadow Silks

Waists of silk, satin, lace and net must match in color if not in shade the cloth skirt with which they are worn. If you cannot get the colored lace it is quite an easy matter to dye the white or écreu lace any shade you choose, only you should first try a sample to see that you obtain the right shade.

Waists for mourning are made of English crape, square-mesh net and crêpe de chine trimmed with crape. English crape is much more used now for mourning purposes than it has been for some years owing to the improved process of manufacture which makes it impervious to water. It can actually be soaked in water, yet will dry out in its original shape, crispness and crinkliness. Hence the use of crape trimmings for skirts, coats and waists.

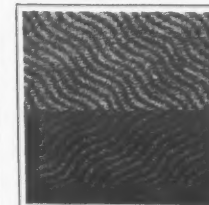
The long black satin coat will be much worn with cloth, silk and satin costumes this autumn, made with a vest, and for this purpose there are the daintiest imaginable silk vestings. The ground is of a shade just off the white or of a delicate écreu tone, while the floral figures are in shadow effect and in the soft, rich shades of tapestry silks. The ribbed silks are considered nicer than those with a moiré ground.



A Diagonal Serge

For the evening wrap light-colored satin will be the new idea, though pastel-colored broadcloth will continue to be used. Capes will be preferred for the evening garment, so that an excellent and serviceable wrap may be made of black satin or cloth lined with a bright-hued satin such as turquoise.

Wide-wale diagonal and herringbone and chevron stripes in solid color (that is, where the stripe is produced by the weave) make attractive and serviceable coats. Striped covert cloth in two-tone effect is the most novel material for the street jacket, while black broadcloth will be generally used for both long and short separate coats.



Fancy Bordered Cloth

Most women will be delighted to hear that moderately-rough cloths are coming into fashion once more—the splendid chevrons and unfinished worsteds. These are shown in delightful combinations of subdued colors as well as in fancy weaves of solid color—and are mostly in striped designs in which herringbone and chevron effects play a prominent part. Smooth-finished worsteds will still be worn, but not to the extent that they have been the last few seasons.

The composite or combination suit comes to us with Parisian approval. This is a silk or satin costume with a cloth or velvet coat, or a skirt of fancy cloth with a coat of solid color. When the material is the same for skirt and coat they must match in color. More latitude is allowed when the coat is of a different material, as then the coat may be of a somewhat lighter or darker shade of the same color. Striped and plaid broadcloth and striped and checked chevrot in two-tone effect are used for skirts with coats of the same material in a solid color. Some of the new cloths come with borders which can be used for skirt and coat ornamentation, the border being left in its original form for the skirt, while for the coat it is cut up as fancy dictates.

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Skinner's Satin

(27 AND 36 INCHES WIDE)

We repeat our guarantee: "Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores, and we will re-line it free of charge."

Unscrupulous manufacturers are imitating our red selvage. When buying Skinner's Satin turn over the goods, and be sure that "SKINNER'S SATIN" is woven in every inch of the selvage, otherwise the goods are not genuine.

If your dealer does not handle Skinner's Satin, write us for samples. We will also send you a handsome booklet, "A Story of Silks and Satins." Address Dept. C, 107-109 Bleeker Street, New York City

ESTABLISHED 1848

William Skinner Manufacturing Co.

New York

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The Highest Art

No. 936—\$1.00, made of Mistletoe Taffeta, deep effective flounce containing drop.

No. 1903—\$2.00, made of Heatherbloom, black and all colors; has high flounce containing wide tailored straps, fine stitching and contains Heatherbloom drop.

The exceedingly large variety of striking **HY ART** styles offers each woman a choice from which she can select just what best suits her taste—all are cut full, with graceful flowing flare, and beautifully made. **HY ART** petticoats are made only of tried materials tested by actual wear, the leading light-weight cloths such as Heatherbloom, Pariseen, Mistletoe, and all other grades of sateen, the best silks obtainable, etc., etc. They wear longer and give greater satisfaction, yet cost no more than the ordinary kind. **HY ART** petticoats are sold by the leading dry goods dealer in your town.

If he hasn't what you want, give us his name and yours on the attached coupon and receive our Fall style catalog.

As an inducement to place our Fall style booklet in your hands, we will send with it a doll petticoat, made exactly as shown, on receipt of three (3) two-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing. It will make any little girl happy.



The Diehenn Manufacturing Company
Cleveland and Massillon, Ohio

My dealer is
Name _____
Town _____
State _____

CHAS. A. STEVENS & BROS.

SPECIAL CATALOGUE

1908 FALL AND WINTER STYLES 1909

Ladies' Apparel

Fashion's radical changes make it imperative that you receive a copy of the "Stevens Style Book" if you wish your garments to be absolutely correct as to style.

Write for it today. Mailed free of charge upon request.

Styles have undergone a complete change and you want to be informed of these before making your selections of Fall apparel. The Directoire gown shown in the illustration is the style that has attracted so much attention in Paris, New York and all the fashionable world, and has come to stay. Modifications of this style will be brought out in tailored suits, skirts and coats this fall, and just how attractively these changes will be embodied in the correct styles for Fall and Winter will be shown in our catalogue by over 250 beautiful illustrations.

The fact that we are able to produce and deliver to you apparel in the very latest styles at popular prices is a demonstration of what thorough knowledge gained from long experience when combined with a great organization can accomplish. There is no house on this continent that can supply your wants so satisfactorily as this firm.

The House of Stevens

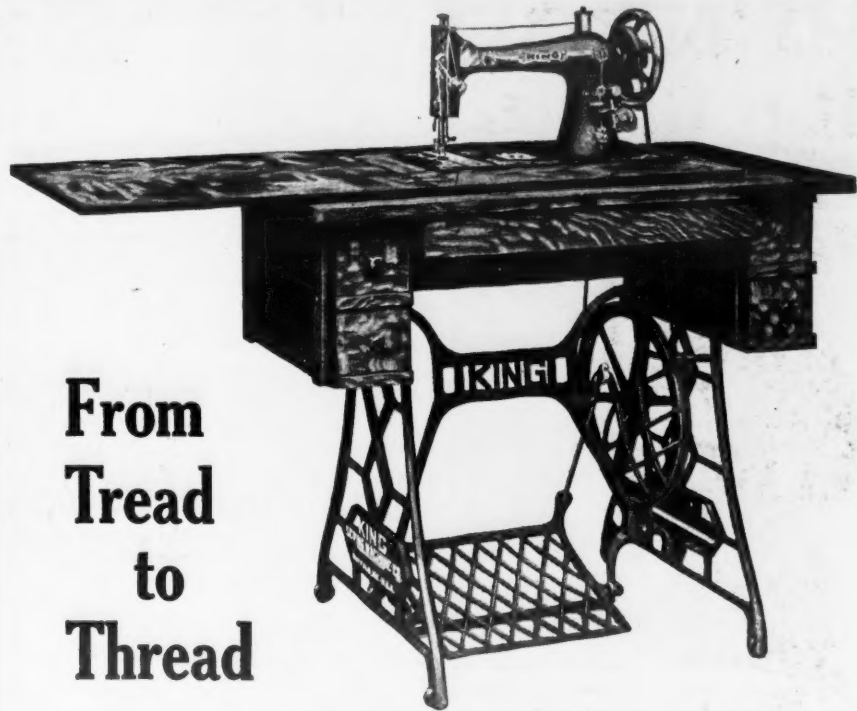
outfits each season more well-dressed and particular women than any other concern in the United States.

This is most remarkable in that we do not cater to the demand for the cheapest of merchandise or that class of garments made to sell at a price only. We are strictly a specialty house devoting our entire thought and attention to Ladies' and Misses' High-Grade Wearing Apparel and carry the largest and most complete assortment of styles to be found in America so arranged in grades and prices as to meet the requirements of all.

Our reputation will guarantee perfection in style, fit and finish, at the lowest possible prices for reliable merchandise.

Address Dept. A.

Chas. A. Stevens & Bros. CHICAGO, ILL.



From
Tread
to
Thread

Every feature of the hitherto highest grade machines has been perfected and improved in the KING Sewing Machine. The woodwork—the castings—the bearings—the attachments—the workmanship—and finally, and best of all, the work that it does.

From tread to thread the highest grade, easiest running, most durable and most efficient machine is the

KING Sewing Machine

THE WOODWORK—Plain, artistic effect in both finish and design, following the newest ideas in modern furniture. Edges slightly rounded so that no unsightly notches appear when the machine is open.

THE CASTINGS—Carefully inspected castings of the first grade—all ornate curves and shapes eliminated—simple and attractive in design, harmonizing with the lines of the cabinet.

THE BEARINGS—Ball bearings remove practically all friction. Around the crank shaft are eleven balls—where the pitman is attached to the treadle there is a large steel ball and socket joint. Most women operate the KING with one foot, and by alternating can work with it all day without fatigue.

THE ATTACHMENTS—The KING is equipped with all the attachments found on others and some not found on others.

The five stitch ruffler accomplishes more elaborate work than any other.

The adjustable hemmer guides the stitch at a fixed distance from the *inside* edge of the hem—never running off thick material nor leaving a ledge in thin material to catch dirt.

WORKMANSHIP—Every part of the KING Sewing Machine is made by automatic machinery, so that they are all identically the same. Each screw, for instance, will turn only so far, and when tight that part is perfectly adjusted. No work with hand tools can be so perfectly accurate.

PRICE—\$33.00—one price to every one, everywhere. Delivered to any railroad station in the United States. Absolutely guaranteed perfect in every respect or money refunded. The only high-grade sewing machine sold direct from the factory.

A Remarkable Opportunity For Men and Women

Do you want a Free Trip to Europe?

Do you want a Free Trip through your own Country?

Do you want a Free Musical Education?

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There's no reason why you can't secure any of these advantages, and it will cost you nothing—just a very little time and no inconvenience. Nothing required that will be disagreeable to the most sensitive or retiring person.

Write for further particulars. This exceptional offer will surely interest you.

THE KING SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
630 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Chrome

Shoes made of this material do not get hard nor crack after being wet. Chrome Tanned Glazed Kid looks better, lasts longer and feels better on the feet than any other leather. The fact that it is now in the highest favor with the best dressed people should secure a trial by you.

Made exclusively from Goat Skins

Made in black and colors

The wearing of comfortable shoes made of Kid has always been popular, but it took the approval of the fashion leaders of Paris to make it the style in London and New York. Now every one who wants to be well dressed wears this material.

Shoes

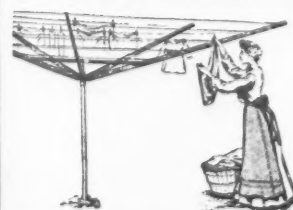
Tanned

Glazed

Kid

Let Us Send You our big descriptive folder about this wonderfully compact, convenient, clean, common-sense contrivance for drying clothes.

Hill's Famous Clothes Dryer



Easiest, Cleanest Way to Dry Clothes

Put up or taken down with ease in a minute—leaves the lawn clear of unsightly posts and ropes. Holds as much as 150 feet of line—keeps clothes out of dirt, and dries them quickly. Revolves, so line comes to you, saving steps and reaching. Costs very little—saves half the work and time of hanging out the wash. Be sure to write today for the folder that tells all about it.

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The Brush that holds
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Booklet. Different Shapes for Different Mouths
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MENTOR



For perfect underwear comfort for Ladies and Children

there is nothing so ideal as

MENTOR Comfort Underwear

in union suits or single garments.

MENTOR underwear is really what it is called—*comfort* underwear, because it *fits*, is *warm*, is *elastic*, is *absorbent*, doesn't *bind* and doesn't *scratch*. Moreover, it *wears* well and is *economical*.

Knitted in a variety of weights and fabrics, including *Shrinkproof Wool*—wool underwear for which you get your money back if it shrinks in the washing.

SEND FOR SAMPLES of all the famous MENTOR fabrics, mailed free, with an unusually attractive book of prices containing actual photographs, illustrating styles for women and children.

MENTOR underwear is sold in most localities—if not in yours, we will tell you where you can get it.

Mentor Knitting Mills
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Name _____
(Say whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____
We are makers of the famous MENTOR COMFORT UNIONS for men, and will send to any man interested a very novel book about them.



OMO DRESS SHIELDS Better Than Ever

Your dress receives protection when you wear OMO Shields. They are antiseptically prepared, which destroys the odor of perspiration. Are odorless, hygienic, absolutely impervious, and washable. No others have all of these qualities. Are less heating to the body, as they contain no rubber. Every pair warranted. Sample pair on receipt of 25c.

Illustrated Booklet that will interest you, on request.
Made by **The OMO MANUFACTURING CO.**
Dept. B, Middletown, Conn.

THE EVERY SIZE SKIRT FOR THE EVERY SIZE WOMAN

is the only **Maternity Skirt**, instantly adjustable to any waist measure. It hangs and drapes so perfectly that the figure preserves natural lines of grace under all circumstances. No other **Maternity Skirt** compares with "Every-Size," in simplicity, comfort and elegance. The graceful lines on which it is constructed make it the ideal skirt for large women.

If your dealer cannot supply you write to the
ELITE SKIRT CO.
18 W. 21st St., New York



Mrs. Ralston's Answers

Drawings by Catherine Howard

Questions of general interest about dress will be answered on this page. Correspondents should use their full names and addresses. Mrs. Ralston will reply to inquiries by mail if a stamp is inclosed.



A Rejuvenated Shirtwaist Suit

Among my possessions is an old-fashioned plain shirtwaist and nine-gored skirt with two plaits at each gore; it is plain brown serge. I have it all ripped up and wish to make it over with small expense.
SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Buy a yard and a half of plaid silk with red and brown for the predominating colors, and recut the waist by pattern No. 3854, price fifteen cents. Make a little round yoke with tab extensions of the plaid silk. Trim the extensions with a shaped ruffle of the silk and make plain shirt-sleeves with small silk cuffs. Recut the skirt over a plain, nine-gored skirt pattern.

The New Materials and Colors

Please give me a brief idea what the new materials that will be used for suits and dresses this winter.
H. M. S.

You will find ample information if you will read the article in this month's issue of THE JOURNAL, entitled "New Materials for Autumn and Winter."

A Hand-Me-Down

Mother wishes to make over for me a plaid dress of hers. It has a plain circular skirt which is very unbecoming to me, as I am very slight and tall for fourteen years. The waist is plain with groups of tucks both front and back. What patterns do you think would be useful?
T. H. D.

The circular skirt can be cut over a plain gored skirt pattern satisfactorily. For the waist and skirt use pattern No. 3878, price fifteen cents.

You will find it becoming, as it has a full, seven-gored skirt pattern, the fullness laid in tucks at the waist. After allowing for the fullness, if the skirt is too short lengthen it with a set-on hem. This can be of plain material, using the plain material to trim the waist. Make an applied yoke band, belt and cuffs of it, and finish the edges with a row of soutache braid.

For the New Baby

Please answer a much-disputed question for two JOURNAL friends. Which color is generally used for a baby boy, pink or blue? Will you also give me the numbers of the patterns you advise for a baby's layette? Mrs. G. F. Y.

Pink is used for a boy and blue for a girl. Ask for layette pattern No. 1950, price thirty cents. It consists of a set of twenty patterns of everything necessary for the tiny baby and a printed sheet telling the materials to be used for every little garment, and other helpful suggestions.

Washing Chamois Gloves

I have a pair of soiled chamois gloves. I understand they wash satisfactorily. Will you please tell me how to do this?
W. C. S.

Chamois gloves should be washed in cold, soapy water, using a pure white soap such as Castile for the suds. After being washed they should be rinsed in a soapy water also, as this prevents them from becoming hard. Do not dry them near heat, and hang them up by the upper edge until dry.

To Replace Old Lace

I have a handsomely-embroidered handkerchief-linen blouse, trimmed in an elaborate design with narrow lace insertion. The waist is in perfect condition, but the lace is tearing away. It seems a labor to insert new lace.
G. L. A.

Stitch new lace a trifle wider over the old lace, then cut away the pulled lace from underneath.

Useful Sailor-Blouse Dress

What patterns do you advise me to use for a school dress for my little girl of six? I wish one suitable for wool or wash materials. She is tall for her age and extremely thin.
Mrs. T. L. H.

The loose sailor blouse with a straight plaited or gathered skirt seems to be a desirable style for the very thin and also for the very stout child, so try pattern No. 3770, price fifteen cents. The blouse slips on over the head and there is also a straight skirt, which can be plaited or gathered and which should be sewed to a muslin or cambric underwaist, a pattern for which is given with the blouse and skirt.



A Special Coat Pattern

I find that your special shirtwaist pattern designed for a wide chest and narrow back fits me perfectly. I wish you had a plain tailored coat planned in the same way that I could use. I require a size thirty-eight pattern.
M. E. K.

Pattern No. 3977 is a special single-breasted, fitted coat. The chest is wide and the back narrower than a regular coat pattern. It costs fifteen cents and comes in nine sizes, thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure. A thirty-eight size in this coat has the same bust measurement as a regular thirty-eight size, but the chest is wider and the back is cut narrower than a regular coat pattern.

A Shirtwaist Collar for a Stout Neck

Must I wear the fashionable turnover linen collars with my every-day shirtwaists? They are very unbecoming to me, as my neck is short and fat.
G. L. M.

It is foolish to wear any article of dress when unbecoming and uncomfortable just because it is fashionable. Finish the neck of your shirtwaists with a stock collar of the same material used for the waist, or make a pretty separate stock.

An Every-Day Maternity Coat

Please advise me as to a pattern for a coat that I can wear every day and any place, and that will be of use to me for the next six months for maternity wear.
E. B. F.

You need a seven-eighths-length, loose coat, double-breasted and with a two-piece coat-sleeve. The back should have a centre-back seam. You can have big patch pockets if you like them. Pattern No. 4004, price fifteen cents, will be correct, and if you are to make the coat yourself I should advise a final pressing by a tailor.

To Remove Peach Stains

I did not notice my white linen skirt was stained by peaches until it had been washed. Is it hopeless to try and get it out now?
W. L. H.

Put the skirt in the boiler with cold water to cover it and a few shreds of soap, and boil for twenty-five minutes, not longer. Remove from the boiler, and without rinsing place it, dripping-wet, on the green grass. Put the remaining soapy water in a watering-can. Leave the skirt here until all the stains have gone, keeping it wet all the time by sprinkling it with the soapy water from the boiler. Two days and two nights should be sufficient. However, if the stain still remains, boil the skirt a second time, and bleach for another day and night. This process should remove all kinds of stains.

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A Fourteen-Year-Old Girl's Dresses

I am fourteen years old and measure five feet two inches. Please tell me how long my mother should make my new school dresses.
J. R. N.

You are the average height for the girl from twelve to fourteen, and therefore you should wear your dresses to about three inches below the bend of the back of the knee. When you are fifteen your skirts should be lengthened just to cover the calf of your leg.

A Made-Over Coat for Baby

Do you think it feasible to cut over my evening coat of light-gray cloth for my baby girl's winter coat? The coat is three-quarter-length and single-breasted, with rather full sleeves. Baby is three years old.
Mrs. G. R. Y.

Yes, you should be able to make it over into a very pretty little coat, and perhaps you will have enough to make a little bonnet as well. Use coat pattern No. 3291, price ten cents.

The skirt portion is attached to a little yoke which is covered by a deep cape collar. Finish the edge of the cape with a hem and trim with soutache braid the color of the cloth, using transfer braiding pattern No. 12,701 (price ten cents) for the design. It is seven-eighths of an inch wide and comes in three-yard lengths. Cap pattern No. 3951 is a dear little cap with a cape and is cut all in one piece, price ten cents. Braid it to match the trimming on the coat and trim it with knife-plaitings of silk.

The Autumn Style-Book

WE HAVE two new things to tell you about the Autumn Style-Book: First, it is not only better in all that pertains to women's dress, but we have made a special feature of a children's supplement, showing the busy mother what things children will need for school, for play, for parties and for bedtime. It is as attractively illustrated as a picture-book. Second, a section is devoted to staple patterns, thus making the book complete.

We mail this Style-Book post-paid (including a certificate entitling you to any fifteen-cent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL pattern) to any address upon receipt of thirty cents. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

Sent FREE—Write today for

CAWSTON'S New Fall Catalogue and Price List

The handsomest, most unique and instructive book of its kind ever published. Profusely illustrated. Tells about the ostrich industry in America and how to buy

Ostrich Feathers

Direct From Our Farm in California at Producers Prices

We Have No Agents. Cawston ostrich feather goods are sold direct, through the mail, saving you all import duties and middlemen's profits.

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All are made in our factory on the farm at South Pasadena, under the ideal climatic conditions of California, giving them life, lustre, strength and beauty not found in other feather goods.

Best in the World. Cawston Ostrich Feathers are unequalled anywhere. Were awarded the prize medals at Paris, St. Louis, Buffalo, Omaha, Portland and Jamestown.

You take no chances when ordering Cawston feather goods. We guarantee the quality and promptly return your money if not satisfied. Free delivery everywhere.

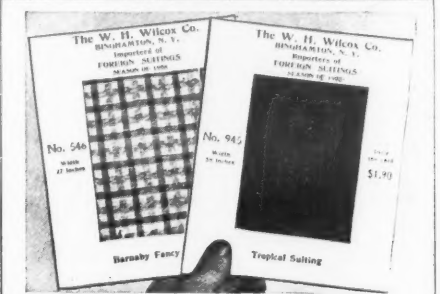
Feather Goods Repaired. Send us your old ostrich feathers to be cleaned, dyed, repaired, made over and recycled to look like new.



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Fine Birds Grow Fine Feathers

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
P. O. Box 4, South Pasadena, Cal.



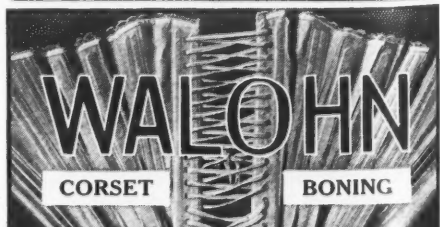
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to act as our agent in every locality where we have none, and we will give her the exclusive rights for her territory.

It costs you nothing to start as our agent, for we furnish you samples and a neat case for them, without any charge.

Write us to-day for further details, amount of commission, etc. Be the first to write from your town.

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Makes cheap corsets good and good corsets better.

WALOHN will not break, rust or crack—can be boiled, washed and ironed.

Each Bone is stamped WALOHN and guaranteed.

Insist on having WALOHN in your corset or buy brands that use it—Such corsets are stamped "Boned with WALOHN." They last longer, fit better and are more comfortable.

SAMPLE and valuable information FREE or send 10 cents for enough WALOHN Collar Bone for two collars. State height you want—made from 1 1/2 inch to 4 1/2 inches high.

WALOHN Manufacturing Co.
31 Union Square West, N. Y.

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Buy Your Muslim Underwear in New York Direct From the Manufacturer

Our free catalog illustrates 100 of the latest New York styles, and tells how you can buy at wholesale factory prices, saving 1/3 to 1/2. Write for it today.

UNITED UNDERWEAR MFG. CO.
126-128-130 Sixth Avenue, New York City

Order the patterns mentioned above from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail giving the number, and inclosing the price, as stated, from the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia. State also the waist and hip measures in ordering skirts; the bust measure for waists; and for children's patterns the age, length of back and breast measurement.

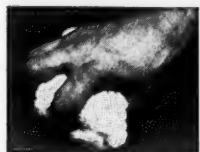
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Soft, yet firm—half yields to your body, yet supports it. Gives perfect relaxation and absolute cleanliness. Germ-proof and needs no renovating except an occasional sun-bath. The same today, tomorrow and always.

Of Purest Springy Cotton

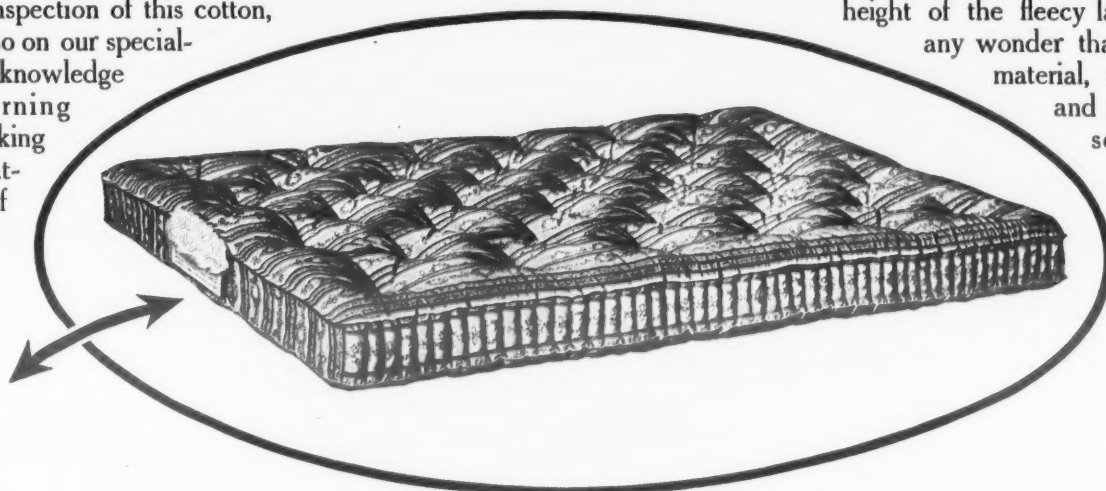
Squeeze a cotton boll tightly, then open your hand and notice with what elasticity the cotton springs back into shape.

What material could give more resiliency, more buoyancy to a mattress than pure, white springy cotton? And what material could be cleaner, more hygienic, more certain to keep its freshness without "lumping" or "matting"?



See how elastic our cotton is.

The comfort and durability of a cotton mattress depends largely upon the quality of the cotton used. The Stearns & Foster is made of pure, fresh, new cotton, direct from the fields of the South, and the perfection of the Stearns & Foster is based not only on the most rigid inspection of this cotton, but also on our specialized knowledge concerning the making of a mattress of lasting merit.



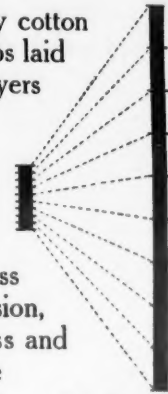
The Wonderful "Web Process"

employed by Stearns & Foster produces a mattress that hand labor could never make at any price. Long experience and special machinery make it possible for us to build a mattress as the architect builds a house, as the engineer builds a bridge—to give service and to last.

Our special machinery crosses and recrosses the filmy cotton fibers into a continuous web. Forty of these buoyant webs laid one upon another make a layer and nine of these layers make a Stearns & Foster mattress.

When the ticking has been put on and tufted the mattress has been compressed to one-sixth of the original height of the fleecy layers. Is it

any wonder that with such material, such a process and such compression, soft springiness and dependable durability are the result?



This diagram shows the relative height of these nine layers before and after compression.

See For Yourself

what is in the very mattress that you buy. The laced opening in the end of every Stearns & Foster Mattress shows you of exactly what that particular mattress is filled. Isn't that better than buying from a *sample section* and *hoping* that your purchase is the same? And, moreover, with every Stearns & Foster there is a guarantee that if at any time you find the filling of your mattress *not* the same throughout as at the opening, your money will be returned.

Can you buy by a safer method?

A Bedroom Book Free

A book that besides telling you all about Stearns & Foster Mattresses describes and pictures the complete furnishings of the modern bedroom, as it should be. The noted authority, Isabel Gordon Curtis, writes fully in this book of all that is best in hangings, wall coverings, furniture, linen, etc., that go to the making of a bedroom of refinement. Your name on a postal brings it with our compliments.

Four Grades of Superiority

- Anchor Grade**—Soft and springy, better than most \$15.00 mattresses . . . **\$10.50**
- Windsor Grade**—A mattress that we guarantee is better than any other advertised make at any price. Full description below . . . **\$13.50**
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- Style A**—A mattress de luxe, superior to any mattress of any material at any price . . . **\$22.50**

Mattresses made in two parts, 50c. extra.

Don't think for a minute that because Stearns & Foster Mattresses have 4 prices that there are any *poor* S. & F. mattresses.

SIXTY NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL

That is the offer that we make to *you*. Can you ask more? Sleep on a Stearns & Foster 60 nights, romp on it with the children, put it to any test you will. And at the end of sixty days we will take it back again and *return your money* immediately if your satisfaction is not complete. Just notify your dealer or us and without question, quibble or argument the mattress will be taken away and your money returned *at once*.

We'll make it more than easy for you to try a Windsor Grade Stearns & Foster at \$13.50

SEND NO MONEY— just fill out the coupon and we will direct our dealer in your town to deliver C. O. D. and subject to 60 nights' trial the most popular mattress that we make. In every respect the superb quality of this mattress will be apparent to you. It is standard size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 4 in. long (full 45 lbs.). Its fine satin finish ticking is dust proof and daintily beautiful in appearance. The square tufting is of extra depth, giving exceptional springiness. Filled with pure, *snow-white* cotton fiber, felted and laid by the wonderful "web-process." Insect and germ proof—clean and fresh today and just as clean and fresh ten years from now. A mattress that will never need renovation except fresh air and sun, a mattress on which you can absolutely rely for nights of comfort for a lifetime. Remember that you pay no money until you see the mattress, that you can look through the laced opening before the driver leaves the house and that the 60 nights' trial leaves no chance for an unsatisfactory bargain. There is no risk to you and little to us, for we are certain that you will never want to part with such a mattress. Fill out the coupon today—*now*. Paste it on a postal if you wish, and get it into the mail at once. We'll be just as prompt at our end and the mattress will be at your door before you know it.

STEARNS & FOSTER CO., Dept. L,
CINCINNATI, OHIO

L. H. J.

COUPON

STEARNS & FOSTER CO.

Gentlemen:

Please direct your dealer in my town to deliver to me, C. O. D., one Stearns & Foster (Windsor Grade) mattress. This order is given with the proviso that the mattress is returnable at the expiration of 60 days, and that in such case the mattress will be removed without expense to me, and the purchase price will be refunded immediately without question or comment.

Name _____

Address _____



Too young to say Pillsbury's
BREAKFAST FOOD
 but look at his mouth

What it is

Children are satisfied with nothing else—neither are grown-ups—after they once know its dainty, distinctive taste. It is the real cream of the choicest wheat—the heart of the grain, ground into tiny, pearly white granules. It cooks up smooth and free from lumps, creamy, rich, delicious.

Its double, air-tight container keeps it as fresh and clean on the grocer's shelves as when it comes from the mills. Made by the same Pillsbury that makes the flour—a guarantee of its goodness.

Ask your grocer for this delicious new breakfast-food. There are similar foods—but none so tasty—pure—clean and fresh. Get Pillsbury's.

**The
 Breakfast Food**

